BRITANNIA and EVE

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FEBRUARY
1937

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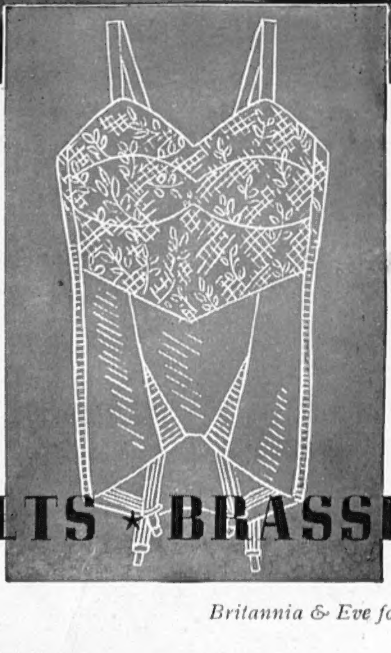

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By a Lady of Permanent Youth

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Fitting Fashion Shoes

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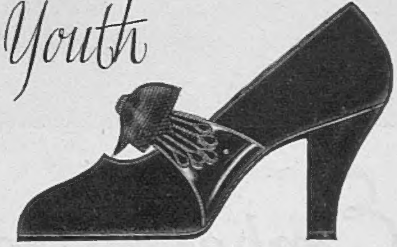
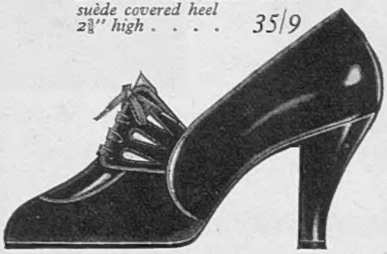


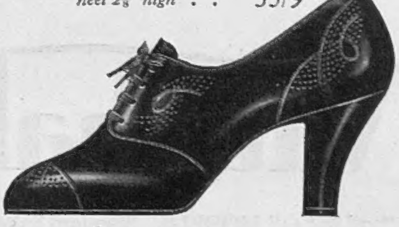
Gwene

An instep gusset shoe in black suède. The patent saddle makes this noticeably elegant. Also in brown suède. With suède covered heel 2⅜" high 35/9



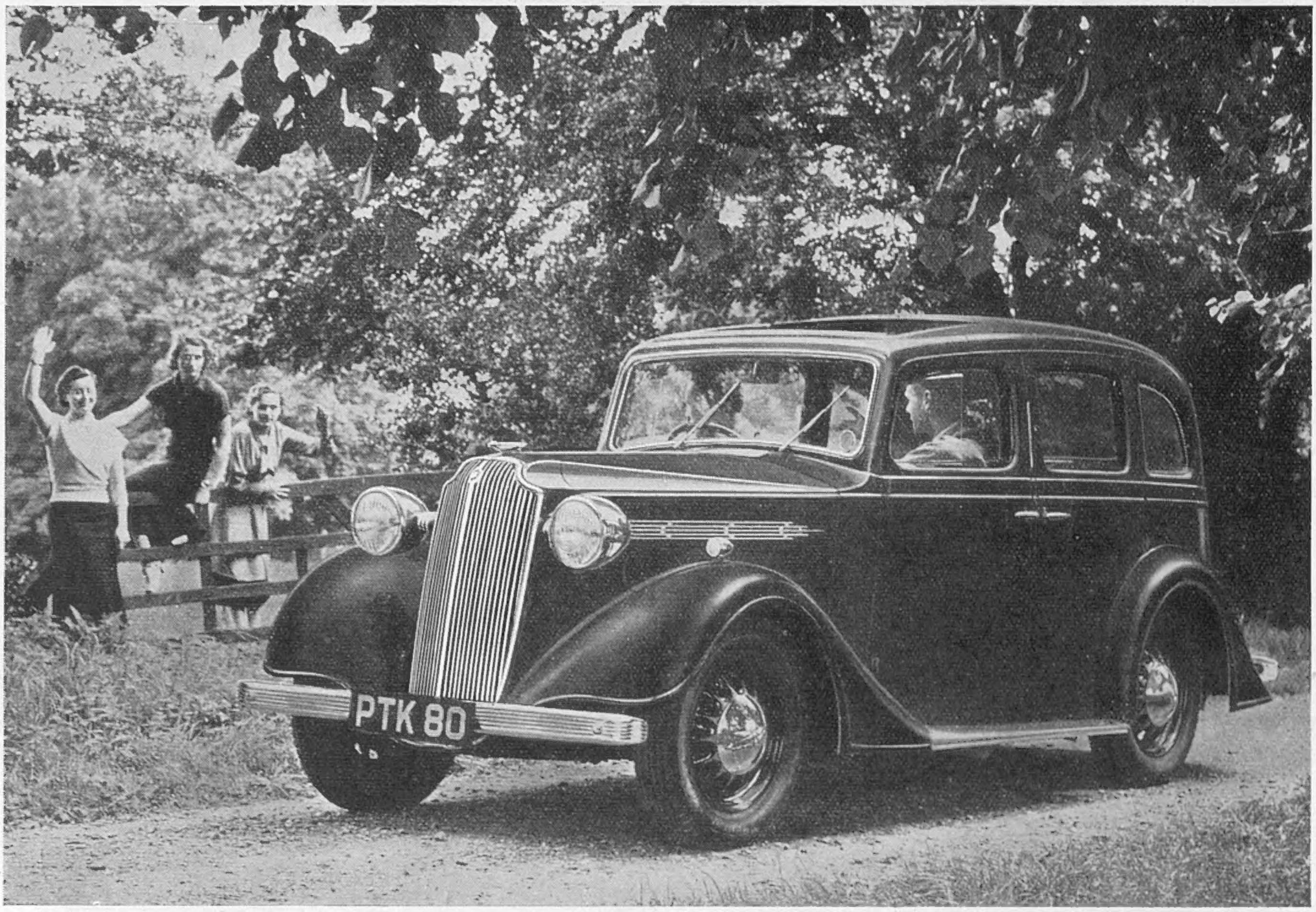
Aubrey

A smart four-hole tie shoe. Either with brown suède vamp and brown calf quarter, or black suède vamp with patent quarter. Covered heel 2⅜" high . . 35/9



Eleanor

The fancy punching on this well-cut Derby shoe is distinctive without being obtrusive. In black or brown glacé kid. Covered heel 2¼" high . . . 35/9



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Vauxhall

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 14, No. 2. FEBRUARY 1937

Contents for February

Cover Design

by *Grant Macdonald*

Articles

This Girl May Be Queen Elizabeth II of England: by *Peter Forrest* 8, 9 and 96

The Bible in Germany: by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 10, 11 and 83

Hunting Big Game of Other Days: by *Harold J. Shepstone* . . . 16, 17 and 85

A New World to Conquer: by *Nigel Tangye* 22, 23 and 104

Sanger's Elephants: by *George Sanger* 28, 29 and 102

Old Tales Re-told: Chand—India's Warrior Queen: Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 32–37 and 104

Hollywood's Fitting Room Secrets: by *Margaret Chute* . 46, 47 and 98

Home Section

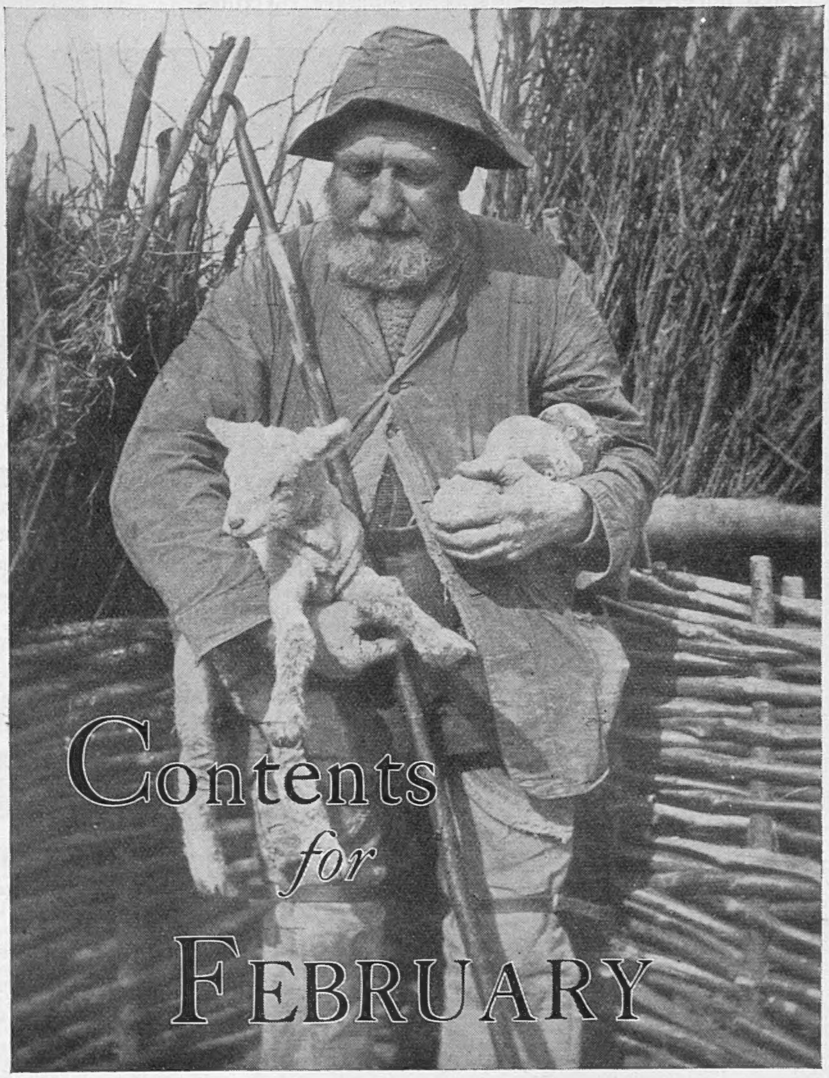
Beauty in Rugs . . . 38, 39

Big Business in Silk: by *Winifred Lewis* . 40, 41 and 100

Health and Beauty: by *Chrysis*

- Spring Well-Being . . 52
- Flattering New Make-up . 53

Woman's Talk: by *Jean Burnup* . . 54 and 55



Stories

Somewhere in the Balkans: by *Robert Neumann* Illustrated by *Tony Weare* 12–15 and 118

Dog-Daze: by *B. L. Jacot* Illustrated by *Jack M. Faulks* 18–21 and 106

Crustaceans for Cabmen: by *Anthony Gibbs* Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.* . . 24–27 and 87

Camouflage: by *Gordon McDonell* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 42–45 and 88

Monsieur the Murderer: by *Allan Vaughan Elston* Illustrated by *Clive Uptton* . 48–51 and 113

Home Section

Elegance in Wrought Iron . . . 56

The Painting on the Walls . . 57

Perfect Servant—Perfect Mistress: by *Louisa Kay* 64, 65

Comfort on Tap . 66

I'll Tell You All I Know: by *Mary Young* 67

Bridge Party: by *Elizabeth Hughes Hallett* 68 and 94

A Brand New Stitch 69

Interesting Sweets . 70

A Change for Breakfast: by *A. H. Adair* 71 and 94

Kitchen Accessories. 72

Confidently Recommended . . 75

Fashions . . . 58–63 and 96

Photogravure Sections

9–12, 33–36, 57–64

General

Editorial 7

Books: Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer* 30, 31 and 85

Motoring Section: Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan* 77, 79, 81 and 83

Ranee's Delineations of Your Character from Your Handwriting 122

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 126. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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The Neo-Craft Minty Bookcases, as shown right, are designed purely on modern but not extreme lines. Any numbers of sections can be purchased and added to as your library increases, and the variety of different combinations possible is unlimited.

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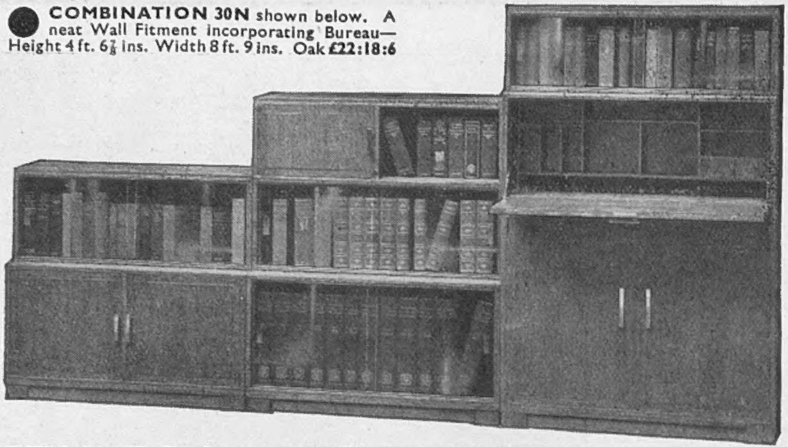

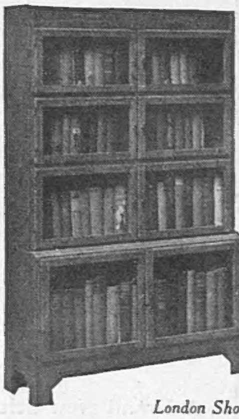

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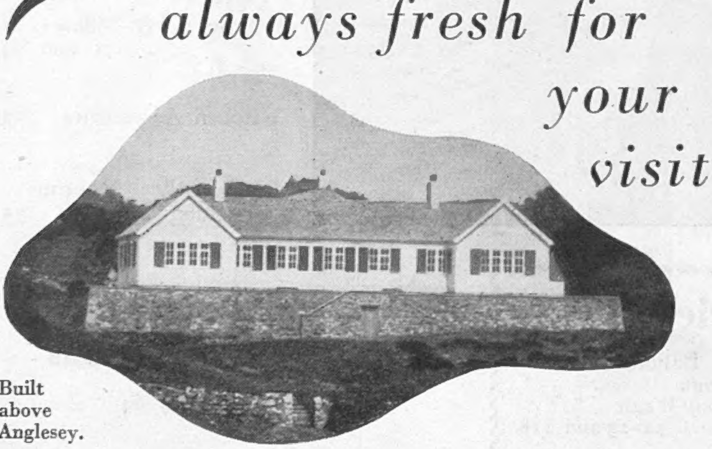

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IF you choose a Boulton & Paul Timber Bungalow for your Holiday Home you will always look forward to your week-end and holiday visits. The rooms will be inviting—fresh and free from damp. Attractive inside and out, the bungalow will be a source of pleasure year after year.

Many designs available. All can be adapted to suit individual needs and enlarged later as required. Write for Catalogue **413**.

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THINK of an ordinary fig—now forget it and never think of it again. Because Batger's have eclipsed it with 'Chinese' Figs—figs raised to greater heights—the realm of confectionery. Half Nature's fruit and half Batger's fruit jelly, moulded to shape and showered with sugar. Non-sticky ovals of sheer delight, packed layer upon layer in handy drums. And are they good? Per-figly delicious for parties and Bridge evenings that are different. Be sure you get Batger's.

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Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's reference.

Economy in Cooking . . .

with coal in Columbian Cookers

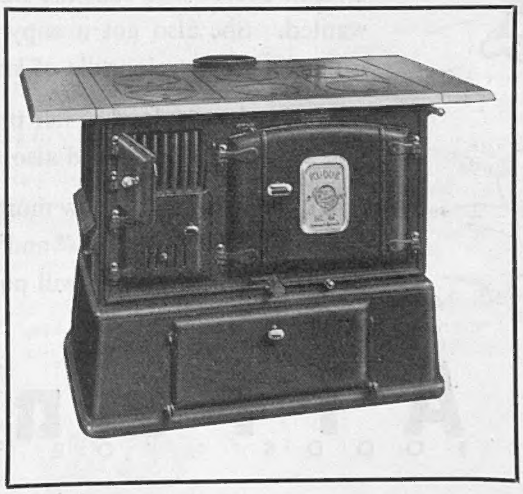
The Duchess Cooker, made in two sizes, burns wood as well as coal

The Duchess Cooker, left, will cook for seven persons, and burns the cheapest coal or wood. Cost in simple finish £7.4.0; in mottled enamel with polished top £10.12.6. Bath Boiler for 25 gallon tank 30/- extra.

The Countess Cooker, right, is larger and costs slightly more than the Duchess. It has an additional hot cupboard which conserves the heat.

The Kudos Cooker, below, has an extensive polished top-plate, a large oven, and will cook for ten persons. It can be insulated to save fuel and reduce heat radiation. In its simplest form the Kudos costs £13.14.6, while the Bath Boiler, heating tank up to 60 gallons, costs 50/- extra. All Columbian Cookers are strongly made of the finest materials and will last a lifetime. Catalogues and full particulars will gladly be sent on application to Dept. BEC.

The Countess Cooker, also made in two sizes, is popular because the cheapest kitchen coal can be burned



The Kudos Cooker, frequently used as a continuous-burning cooker, uses almost any solid fuel. Its boiler can be connected to a 60 gallon tank for domestic hot water

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Isn't she sweet!

An age old, but very expressive phrase used by Mothers the world over, but this young lady has conquered her Father's heart as well as her Mother's. He keeps telling her what a beautiful young lady she is, how like him she is (the vanity of the man!) and so on until Mother chips in and tells him that, after all, *she* had *some* say in the matter, and that they mustn't forget Allenburys either. "After all" she says "she didn't do very well before she had Allenburys, and look at her now—gains weight properly every week and is as happy as a sandboy."

Mother had quite a bit of trouble at first. She could not breast feed, so the Doctor advised her to use Allenburys in preference to cow's milk mixtures. He said it was the most scientific of all Baby Foods, graduated to suit baby's age, digestible, containing plenty of Vitamin D and Iron for bone and teeth forming and absolutely reliable. Baby seemed to like it from the start and put on weight the first week.

When the Doctor advised Allenburys, Mother found out a bit more about the Food. She wrote to the Allenburys Wise Mothercraft Bureau asking one or two questions. She had a letter and one or two leaflets from the woman doctor who runs the Bureau and a promise of any further help she wanted. She also got a copy of their new book "Wise Babycraft" which is almost an encyclopædia of knowledge about infants and small children.

Mother is now loud in her praises of Allenburys and is going to give Baby No. 2 & No. 3 Foods and also, when she starts teething, Allenburys Rusks.

Would *you* like to know more? Allenburys will be pleased to send you a copy of "Wise Babycraft" and a sample of the Allenburys Food suited to the age of your baby, if you will post the coupon below.

Allenburys

FOODS FOR INFANTS

Allenburys No. 1. From birth to three months. In tins at 2/-. Double quantity 3/9. Four times quantity 7/-.

Allenburys No. 2. From three to six months. In tins at 2/-. Double quantity 3/9. Four times quantity 7/-.

Allenburys No. 3. From six to nine months. To be mixed with fresh milk. In tins at 1/3. 2/6 (double quantity), 6/3 (six times quantity).

Allenburys Rusks. Trial carton 6d. In Tins 1/3 (34 rusks), 2/3 (68 rusks), 4/6 (150 rusks).

FOR FREE SAMPLE

Fill in your baby's birthday, or expected birthday, write your name and address clearly in the white margin below and post to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

↓ Baby's Birthday was..................(or is expected to be).................. F4/FD/B ↓

FEBRUARY

QUARTER DAY

Monday, February 1st

Rabbits, rabbits, rabbits. Pheasant and partridge shooting ends.

Bring out rods. Salmon-fishing starts in most English and Welsh rivers. Largest catch is to be expected in the River Coquet, Northumberland. Hence libel: Oh, you coquettish salmon!

Tuesday, February 2nd

Candlemas. Scottish Quarter Day.

Wednesday, February 3rd

GATWICK. Chief Event: *Brook Steeplechases.* Grand National enthusiasts should attend or study results. Many horses jumping here will be croppin' up or goin' down at Aintree.

In the evening the LENER QUARTET, reputed to be the finest in the world, start their SIX BEETHOVEN RECITALS at the Grotrian Hall, London, 8.30 p.m. Subsequently every Saturday at 3 p.m. and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m. until the 24th. Not to be missed by connoisseurs.

For the sport-minded: METROPOLITAN POLICE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS, 7 p.m., Albert Hall. If law-breakers wish to know what they're up against, here's their chance. Alas! truncheon and jiu-jitsu handling are only demonstrated privately.

Saturday, February 6th

Sun rises 7.31. One hour before it the Tom-Tit practises his early spring note, and although this bird's no lark, his ringing chirp seems to send all other birds wild. They warble louder to drown it. Note increase in dawn-choir from this date on, even on wet mornings.

Sunday, February 7th

If you have a spare moment, look to the lawn-mower; it may be rusting up. It'll be needed soon, even though winter looks as if it'll never end.

Good time also to start seed and window-boxes. One-third sand, sifted into one-third leaf-mould and one-third friable (light) black soil, will grow anything in a box two inches deep and eighteen inches square. Damp it through slightly; run in little furrows 2 in. apart with an orange stick; flick seeds into these sparsely; rake soil over them with the orange stick; stand box in a southern window and water lightly every two days. Most seeds will germinate and shoot within a week. Never use fertiliser in these boxes, because though Guinness may be good for you, you wouldn't put it in a baby's bottle. See?

Monday, February 8th

Half-quarter Day.

Shrove Tuesday, February 9th

Pancakes! Mix 'em first thing in the morning if you want them to melt in the mouth. The thinner the mixture the better, but the more trying to cook. Our grandmothers always sprinkled them with powdered ginger as well as lemon.

Ash Wednesday, 10th

Self-denial starts. Concentrate on one item. Give up lying and you will acquire courage. *A Lenten Truth:* You cannot give up anything without acquiring something. *Memo:* Odd, like all truth.

Thursday, February 11th

New Moon after sunrise, 7.34 a.m.

Many Scottish rivers open for salmon-fishing.

Venus replaces the absent Moon in the night sky to the south-west after sunset. The planet now attains its greatest size and brilliancy and will throw a path of light across water; on a clear night will be seen to assume a crescent shape.

Saturday, February 13th

Walk through woods and you will find that primroses and violets are opening on the sheltered banks, while catkins streak the hedges with gold and snowdrops have long since broken through the iron earth. It is time to sharpen the trusty knife and cut long twigs of horse-chestnut. "*Fetch a spray from the wood and place it on your mantel-shelf, and your household ornaments will seem plebeian beside its noble fashion and bearing.*" says a seventeenth-century book. Highfalutin aside, nothing is more decorative than these opening horse-chestnut buds. Bruise the stems with a hammer, keep water to a high level in the jar, but do not change it. They will last for six or more weeks and be most pleasing.

Valentine Sunday, 14th

All the more precious because the Valentine will have to be delivered, as there is no post.

Take my heart and make it thine
Then will it mine own enshrine
Come to-night with me and dine
Crown the day, my Valentine.

If any husband or wife received that from their husband or wife, they'd think the other had gone bats. Would they think the same if they received it from someone else's husband or wife? Tut, tut! Ask an archbishop.

Monday, February 15th

Great Passion Pageant: THE KING OF GLORY starts at the Albert Hall. T. C. Fairbairn's choir of a thousand. Evenings 8 o'clock. Mats. 2.30. Due to last a fortnight.

Thursday, February 18th

HIRE PURCHASE EXHIBITION of contemporary British painters at Arthur Tooth and Sons, Bond Street. This is your opportunity to acquire an heirloom for your family, either an Augustus John, a Matthew Smith, or an Epstein, all in the monthly budget.

Matthew Smith is rated, by those supposed to know, as the posterity artist of our time. Epstein's water-colours will splash your walls with palpitation. They are dynamic. But his popularity is so enormous, his pictures are sold before they're painted, nearly.

Saturday, February 20th

Made for gardening, according to the stars.

Take out your spade and fork, and dig, dig, dig.

Loosen the earth between the plant clumps on the flower-border, to let the air to the roots.

Turn up the vegetable garden ready for sowing early peas, parsnips, turnips, radishes and round spinach. Also Brussels sprouts. These should be sown in drills half an inch deep. But place broad beans three inches under the earth.

You can still plant roses if you have double-trenched the rose-bed.

Find places in the rockery where you can sink bits of broken earthenware drain *on end*. These can be filled with water in summer and ensure the perfect irrigation of your rock-plants at the roots, instead of squirting a hose over the top and browning the flowers.

For those who are not garden-minded, there is a Rugby match, our Royal Navy against our Royal Air Force, at Twickenham.

Tuesday, February 23rd

Ushers in an absorbing period in goldfish amours. Eyes on the home aquarium. A good female goldfish in her prime will now become visibly heavier on one side of her body, and be an object of great interest to other fish in the tank, some of whom will chase her and nibble her fins. The only safe plan with valuable fish is to catch up these pairs, the chaser and the chased, and transfer them to a tank on their own, in which a bunch of willow moss is suspended by a piece of string. This will act as a spawning nest The female will deposit her eggs, which are the size of a pin-head, and resemble amber-tinted bubbles, so that they adhere to the moss. Remove the goldfish two days after spawning, for the young fry may hatch out on the third day and be eaten by their adoring mother and father.

Thursday, February 25th

Full moon and sun will face each other at 7.43 this morning, from different points in the sky. This event may be clouded, but on

Saturday, February 27th

The sun sets at 5.36 p.m. so you may be sure that Spring is a-cummin', a-cummin', a-cummin', for the sun is weary of rest.

A SNAPSHOT of Princess Elizabeth taken when paying a visit to the Richmond Horse Show, 1934. (Right) Playing with her dolly's pram

This Girl may be Queen Elizabeth II *of* England

By Peter Forrest

IT has been said that a good gauge of any human being's character and calibre is provided by the stories he leaves in his trail through life. Measured by this yardstick, how emerges the 10-year-old princess who was named Elizabeth Alexandra Mary by the Archbishop who traced the shadow of the Cross over her forehead in Jordan water dipped from the gold Lily Font of the British kings, and who is now—as a result of unprecedented happenings which in history's perspective may loom as small as a Regency royal romance or as large as the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra—Heir-Presumptive to the Throne of England ?

She emerges as a remarkable child.

Almost everybody who meets this blue-eyed, golden-haired Anglo-Saxon girl comes away with a story, of something said, something done, which he subsequently tells with pride or glee. The composite of these stories is a picture of healthy youth, lent depth by forthrightness, and attractiveness by laughter and all the pleasant qualities of heart and mind.

There was a time when this young lady arrived at Windsor Castle, with her mother and " Ala " (otherwise Clara Knight, Queen Elizabeth's Scots nurse), to display her latest achievement. News reaching King George V, he summoned her to the King's Room. The King's Room at Windsor is a big quiet sitting-room on the main floor, just inside the

Marcus Adams

H.M. THE QUEEN with Princess Elizabeth. A portrait taken in 1927

King's Entrance. Here King George used to work at his desk, and read, safe from interruptions. It was his sanctum, as sacred as "father's study," and as awesome to the family.

Princess Elizabeth arrived in the doorway, but her grandfather made no step to greet her. He had risen and stood waiting, and smiling; and the infant, after one or two cautious experimental steps, quickened pace, and tottered gallantly across the wide carpet to wrap herself at the end of her adventurous journey around the King's knees and gasp: "Lilibet walk self!"

She later became a child of great accomplishments. She told her mother so. As she and her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, had been having tea with Sir James Barrie, her mother accused Barrie.

"But it's true," said Barrie. "She can ride a bicycle without touching the handlebars. I cannot do that; nor can you. It is a feat beyond the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prime Minister of England. I cannot think of anyone else I know who can ride a bicycle without touching the handlebars. Can you? By the way," he added, "I suppose she was not boasting?"

"Unfortunately, no," sighed Queen Elizabeth. "But I am afraid I shall have to make it a rule after this that she rides touching the handlebars, or we shall have her trying to stand on her head on her bicycle next, just to live up to her new reputation."

When the Duke of Windsor was King Edward VIII. he taught her to swim in his pool at Fort Belvedere. High excitement the day she remained afloat instead of sinking when her Uncle David let go. He drove her back to Royal Lodge, the Yorks' country place on the other side of Windsor Park. She rushed in to find Mamma.

"I swam right across!"

"Darling!" said her mother, raising a disbelieving eyebrow.

"She means the width, not the length," said Uncle David.

"All the way?" asked the Duchess.

Marcus Adams

A portrait of the Princess Elizabeth taken when she was nine years old

"Well, six strokes," asserted Elizabeth with pride.

"Seven," corrected Uncle David. "That's my story, and you stick to it, Lilibet."

She has been Lilibet since she was an infant. It was her first pronunciation of her own name. She was eight months old when her parents had to leave her to make an Empire tour and open the Parliament building at the new Australian capital, Canberra. When they got back she was fourteen months old. She was brought from the house of Lady Strathmore to Buckingham Palace, as the Duke and Duchess were going there from Victoria Station. Queen Mary bent over her and said softly: "Here's Mamma." A smile dawned in the blue eyes and crumpled the baby face, and while the Duchess was still looking down at her, she held out her arms.

"Darling!" said the Duchess, and gathered her up.

Princess Elizabeth playing "hide-and-seek" with her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, in the garden of 145, Piccadilly

NOT long after Princess Elizabeth had enjoyed her fourth birthday party she became aware of an unusual stir and tension in the house. Mamma was resting oftener. Elizabeth began to feel lonely. Papa seemed thoughtful. Grandmamma came around. The small Princess consulted "Ala," who laughed and comforted her. Soon she would have a small playmate—very soon now. . . . Then they all went up north to Glamis Castle.

The Queen's second child was born in the castle of the Strathmores' on August 21, 1930. A girl: the first Princess of the blood royal to be born in Scotland since the union of the two Crowns. She was christened Margaret Rose. King George and Queen Mary and the other members of the Royal Family had come north to Balmoral Castle for the autumn season. They came over to see the new arrival, but Elizabeth was not allowed to feel that she now had a rival in the interest and affection of the family circle. The Prince of Wales called.

"Hello, Lilibet."

(*Continued on page* 96)

The Bible

The Magic of a

Adolf Hitler examining on his 47th birthday a copy of "Mein Kampf," which was presented to him by Government officials as a birthday present. This copy was handwritten on parchment in the scrip of the Bible of the Middle Ages. It was bound in iron and comprised over 1,000 pages

ONE March day of 1924 a young man in the middle thirties drew his plain wooden chair up to his equally plain little table and began typing on a familiar portable machine. Everything around was simple and modest because the young man was seated in his one-room quarters in a fortress where he was undergoing five years "honorary confinement." The fortress was Landsberg am Lech, and its prisoner typed and typed; yet when his unprofessional wrists ached, or he felt too burnt out with the passion of his thoughts as these were committed in pele-mele rush to paper, the prisoner of Landsberg could luckily turn to a faithful and voluntary co-occupant of his "cell," who was able to take down from dictation in a weirdly contrived shorthand of his own fashioning.

Can one wonder that Hitler's only real friend to-day—the only one he desires to have—is Rudolf Hess?

History has been made by books before now. Machiavelli's "The Prince" achieved as much. So did Karl Marx's "Das Kapital." Rousseau's "Social Contract" and more than one volume from Voltaire beckoned the French Revolution. Paine's "Age of Reason" opened minds innumerable on either side of the Atlantic. Yet one takes leave to doubt if any published volume since the Bible itself has become fraught with such terrific potentialities for a living mankind as has "Mein Kampf" ("My Struggle"), whose opening paragraphs those two young men, one an Austrian, the other a German, thrilled over just thirteen years ago. The first badly-typed sheet ran:

"I consider it to-day a fortunate circumstance that destiny gave to me as birthplace Braunau on the Inn. For that little town lies on the border between those two German States, the reunion of which appears at least to us younger ones as the labour of our lives to be carried through by every means.

"German Austria must return to the great German Motherland, and not for any mere economic reasons. No, no! Even if the reunion should prove immaterial, economically, or even harmful, it would none the less have to take place. Common blood belongs in a common Realm. The German People have no moral right to colonial activities as long as they have not absorbed their own sons into a common State."

So it gushed on month after month to a length approximating three ordinary-size novels. Yet that was only Volume One and—a fact that does not seem to be generally known—was not called "Mein Kampf" at all. Its title was "A Reckoning." What is now supervening so staggeringly in the world as the result of the writing of "My Struggle" was hardly more than "roughed-in" in the 1924 literary co-operation of that Landsberg fortress which edifice, in passing, bestowed complete freedom on the young author to write absolutely as he chose, even if it happened to

The cell in which Adolf Hitler wrote his book "Mein Kampf." The cell is now open to the public and has been arranged and furnished exactly as when Hitler was its occupant

From the first of May, 1936, all bridegrooms are presented after their wedding with a copy of "Mein Kampf." A bridegroom receiving his copy of "Mein Kampf" from a Berlin registrar of marriages

in Germany

Book—"Mein Kampf"!

be vitriolically against the existing German Republican régime. Such freedom was it, indeed, that one of the first things Hitler did on gaining power was to banish for ever the thought of "honorary confinement" for political opponents. He knew. Never again should such a volume emanate from a German fortress!

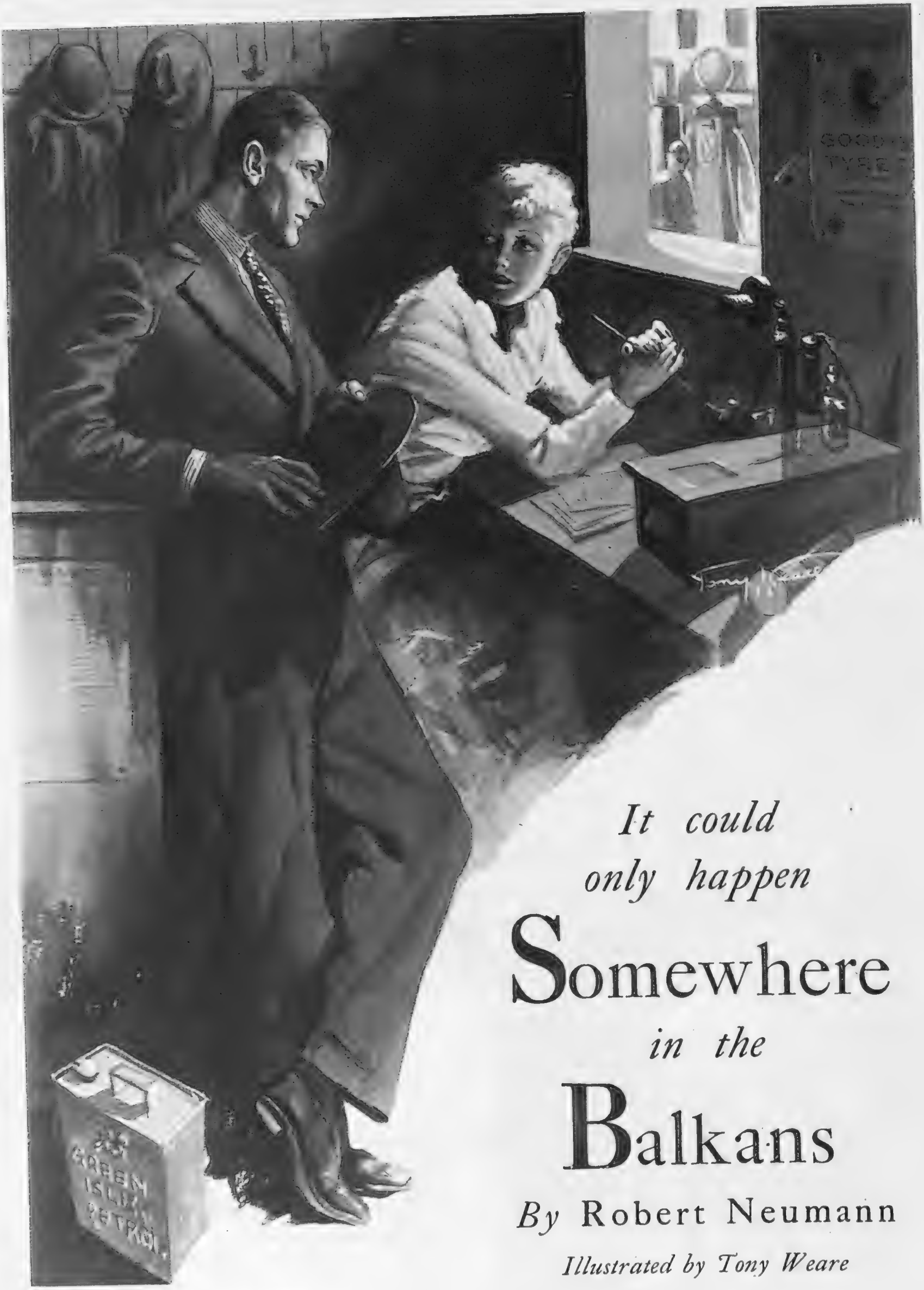
No. "A Reckoning" concerned itself essentially with riddling *what was*—the existing order in Germany—prior to its inspired author passing to constructive policy later. This first volume of a total work that was eventually to attain the monumental wordage represented by nearly 800 closely-printed pages, stripped bare the grievous incapacities of William II.'s governing, it scorchingly chastised the resultant Weimar Republic for a lot of criminal ninnies, and terminated on a rapid justification of the author's own course until then, much of this final portion centring on the Bierhall Putsch of Munich, November 1923, that had conducted to the fortress. But a day of reckoning would come very soon! tumultuously rose the refrain. The utter self-confidence of this imprisoned, scoffed-at nobody, as he then was, not having five hundred supporters in the country, in the full sense of the term, can rarely if ever have been matched in the human story.

Volume Two, bringing in its train the now-historic revised title, was emitted in the liberty of beloved Berchtesgaden during 1926. It retained in an intensified form the theme of its predecessor and then elaborated those principles of Nazi foreign policy before which a divided world to-day stands varyingly affected. The general idea laid down was that Germany should rebuild her domestic sinews by stamping out the Jews, Communists, Pacifists, by which was mainly meant the intellectual bourgeoisie; that parallelly parliamentary rule—in fact, all political parties making for a divergency of thought should be eliminated, a 100 per cent. control of the Press being a prime requirement; that Germans should then be united on a twin "platform," shouting their racial superiority abroad and their social equality at home; that the whole shaken and dazed population be thereafter submitted to a hardening process, a special feature of which made for the deletion of "the prostitution of love" and its replacement by one increasing fertility; finally, that the strongest possible military force be reared at the earliest moment.

(*Continued on page 83*)

By
Ferdinand Tuohy

Adolf Hitler taking the salute from the labour service men on the Zeppelin field at Nuremberg. On his left is the leader of the labour service men, Herr Hhorl. Inset, the latest portrait of Adolf Hitler



"Mr. Ringrose felt that you couldn't possibly travel alone in such a God-forsaken place. So he instructed me to accompany you."

It could only happen Somewhere *in the* Balkans

By Robert Neumann

Illustrated by Tony Weare

ON the twenty-fifth storey of the Ringrose Building in New York Mr. Cyrus W. Ringrose, the head of the world-famous oil concern, sat at his desk signing letters. He was a very old gentleman of about eighty years of age, with the wrinkled face of one of those old Indiana chiefs who had lost their lands years ago to Mr. Ringrose's ancestors. He was dressed in the careless way very rich men affect after they have reached their tenth million. As he passed over the last letter he asked :

" Anything else, Parker ? "

The question was addressed to his young secretary, a tall, extremely handsome, fair-haired boy, with whom he had just gone through the morning mail. The secretary hesitated.

" Is it about your holiday ? You've been very hard at it these last couple of months. As far as I recall you didn't have a holiday last year. You may take it now if you want to."

" No, it's not that, Mr. Ringrose. I really don't want a holiday this year either. I want your advice on this letter. A queer document. I didn't mix it up with the ordinary mail. There's something rather special about it."

" Beggar, blackmail, political racket, kidnapping, or charity ? " suggested Mr. Ringrose.

" No, no, nothing of that sort. It's from the Minister of Finance for Slavistania, somewhere in the Balkans."

" What the heck is it all about ? "

" It's about—— But perhaps you'd better read it for yourself."

With that he laid down on Mr. Ringrose's desk a letter with the imposing letter-head :

The Royal Finance Ministry of the Kingdom of Slavistania.

Mr. Cyrus W. Ringrose.

Dear Sir,

We feel it our duty to inform you of the fact that, while investigating some old accounts in the state archives, we discovered that a sum of money amounting to 688 *ducats, due to a certain Mr. Gavril Yogobrankovitch on the* 16*th April,* 1636, A.D., *for the delivery of* 2,311 *pigs to the Slavistanian army on the occasion of the War against the Turks, is still unpaid. As far as we can ascertain the great-great-grand-niece of this Gavril Yogobrankovitch emigrated to America in the year* 1812 *and there married Mr. Cyrus W. Ringrose, who appears to be your great-great-grandfather. So that you are now the legal beneficiary of this property, which meanwhile has increased at the legal rate of* 6 *per cent. per annum and at the present rate of exchange to thirty-six millions seven hundred and forty-two thousand two hundred and six dollars and four cents* (36,742,206·4 *dollars*).

As we have already pointed out, we feel ourselves obliged to bring the matter to your notice.

Yours respectfully,

N. M. Platonovitch.

On behalf of the Royal Slavistanian Government.

Ministry of Finance.

There was a considerable silence after Mr. Ringrose had read this letter. At last he asked :

" Is this country Slavistania, or whatever its name may be, identical with the one which has the distinction of being the only one to pay its war debts to the United States ? "

Another long pause ensued.

" What puzzles me is the four cents," he remarked after deep thought. " I think perhaps you had better find out something about this remarkable country which acknowledges so spontaneously a debt of thirty-six and a half million dollars."

" As a matter of fact, sir, I tried to get some sort of a line on it this morning. But there was too much of a rush on for me to get hold of much." He produced a large volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* " Here you are, sir——"

" No," interrupted Mr. Ringrose, who had that strong dislike of books which falls on men after the tenth million, sometimes even earlier, " I shan't read all that stuff. What does it say ? "

" They say—to cut a long story short—it's about the darndest one-horse country in the world, nothing but mountains and sheep and a crummy little hole of a harbour-town which is the capital. An army which appears to be recruited from the bandits and highwaymen that infest the country. But, to be quite fair, this article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is four years old. Perhaps that might explain the divergence of opinion between this statement and the one in this travel prospectus issued by the Slavistanian Ministry of Propaganda—the only information I could get at the American Express Company."

He produced a highly coloured leaflet which pictured intensely blue skies, an unbelievably vivid sea and some yellow and pink houses.

" According to this leaflet, the state of the country appears to have changed considerably. There are, for example, a couple of first-class roads, a Grand Palace Hotel, hot and cold water, every modern convenience, places of amusement, casinos up to the highest international standard."

Mr. Ringrose nodded thoughtfully :

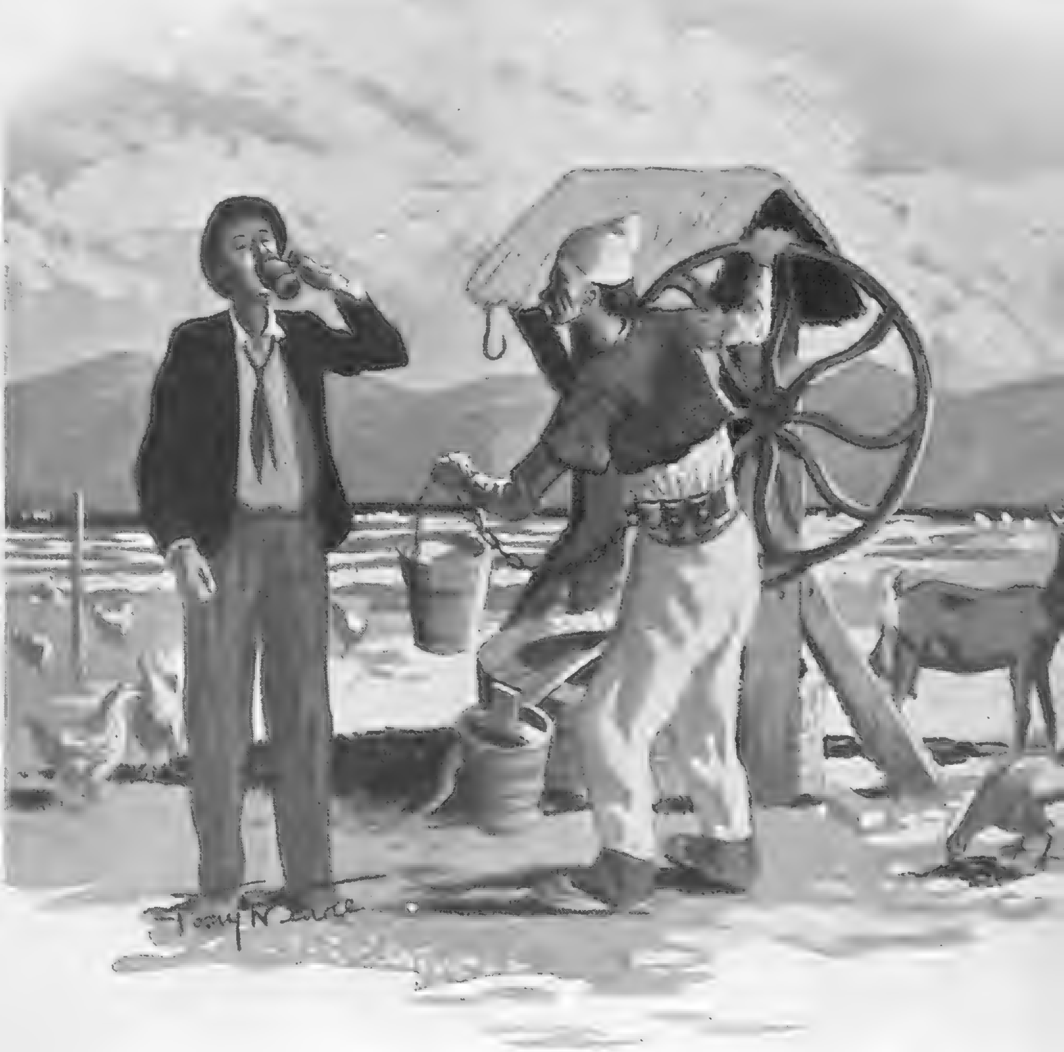
" Of course there may have been a change of administration. They may have put their house in order. That would explain the acknowledgment of the debt. Decent people anyhow ! Anything else ? "

Mr. Parker hesitated :

" Well, yes—here's a report I found in our files from our broker in Paris, but that may be out of date too. It's two years old. At that time they were trying to float a loan on the Paris Bourse on the false pretence that—well, it all seems very complicated and fishy, at any rate rather a sordid affair. Still, it might be the last inglorious act of the previous government."

" It might," said Mr. Ringrose. " What shall we do ? What's your suggestion ? "

" Cable them and ask them to pay the thirty-six and a half million odd dollars into our account with the Guarantee Trust Co."



PARKER *took the tin cup and drank hastily. A second later he spat it all out*

" Somehow I don't like the idea," said Mr. Ringrose. " Perhaps they owe us more than that. I think we'd better first find out more about them."

" O.K., sir," remarked Mr. Parker. " I'll get all the dope on them for you by to-morrow morning."

BUT Mr. Parker had to have fifteen long-distance calls, three journeys by rail, two by aeroplane and several interviews with different people before he was in a position to report to his boss.

Even a blind man could have seen that his attitude towards the whole matter had now changed. His hope of getting those thirty-six and a half million dollars for the firm of Ringrose had faded away like snow in the sun. First of all, he announced that he had discovered that the travel prospectus had slightly overstated conditions. As far as he could ascertain from conflicting testimony the country was in a decent but modest state, its modesty being so great that at this moment they were scouring every financial market in Europe for credit, a fact which was to a certain extent oddly at variance with their acknowledgment of the debt to Mr. Ringrose. So undoubtedly there was something fishy about the whole matter. Furthermore, his investigation into the family history of the Ringroses had brought him to a rather pessimistic view as regards the legitimacy of Mr. Ringrose as a claimant to this property.

" What do you mean ? " Here the old man interrupted his secretary.

" Well, the Mr. Ringrose who married that Yogobrankovitch girl was not your great-great-grandfather but his cousin, and there's just one direct female heir of his still alive."

" Still alive, you say. Married ? "

" No."

" A spinster ? "

" Yes."

" Well, she might die soon. She doesn't know anything, I suppose, about this Slavistanian affair. So we'll wait until she dies and then cash in and file our claim to her heritage. She might die soon. What age is she ? "

Mr. Parker hesitated : " Twenty-one."

" A spinster of twenty-one—I see—Has she any profession ? "

" She's managing director and joint owner of the 'Claire Ringrose Gasolene Co.' "

" Gasolene Company ! Never heard the name. Is she part of our concern ? "

" No."

" Have we had any dealings with her ? "

" We might have occasionally, but on the whole it is an establishment of no very great financial importance."

" I see, what does she look like ? "

The secretary replied, slightly embarrassed :

" Well, as a matter of fact, I've got a snapshot—— "

It was the picture of a very good-looking girl.

" H'm. Easy on the eyes. I wonder if your pessimism with regard to our being able to collect the money has anything to do with this girl's looks—Oh, you needn't blush, Parker ; it's only some fifty or sixty odd years since I was in the same boat. So we'll just call it a day and drop the whole business. Thank you. Anything else on your mind ? "

" Yes," said the secretary ; " it's about my holiday. You were kind enough to mention it the other day."

" Oh, yes, I remember—you didn't want to go."

" Well, as a matter of fact, I've changed my mind. I need a rest."

" Rest ? Well, you can go to-morrow. I can get along with Buxton for a couple of weeks."

" Thank you very much, Mr. Ringrose," said Mr. Parker, as he retired slightly embarrassed. Mr. Ringrose called him back :

" Hey," he said. " You're forgetting your snapshot."

MISS CLAIRE RINGROSE, managing director and joint owner of the Claire Ringrose Gasolene Company, was sitting in her office, a room about six feet long by four and a half feet wide, with Mr. Parker, while the joint owner, an elderly gentleman of the usual petty-citizen type, was operating the company's plant outside. He was inserting the nozzle of the petrol pump into the tank of a Ford car which had just driven up. His yellow face indicated that he was a sufferer from chronic indigestion.

They seemed to have arrived at the end of a long conversation.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Parker," said Claire. "What you've said sounds perfectly O.K. to me, and I see that it would be best to make the trip over there to that funny country and cash in on the money. But there's no use kidding. It would cost a good bit, and I'm——"

At this moment the joint owner opened the little window and pushed through some money on to the desk.

"One dollar thirty-five cents."

The girl, smiling at Parker, said: "How far would I get on this?"

"Don't worry about that," said Parker. "I'm afraid that I forgot to mention that the boss is quite prepared to advance you all the money you require for the trip, just out of a feeling for old family ties."

The girl turned towards him, at first unwilling to accept. Then, putting her hand on his arm, said: "You are marvellous. You've even thought of that?"

Parker, blushing for no obvious reason and stammering a little, remarked: "Well, as a matter of fact, that's not all of it. Mr. Ringrose felt that you couldn't possibly travel alone in such savage, god-forsaken places. So he instructed me to accompany you."

For a moment a slight expression of mistrust crossed her face. Then it passed.

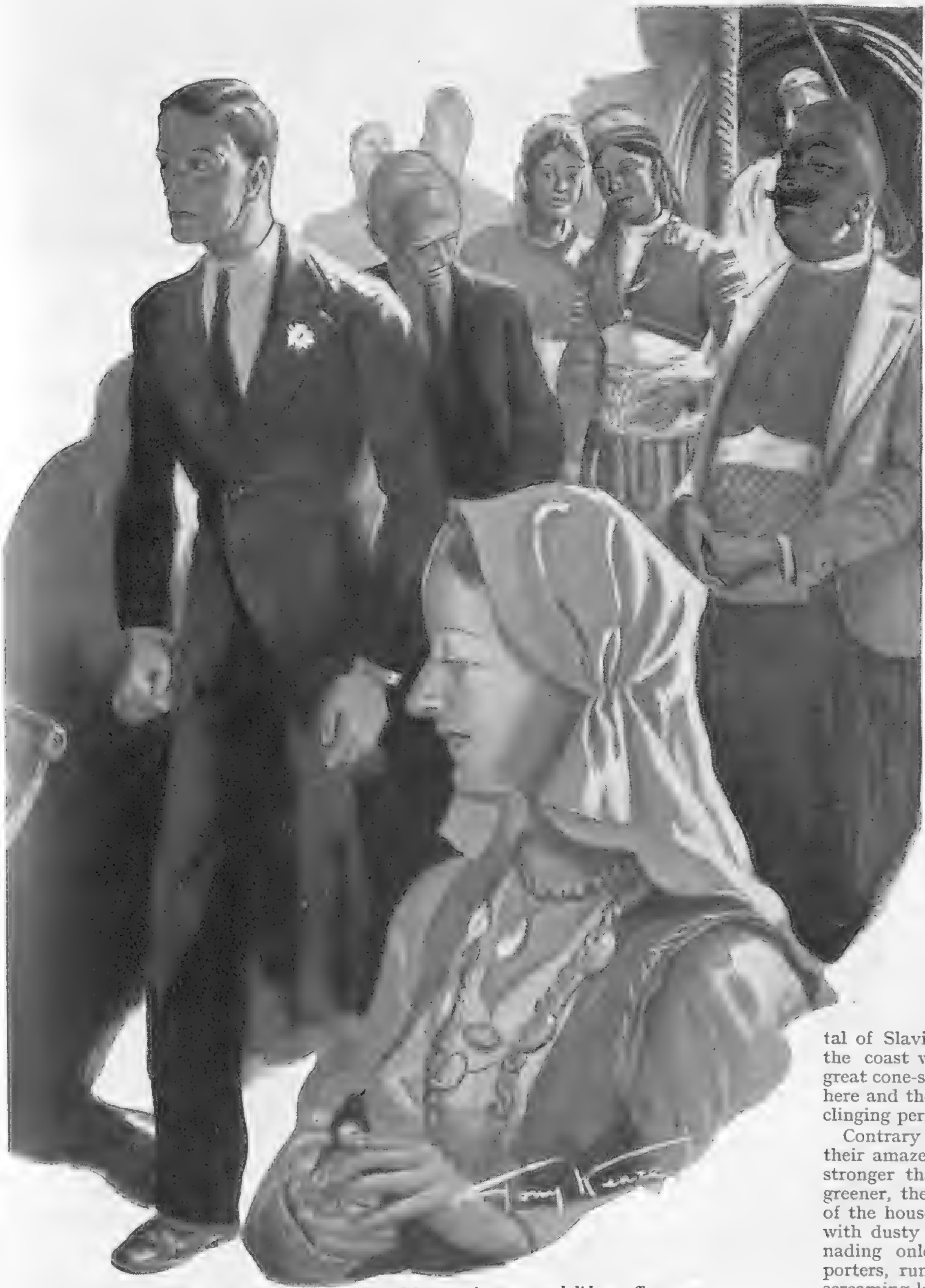
"Swell!" she said.

"Will it be O.K. for you to start to-morrow?"

"Sure!"

"Good! Well, I'll get busy and make the reservations and so on."

He drove off in his little car, almost knocking down an indignant old lady.



SHE remained standing in the middle of the reception room and did not offer a seat to the gentleman whom she saw now for the first time after so many months

MR. PARKER encountered two difficulties that afternoon, the first of them being that the manager of the bank where he kept his modest private account, an old friend of his dead father, was rather shocked when he drew out all his savings, amounting to three thousand three hundred and fourteen dollars, and began to give him good advice concerning slow horses and fast women and the dangers of alcohol. But this was more easily overcome than the second obstacle which he encountered when he went to reserve two cabins on the steamer which was to sail next morning for Europe. The people in the American Express Company, knowing him through previous dealings as the secretary of the great Mr. Ringrose, and realising that the passenger for whom he was booking was a Miss Ringrose, wanted to reserve a four-room luxury suite for her and one room for him. He had to go to a great deal of trouble to persuade them that this trip was not intended to attract any attention from the Press, and that Miss Ringrose wanted to travel as quietly as possible. Finally the American Express official contented himself with the reflection that this was just the caprice of a millionaire's daughter to travel second class.

WHEN the couple woke up on the thousand-ton steamer with the unpronounceable Slavistanian name which brought them from Venice to the opposite shore of the Adriatic—they had disembarked at Cherbourg and gone from Cherbourg to Venice by rail—the ship was pulling into the little harbour of Szleb, the capital of Slavistania. The mountains along the coast were bare of vegetation, just great cone-shaped hills, like rubble-heaps, here and there a fig-tree, a row of houses clinging perilously to the cliff.

Contrary to their expectation, and to their amazement, the colours were even stronger than on the leaflet—the green greener, the blue more blue, and the red of the houses redder. Churches, a quay with dusty palms, with lounging, promenading onlookers, with naked, blinking porters, running children, barking dogs, screaming lemonade-vendors—hats, caps, hair, faces— (*Continued on page* 118)

Hunting

THE stegosaurus, of the dinosaur family, being attacked by a flesh-eating reptile. The stegosaurus carried a double row of bony plates running down the centre of its back, some of them being a yard in width. Upon its tail it carried eight big spikes or spines

A RESTORATION of the plesiosaurus. This strange creature, half mammal and half fish, possessed a long neck like a serpent, teeth like a crocodile, and paddles like a whale.

Not all big-game hunters search for living specimens. Some go after the remains of the huge monsters that lived long before man ruled the world. It is thrilling and exciting work carried out in the remote parts of the world

IN the wilds of Mongolia, in the jungles of Africa, and the vast open spaces of America and Canada, men are searching for the fossilised remains of the giant creatures that flourished in the days of long ago. Over and over again, these men who make it their business to hunt for this strange "game" have astonished the scientific world by their wonderful finds.

Our natural history museums are replete with colossal skeletons of the huge beasts of the past, whose bones have been found in remote parts of the earth by the fossil-hunters. They have unearthed huge lizards that weighed tons and measured eighty feet or more in length; monster rhinoceroses; strange horses that make the present-day creature look a mere pygmy; mammoth tigers and huge turtles, and giant flesh-eating birds, veritable monsters of the air, which have enabled the scientists to read the wonderful wild life of the days of long ago.

But fossil-hunting is much like gold-hunting. The explorer never knows when he will strike it rich. He may remain in the field a whole season, toiling daily under the scorching sun and enduring much privation, and at the end be able to show nothing for his labour. On the other hand, he may be lucky and startle the scientific world with a find that will upset the text-books and existing theories regarding the form and habits of certain prehistoric creatures.

It was Mr. Walter Granger, a scientist attached to the Museum of Natural History in New York, who stumbled across the greatest deposit that has so far been unearthed of the fossilised remains of extinct animals. Some few years ago he was going over a portion of the "Bad Lands" of Wyoming with a party of adventurers. In a small valley, not far from the Medicine Bow River, they came upon the remains of a sheep-herder's cabin. The hut had stood on a slight eminence, and here the party proceeded to obtain a better survey of their surroundings.

Glancing casually down at the jumble of "stones" which had at one time formed the herder's cabin, Mr. Granger thought they looked strange. Picking up one, he carefully examined it. "This is a fossilised bone," he declared to one of his companions, "and this," looking at another dingy-coloured object, "is the remains of a brontosaurus."

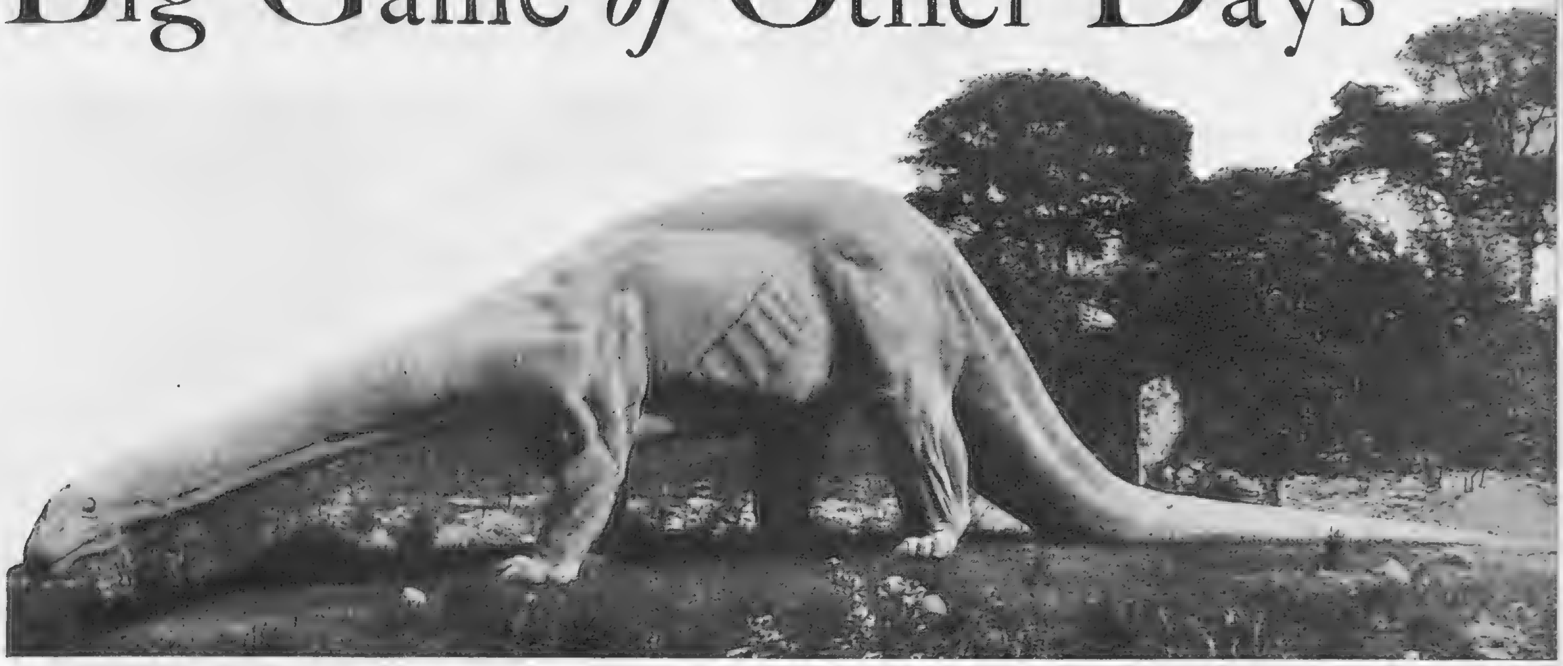
Realising that the bones the sheep-herder had thrown together to support his home had probably been taken from the ground near by, Mr. Granger procured a shovel and began digging up the earth. After a few hours' work his spade struck against a hard substance, which it could not penetrate. Working around it, he finally unearthed another piece—a single bone longer than an ordinary man. It was a portion of the remains of a huge prehistoric lizard, a most valuable find.

The spot was then and there christened "Bone Cabin Quarry," and as such is known to scientists the world over. The locality forms a vast graveyard for the immense lizards, known as dinosaurs, as well as strange horses that lived in the days of long ago; crocodiles older than any that ever floated down the Nile, and mammoth turtles. It is by far the greatest hunting-ground for these huge animals of the past that has ever been discovered.

The following year another scientist visited the region, and at Como Bluffs, some ten miles from the site of Bone Cabin Quarry, found almost complete skeletons of the diplodocus and the brontosaurus. The interest of the whole scientific world was aroused, and the leading museums of America and Europe dispatched expeditions to the region to search for the fossil remains of these great beasts of prehistoric days.

As a result, a new vocation may be said

Big Game *of* Other Days



THE greatest of all the terrestrial animals of the past was the diplodocus, and here is a restoration of one seen in Carl Hagenbeck's Tierpark at Hamburg

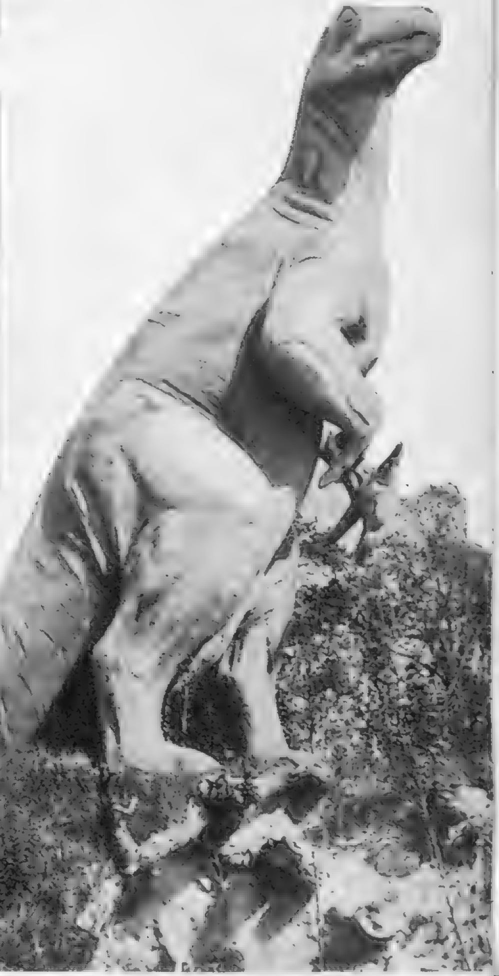
By
Harold J. Shepstone

to have been born—that of fossil-hunting. Whereas the men who made it their life's work to search for these bones in the desolate parts of the earth could almost be counted on the fingers of your hands, fossil-hunting became almost a craze and scores of men entered with zest into the calling, attracted by the high prices museums were willing to pay for complete skeletons. Some attached themselves to the museums and toiled for a regular wage and a bonus upon *(Continued on page 85)*

Left:
FOSSIL-HUNTERS at work digging out a specimen at Sand Creek. Red Deer Canyon

HAULING out a collection of fossilised remains from Sand Creek, Red Deer Canyon, Alberta. An almost complete skeleton of a new crested dinosaur, the monoclonius, was found here

(Left)
FOSSIL-HUNTERS all ready for prospecting along the banks of Red Deer Canyon. The men are netted owing to the swarms of mosquitoes they will meet



Below:
A RESTORATION of the iguanodon, a great herbivorous dinosaur. The head is some twenty odd feet above the ground

Dog-Daze *By*

Illustratea by Jack M. Faulks

THIS particular afternoon, for no reason except, perhaps, that one place looks very much like the next, Gaymer Mortimer Flood had extended his lonely walk into the confines of Kensington Gardens. He had, in fact, just reluctantly abandoned the diversions of the Round Pond to explore one of those leafy groves when a curious, distant rumbling sound vaguely touched his consciousness. He was re-living, as a young man will re-live when he has lots of time on his hands, one of those rare experiences that bring sweetness and light, before Time should come to taint its freshness. He had just seen a small boy, who had been making a pest of himself with a long stick to one and all, fall head-first into the pond. And it had been some time before anyone would fish him out.

The disturbance, however, rose on a choking note, as if somewhere at hand some public authority were drowning pigs in vats of glue. It forced itself upon him, for, with a roar, it came up from the back and a crack like a whip-lash took him round the calf. In the single motion of anchoring his hat and hopping forward eight feet he found himself definitely attached by the foot to what looked to him like a flying pig.

"*Oh!*" cried a voice. "Why don't you *do* something?"

Digging well in with the left heel, Gaymer managed to bring the ill-assorted procession to a stop. He withdrew the right leg from the horizontal and planted it firmly in the gravel. It seemed there was a dog at the other end of the lead he now held. He turned to find himself looking into the flushed face of a girl. Anger gave a dangerous sparkle to her black eyes, but there were traces of tears on the lovely lines of her cheeks. "That—that *brute!*" she panted.

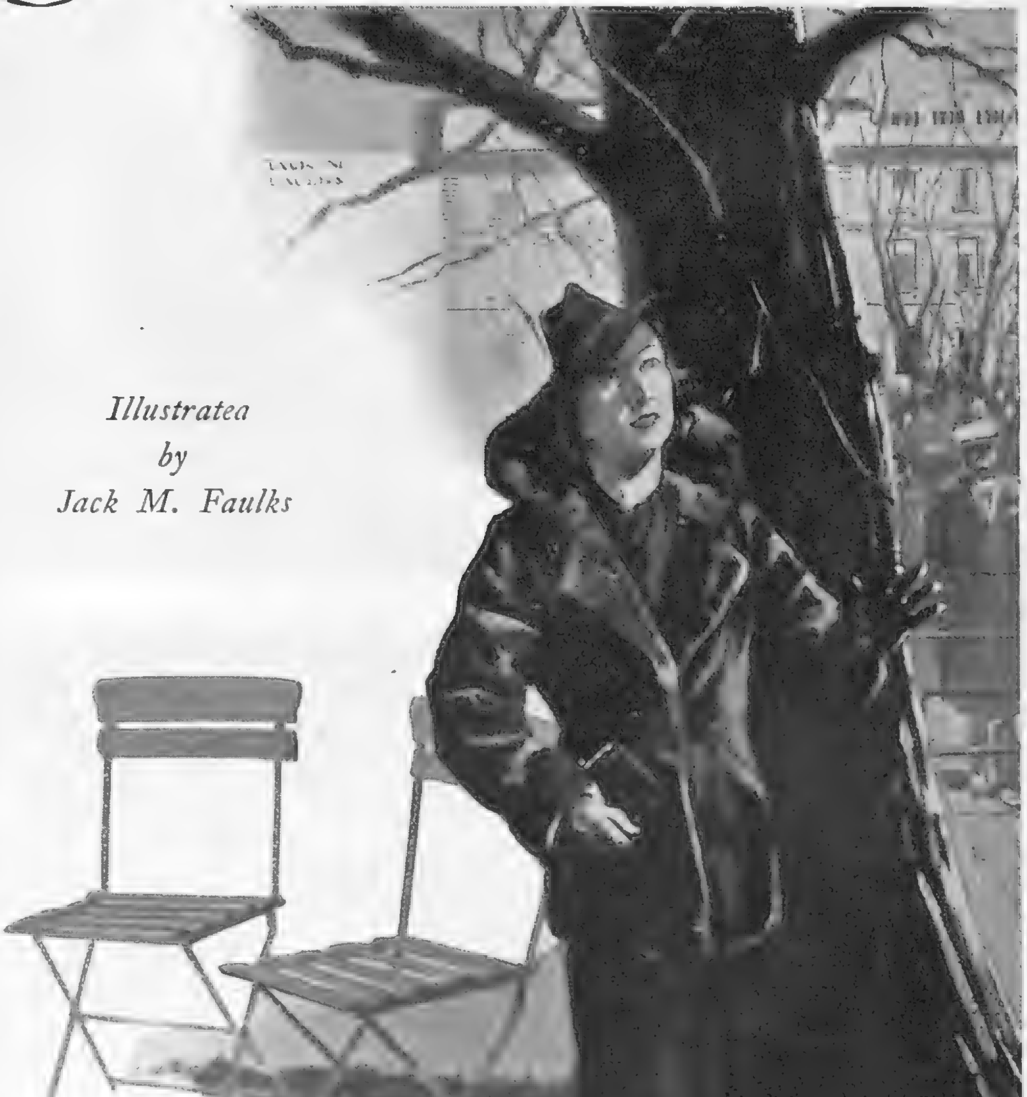
He switched back to the dog—a bull terrier, turning up an anxious, apologetic eye at him as he now licked the polish off Gaymer's shoes. The downiest, pinkest, and at the same time most swan-like white of animals—and, unless Gaymer were making a big mistake, a friendly pup at that. The right sock was growing damp. He shifted his foot. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong?" Her voice rose on a strained note. "Oh—I loathe and detest the very sight of him! *Hold on to him!*" Gaymer hauled on the cable as the animal bucked like a bronco, giving up one step to take in two. "Let him go! *Let him go!*"

With a quick thrust of the foot Gaymer turned the pup on his back. The whistle of flying leather sang through the air. A yelp followed. "Stop this nonsense!" Gaymer ordered. "D'you hear?"

The surprised look on the dog's face lingered for a moment to melt into open adoration, then it seemed that a downy pink pillow was oozing over the path. It reached Gaymer's shoes and nestled close—and once more a feeling of dampness began to make itself felt round his socks.

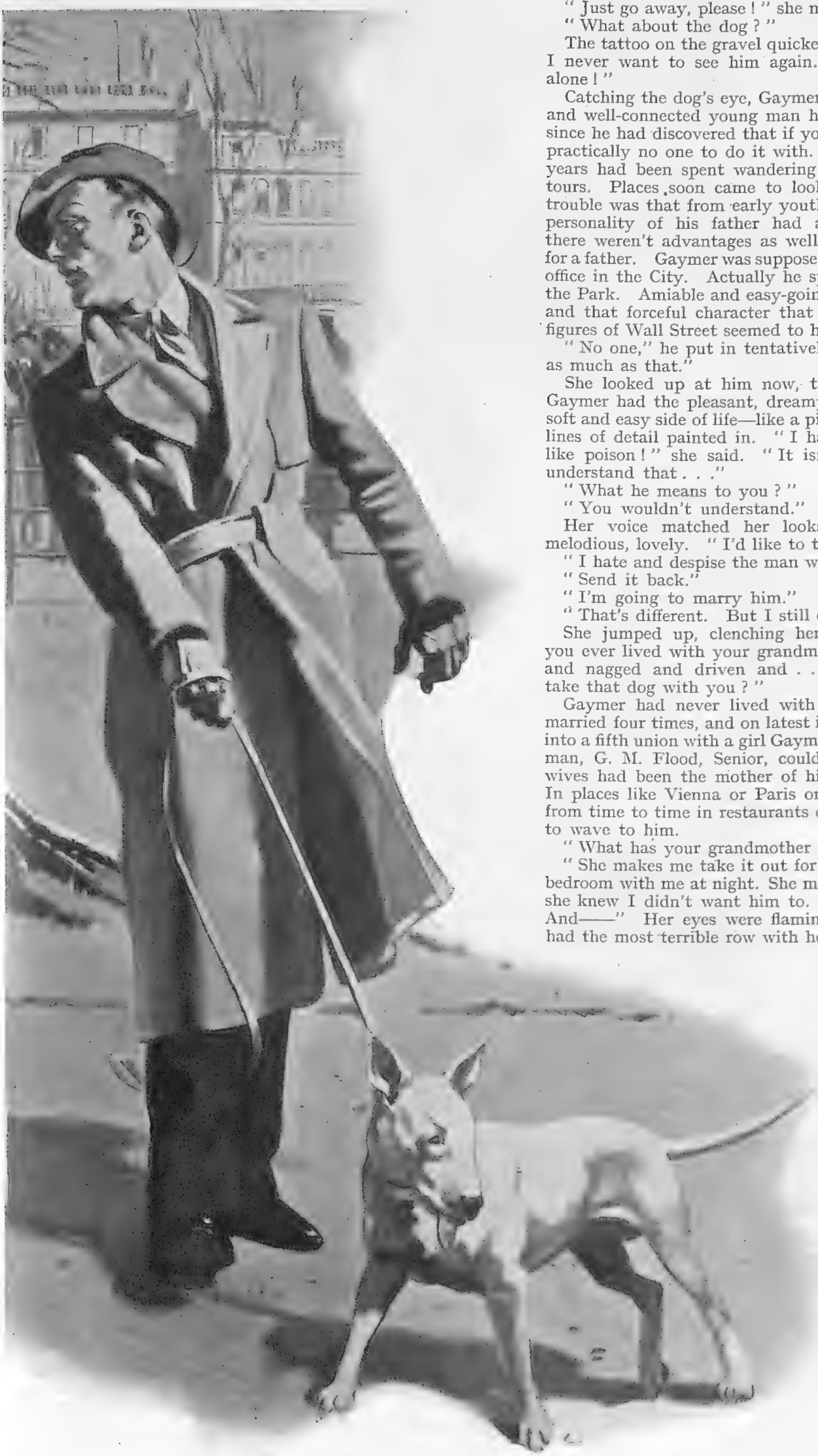
"The pup's all right," he offered. "Let's take it easy. He's a bit—— Here! I say——"



HE turned to find himself looking into the flushed face of a girl

The girl had sunk on to a park bench. Her fingers were long and ivory-white as she pressed her face into them. Her legs, stretched out stiffly before her, were beating tiny feet into the gravel. As a situation, Gaymer felt that he was not trained

B. L. Jacot



to deal with it. He had seen this girl before in the Park, looking like the pastel cover of a fashion magazine. Beautiful profile, perfect poise, blue-black hair and lips like red stains. Even in the distance she had looked dark and dangerous to him. Now, at close quarters, he doubted if he had ever seen anything so lovely before.

He cleared his throat nervously. " The dog's all right now," he suggested. " I caught him a wallop that did him a lot of——"

" Just go away, please ! " she moaned.

" What about the dog ? "

The tattoo on the gravel quickened in tempo. " Take him away ! I never want to see him again. Please go away and leave me alone ! "

Catching the dog's eye, Gaymer rubbed his chin. For a wealthy and well-connected young man he led a lonely life. It was years since he had discovered that if you have little to do you soon have practically no one to do it with. A large part of his twenty-nine years had been spent wandering about the world of the *de luxe* tours. Places soon came to look very much alike to him. His trouble was that from early youth onwards the dynamic, colourful personality of his father had always swamped him—not that there weren't advantages as well in having a monarch of finance for a father. Gaymer was supposed to be attached to a stockbroker's office in the City. Actually he spent most of his time walking in the Park. Amiable and easy-going, yes. But initiative, enterprise and that forceful character that had made his father one of the figures of Wall Street seemed to have missed him.

" No one," he put in tentatively at length, " could hate a dog as much as that."

She looked up at him now, taking him in for the first time. Gaymer had the pleasant, dreamy look of those who only see the soft and easy side of life—like a picture in outline, without the hard lines of detail painted in. " I hate what that dog means to me like poison ! " she said. " It isn't the dog. But you wouldn't understand that . . ."

" What he means to you ? "

" You wouldn't understand."

Her voice matched her looks perfectly ; it was groomed, melodious, lovely. " I'd like to try," he told her, and meant it.

" I hate and despise the man who gave the dog to me."

" Send it back."

" I'm going to marry him."

" That's different. But I still don't see——"

She jumped up, clenching her gloves in her fingers. " Have you ever lived with your grandmother for years, and been bullied and nagged and driven and . . . Oh, won't you please go and take that dog with you ? "

Gaymer had never lived with anyone much. His father had married four times, and on latest information was probably passing into a fifth union with a girl Gaymer had known in Florida. A busy man, G. M. Flood, Senior, could not always recall which of his wives had been the mother of his only son. But Gaymer knew. In places like Vienna or Paris or Los Angeles he saw his mother from time to time in restaurants or theatres, and she seldom failed to wave to him.

" What has your grandmother got to do with this dog ? "

" She makes me take it out for exercise and have it to sleep in my bedroom with me at night. She made Angus give it me just because she knew I didn't want him to. She keeps taunting me with it. And——" Her eyes were flaming again. "——And if you'd just had the most terrible row with her, and been sent out like a child into the Park, and been dragged through three dog fights and a cat fight and any amount of Park chairs and fences. . . . Oh, please go and take that dog away ! "

" All right ! I'll go. And take the dog. But hadn't you better let me know your address ? "

" You can telephone," she said. She gave him a number. " And thank you . . ."

WITH a twitch of the toe against that downy hide Gaymer went. The dog was avoiding his eye shamefacedly, but from the way he very faintly moved his tail as they walked along Gaymer knew that he was making an appeal as between man and man. Women, he said, don't understand.

When they reached the broad stretches of open turf on his way back to his apartment they travelled like troops in the open, by short rushes. "I'm going to call you Mojer," he said. "Mister Mojer. You're a grand fellow and I'm going to like you quite a lot, but——" For one breathless moment he was sure both his feet left the ground as he trailed kite-like after his new friend. When he picked himself up again the lead was gone, and Mister Mojer was a white streak in the distance. It seemed a cat was the trouble. Gaymer yelled. He yelled a second time, and a cab-horse passing along the Bayswater Road woke from a bad dream and bolted. "Come here!" he called. "*Mojer!*" The pursuit stopped in its tracks, and the cat took to a tree, muttering unspeakable things.

From the distance Mister Mojer put on a good show of attempting to recall who this person might be, then, as suddenly stricken by an irresistible force, deflated himself. His approach now suggested ground so adhesive in nature as to hold back his paws. His tail sank lower and lower as he got nearer to this god-like man until at length it anchored itself between his legs. Unable now to wag it, Mojer held it still and wagged the body.

"I should think so!" commented Gaymer. "Get to heel."

As he took the dog up in the lift in that cliff-like building bordering the Park to his apartment, the way the girl had looked up at him from that bench came back to him in a strange dreamlike way. Gaymer had picked up in his years of wandering an adequate technique for getting along with girls on golf courses, ship's dances, wild parties, and other perilous locales. He said the right things with the appropriate gestures, and never lingered. No girl had meant anything to him before, and he was not even trying to disguise the fact that this girl now was different. Her teeth gleamed behind those lips, and her ankles, like her wrists, were finely made and slender. No crow's wing, he decided, was as black as her hair, and those flaming eyes——

"You're getting out, sir?"

Out of the middle distances Gaymer focused the lift boy. He had cheeks like apples and a tooth missing from the front of his cheerful face. "Thanks," he said. "I was just thinking of something."

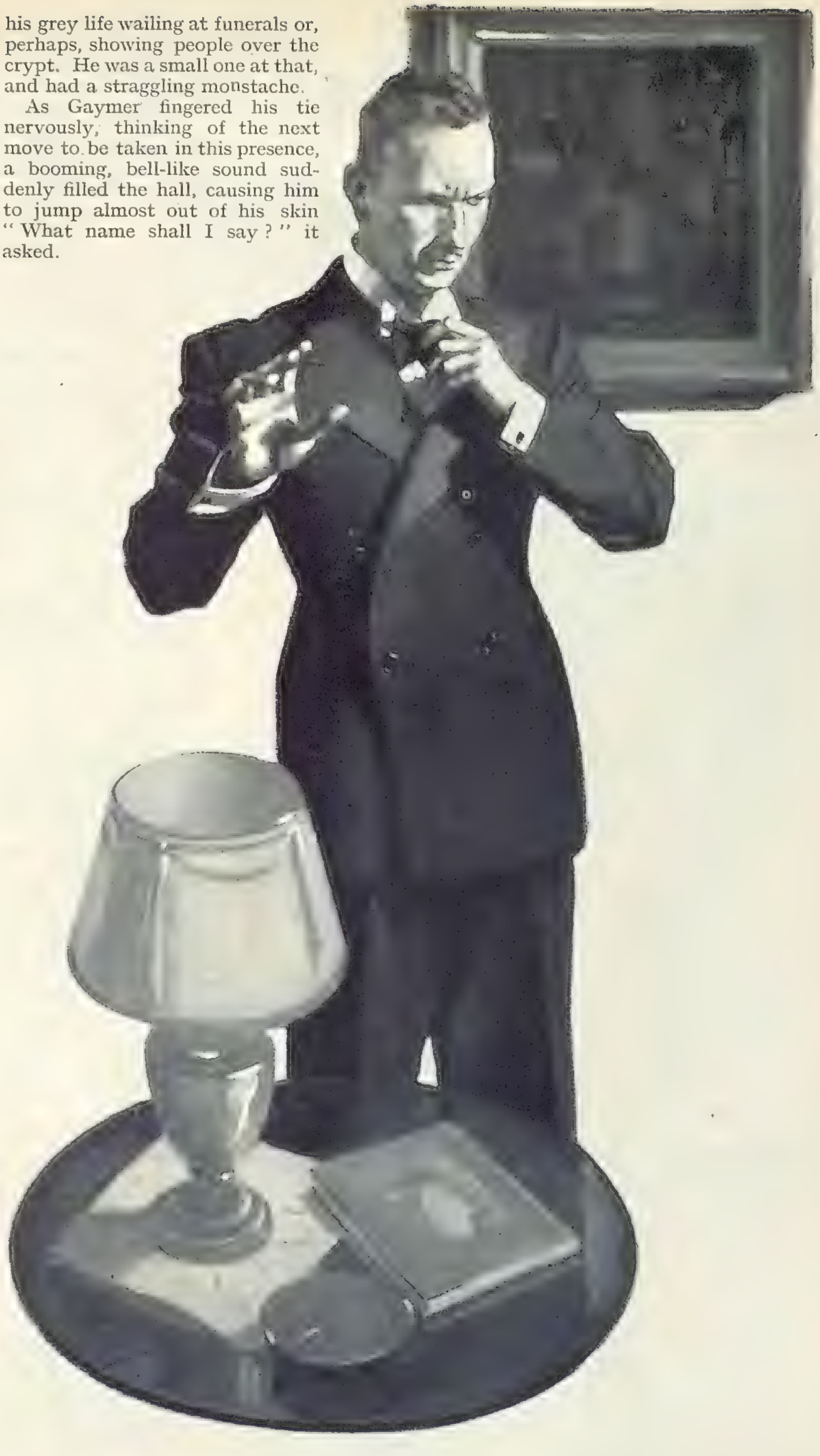
"Nice dog, sir," the boy offered, and Mister Mojer, catching the trend of it, knocked him flat and began mopping over those apple cheeks.

It took Gaymer the rest of the thoughtful day to arrive at the point of telephoning to the girl. He found her at home. Women in hysterics did strange things, and he wanted to be sure about the dog.

"You'd better call round," she told him briefly. "Meet my grandmother and then you'll understand . . . why I was rude to you."

The house was an old-fashioned town residence in Charles Street round the corner. A funereal butler admitted him, taking his hat and coat. Gaymer was well acquainted with English butlers, but this one surprised him. All butlers are necessarily English in New York, but there they conform to type. You can look all day, he knew, and never see a butler in Manhattan who does not look exactly what an English butler ought to look like, but never, in fact, does on the native heath. When Gaymer got a good look at this one in the gloom of the hall he resembled nothing more than a deaf mute, advanced in years, who had spent his grey life wailing at funerals or, perhaps, showing people over the crypt. He was a small one at that, and had a straggling moustache.

As Gaymer fingered his tie nervously, thinking of the next move to be taken in this presence, a booming, bell-like sound suddenly filled the hall, causing him to jump almost out of his skin "What name shall I say?" it asked.



Recovering poise, Gaymer examined the parchment wrinkles closely, but the face gave no indication of having spoken. "Mr. Flood," he answered hoarsely, a trifle offhand, since he was not sure all this had really happened.

"This way, sir, if you please."

This time Gaymer saw the lips move slightly, and he knew it was true.

THE girl was reading in a darkly furnished Victorian room on the first floor. She rose to meet him as he entered, and Gaymer's heart beat dizzily. Her sheer beauty caught at the breath.

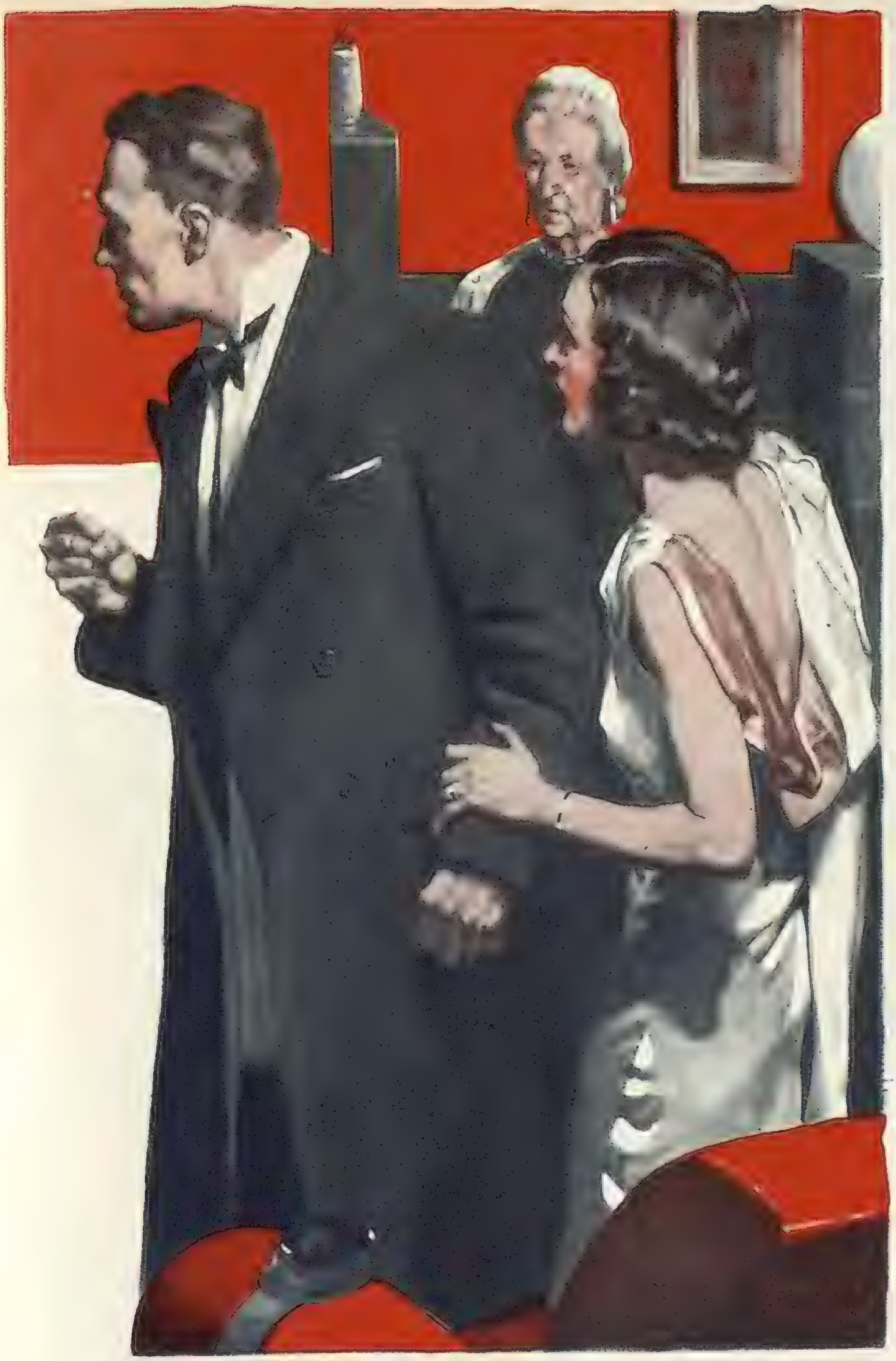
"Come on," she said. "You've got to meet Grandma. I've told her you're coming and that I met you in Biarritz. I don't like having folk suspecting me of being potty."

A rich colour mounted in his cheeks at this outrageous suggestion. "I never thought you were potty. I——"

"Well, thank heaven, you had the sense not to bring the dog. I told Grandma it was stolen in the Park this afternoon. It's a valuable animal. How's he getting on?"

"He's asleep in my chair at my flat. What are you laughing at?"

"You don't know that dog like I do. But you soon will."



ILLOGICALLY a burst of sheer rage shook him. He had forgotten that undeniably he had taken the dog: the strange emotions of the last few days were thrusting new experiences on him. He took two quick steps towards the man. "I'll knock his . . ."

THE Lady Harriet Harvieson was seated very upright in a high-backed chair when Gaymer followed the girl into the long, heavily furnished room. A fire blazed in the grate, touching the silver lines of her aristocratic head against a background of prevailing gloom. Family portraits hung against the tapestried walls, and on the hearthrug was a worked-wool footstool supporting a pair of exquisitely small, narrow feet.

"This is Mr. Flood, Grandma," the girl said, and from the first moment he got the impression of like personalities in conflict, with the balance of effectiveness in the rapier-like thrusts of the conversation always with the old lady in the chair.

A heavy silence fell while that ivory-white face turned to look the visitor over. "Not bad," Lady Harvieson summed up at length. "American and good-looking in a way. So you're another one, eh?"

"Grandma, I——"

"Let him speak for himself, child! He can speak, can't he?"

"Well, yes, Lady Harvieson." He tried a smile, but smothered it hurriedly. "I—I hope you are well."

"I've never known a single day's illness in my life. You know that Laura is engaged to marry another man?"

"I do."

"Well, what are you doing here?"

Here and there in Gaymer's make-up lay rock-like snags of character, inherited from his father, and not entirely submerged by his upbringing. The flush in his cheeks now had a touch of anger. "I am merely paying you a visit," he said levelly. "If you would prefer me to leave——" He turned to go.

"Who said you were to leave?" An ebony cane lay at the side of the old lady's chair, and over his shoulder Gaymer saw those long, delicate hands, blue-veined under the ivory skin, fold over it. He turned back quickly to help her rise.

"So they taught you manners where you come from?" she commended. "And are you very fond of my granddaughter? She is the only relation I have, apart from a fool of a nephew in India. Come, now; speak up!"

"Grandma! Mr. Flood is just a friend. How can you talk like that to everyone I bring——"

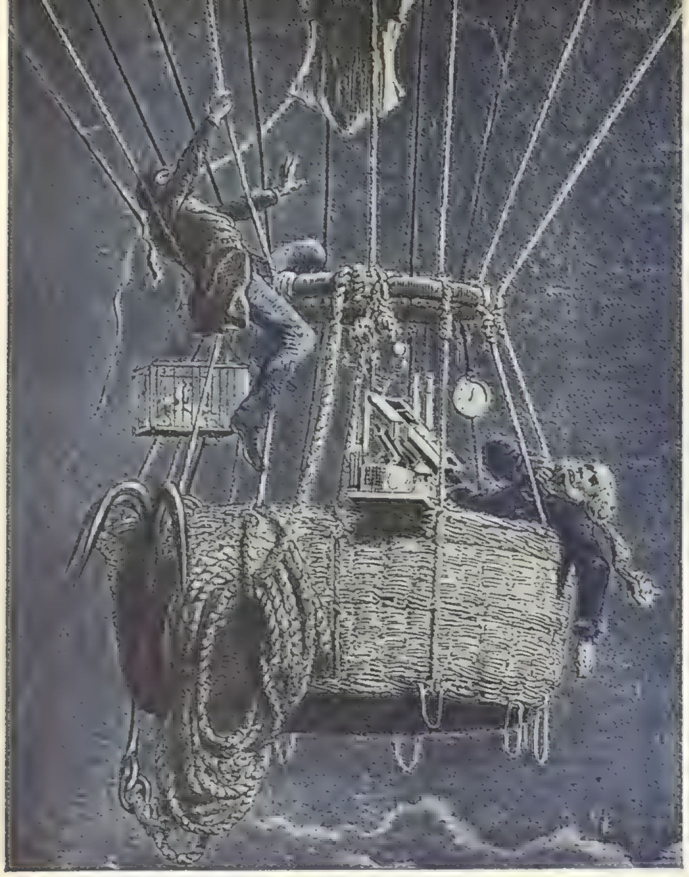
"Speak for yourself, Mr. Flood. Are you very fond of my granddaughter?"

His reaction at first was to recoil from this indecent exposure, but some odd snag of the Flood character stuck out. He held her eye grimly. "Very fond indeed," he told her. "I could hardly help being that."

"Humph!" There was something serene and beautiful about her as she stood in her black lace, her fine profile showing against the glow of the fire. "You couldn't help it, eh, young man? Why do you expect me to believe that?"

Just as in the presence of his father Gaymer could find little to say, the near-insults of this autocratic old lady raked down into his submerged self with surprising results. "Your own experience," he offered, "would surely show you that."

"Gallant? Well, well! It can certainly speak for itself. You know (*Continued on page* 106)



HENRY COXWELL and James Glaisher in their "Mammoth Balloon" in which they made the first high altitude record. They ascended, from a field near Wolverhampton, on September 5th, 1862, to a height of 37,000 feet in an open basket without the aid of oxygen equipment or electrically heated clothing

Higher—ever Higher!

A New World to

By Nigel Tangye

DO you know the colour of the sky? Blue? That is what you may think, but you are wrong. It depends on where you are. If you rise in a balloon to a height of five miles, you will observe that the colour of the sky has darkened to a deep marine blue. If you go higher, it will have turned to a dark violet, and at a height of 13 miles you will see with astonishment that all trace of the familiar blue has vanished and that the heavens are spanned by a great dome dark violet-grey in colour. Rise upward another mile and the violet will have vanished, leaving only a sombre, sinister black-grey. And if you went to the other extreme and were able to view the great expanse of sky from some point deep down in the earth, you might find—who knows?—that the sky was an angry vivid red.

But that, of course, is hypothetical. The rest has been observed by high altitude explorers who, in the interests of science, take their lives in their hands and get as far away from the earth's surface as they can. The hazard of such exploration is well known, one of the chief dangers being the obvious one of failure of the automatic oxygen supply which has to be carried to compensate for its lack at high altitudes.

But in the early days, the days at the end of the 18th century when the Montgolfier brothers first invented their balloon, there were other dangers that faced the ignorant aeronaut which we to-day do not think about, so long ago have those dangers been disproved. Who, for example, can laugh at their theory that a balloon on being released from the ground would rise through the atmosphere until it rested on its surface in the same way as a cork released from the bottom of a tank rises to the surface of the water?

For a long time those pioneers did not tumble to the fact that it was in their power to adjust their balloons so that they might rise higher and higher still. They realised that on certain flights under different conditions their balloons flew at varying heights, but they put this phenomenon down to the fact that the height of the surface of the atmosphere changed from day to day.

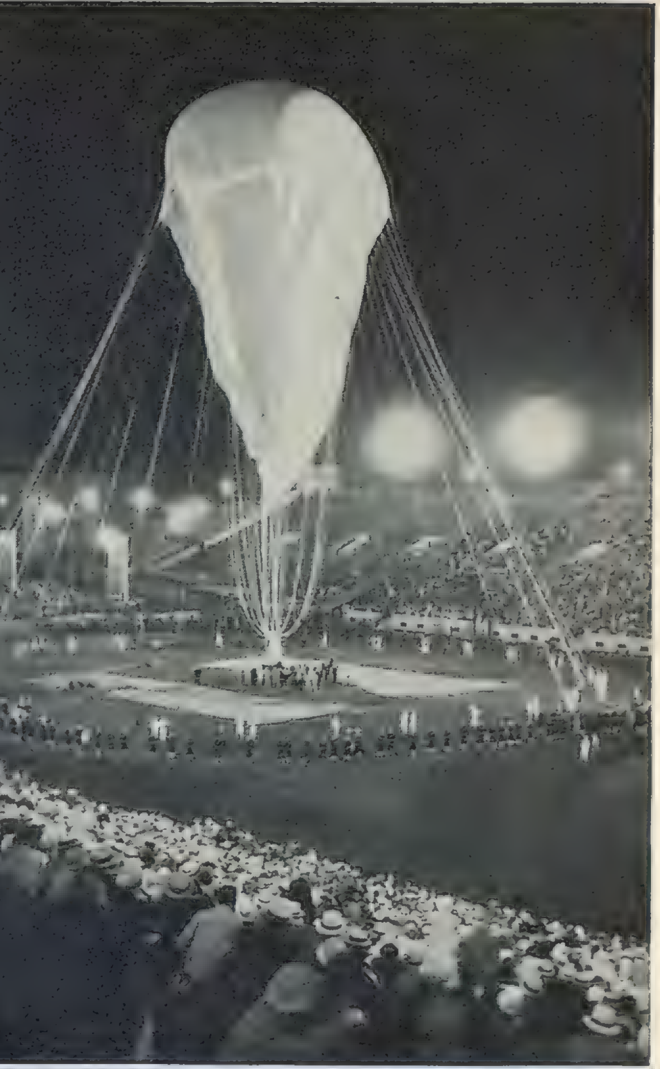
They were not, however, interested in attaining high altitudes. They were content with ballooning as a curiosity and as an attraction for circuses and stunt exhibitions, and it was not until the middle of the last century that any high altitude experiments were carried out. The balloon then once more became an instrument for scientific research, and its function as a frivolous curiosity was relegated to the background.

On September 5th, 1862, the first high altitude balloon was ready for flight in a field near Wolverhampton. Within 24 hours it achieved a record that was to remain unparalleled in the history of high altitude aeronautics until Professor Picard's stratosphere flight 69 *years later.* Two British scientists, Henry Coxwell and James Glaisher, made this flight in their "Mammoth Balloon," and they carried with them all manner of scientific instruments and a birdcage containing six pigeons and a canary. Looking back on this heroic achievement, it is difficult to credit its authenticity, for these two men attained a height of 37,000 ft. in an open basket without the aid of oxygen equipment and electrically heated clothing. But the instruments substantiate the tale. Both men lost consciousness and did not recover until a few minutes before the balloon alighted at Cold Weston.

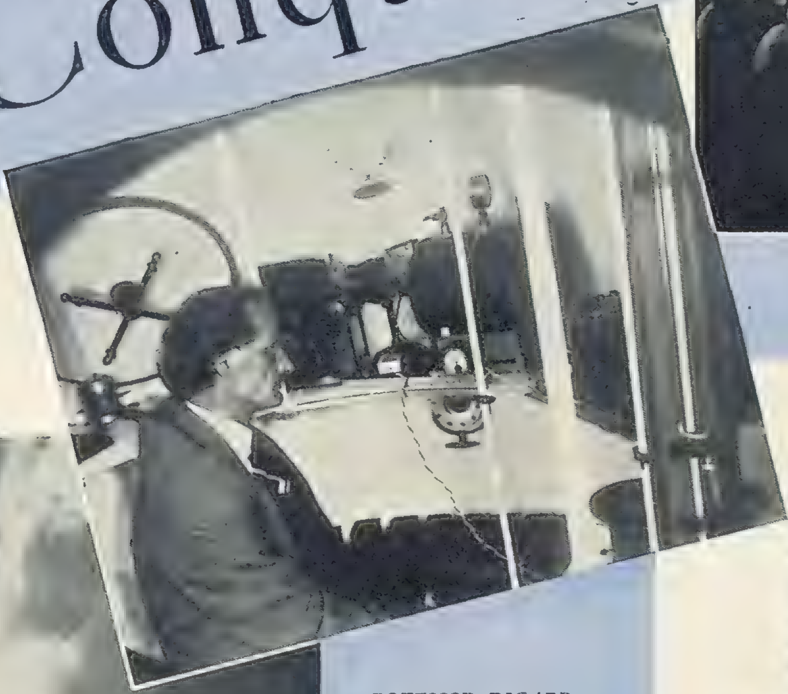
No other serious attempt that proved in any way successful was made until Professor Picard made his first stratosphere flight in 1931. In place of the conventional basket he used an aluminium sphere, and his huge gas bag was filled only with sufficient gas to get him off the ground. As the balloon rose into rarefied air the gas was in this way able to expand

(*Continued on page* 104)

Conquer



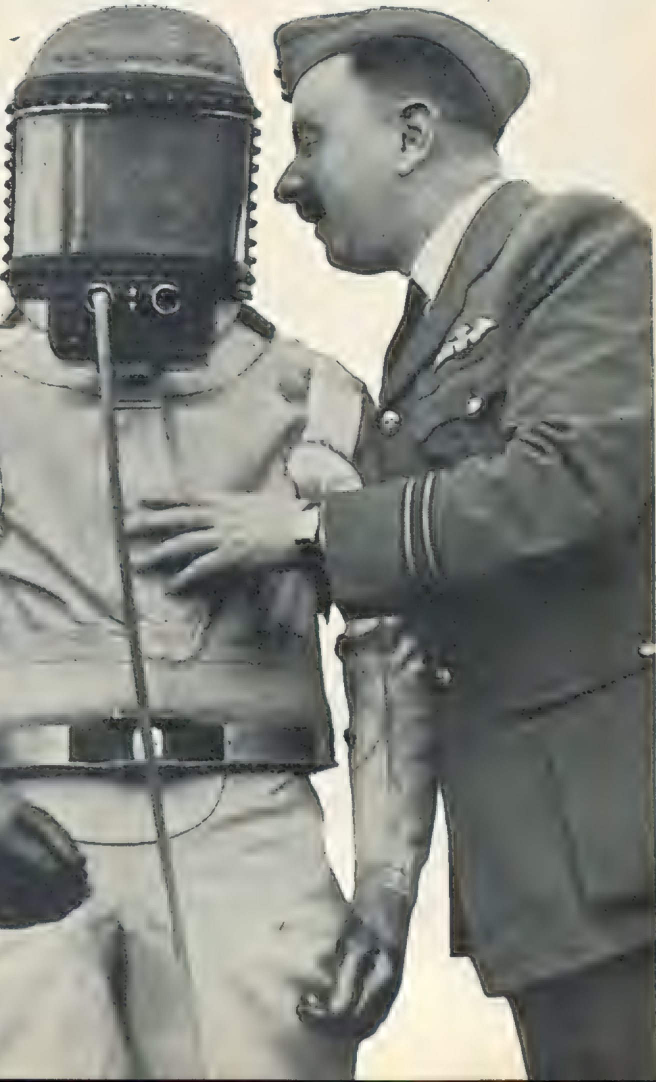
A STRATOSPHERE flight which ended in failure. The balloon piloted by Lieut.-Commander T. W. G. Settle, of the United States Navy, ascending from Soldiers Field, Chicago, on what was to be a record ascent into the stratosphere. It crashed at 5,000 feet



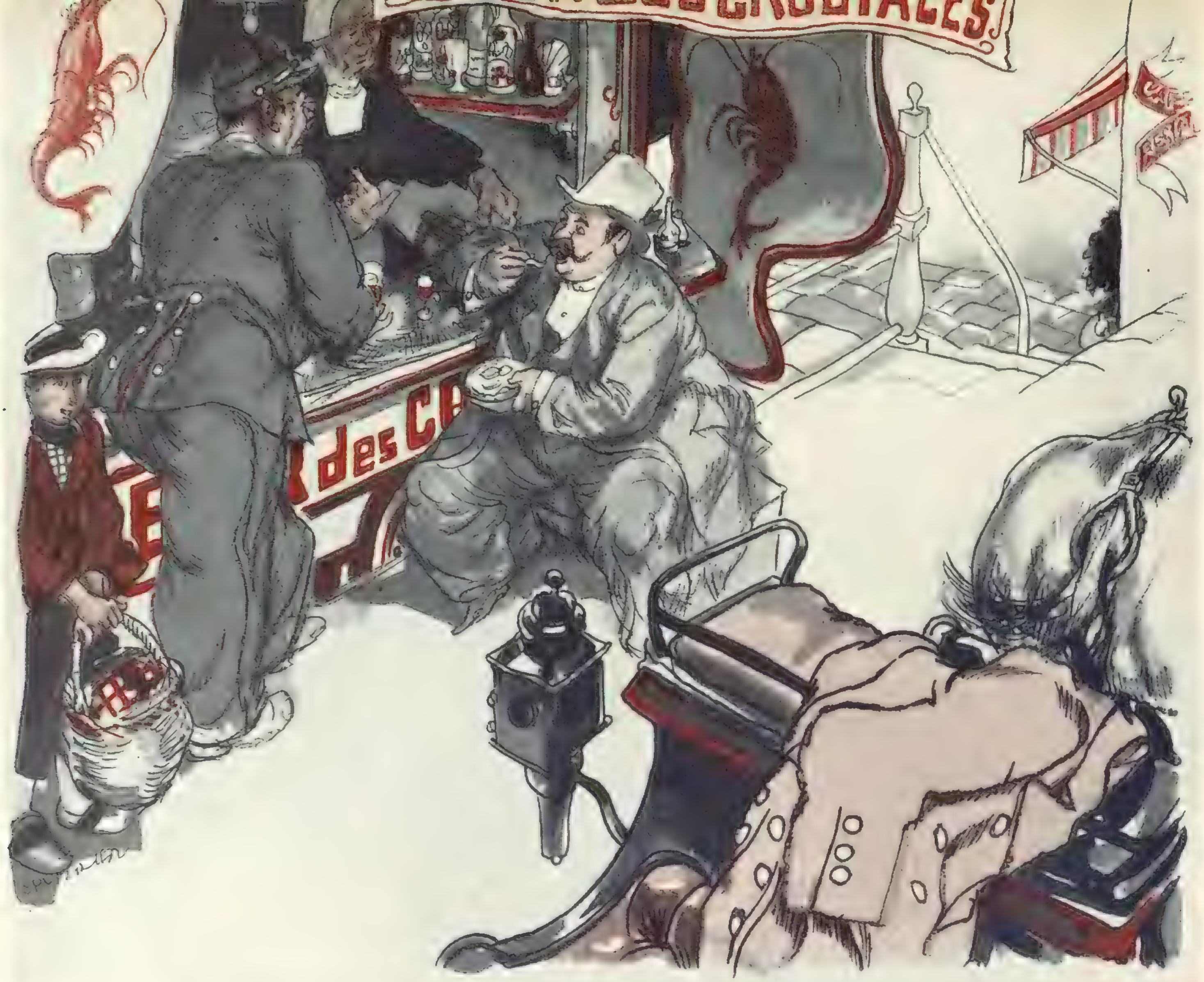
PROFESSOR PICARD inside the gondola of the balloon in which he made his ascent into the stratosphere in May, 1931

Left:

THE Bristol 138, fitted with a special Pegasus engine, in which Squadron-Leader F. R. D. Swain reached a record aeroplane height



SQUADRON-LEADER F. R. D. SWAIN in the specially constructed high-pressure suit which he wore when making the record aeroplane altitude flight of 49,967 feet



IN the approach to the station at Pontivy, there is a small van where the cab-drivers, while attending the trains, fortify themselves by eating crustaceans

Crustaceans *for* Cabmen

There are Human Beings—and Waiters, according to Henri. But in Love . . .

By Anthony Gibbs

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

IF you stroll up the Champs-Elysées and turn in at the Lido Arcade, you will observe some remarkable sights. For example, you will observe, in company with several hundred ladies and gentlemen of the bourgeoisie, a great brightness of illumination, much marble, and some exquisite fountains. You will observe, in a window, the representation of a lady wearing a tricorne Venetian hat, a veil, and nothing else whatsoever, who performs nightly below ground in that part of the Lido which is a club. You will observe, in another, some ravishing evening dresses at a hundred and seventy-five francs the costume. You will observe a young lady in bathing attire behind the plate-glass windows of the sports shop, accentuating the perfection of her person by oscillating it violently with a strap attached to an electrical machine. You will observe that this is very practical, and, if you then pass out of the Lido at the far end, you will observe an unobtrusive establishment which announces itself as the Hôtel Leeds. If you enter the hotel in question and seat yourself in the *salle-à-manger* the chances are just two to one that you will observe Henri. There is but one other waiter, and that, as the Irish would so wittily remark, is a woman.

Exactly why this place should announce itself as the Hôtel

Leeds no man may discern. If a Yorkshireman entered it, he would cause a sensation. It is completely aboriginal. There is Madame du Pont Neuf and her handsome but chinless son, both of whom may be seen formally seated in the *salon de lecture* almost any afternoon before four formally interviewing the fathers and mothers of young ladies and the young ladies themselves, with a view to matrimonial alliance. There is the young Comte de Joinville, fashionable, bored, morosely playing between courses in the dining-room with a jewelled yo-yo. There is M. du Pape, grey-bearded, distinguished, sinister, wearing the Legion of Honour, whose account has remained unpaid for so many moons that the only thing the management can do is respectfully to beg him to stay on as their guest, in the hope that one day he will pay it. He has a wealthy brother, who is, unfortunately, invalid, and an occasional discreet lady visitor in room No. 104.

Henri waited upon these representatives of decadent aristocracy. He waited upon them in the *salle-à-manger*. He waited upon them in the *salon de lecture*. He also waited upon them in their bedrooms, for the woman who helped him at meal-times was simply the *femme de chambre*; so that there was not much about which Henri remained ignorant in connection with the proximity or otherwise of M. du Pont Neuf's *noces*, for example, or the continuance or otherwise of M. du Pape. Naturally, he knew their tastes. Thus M. du Pape, since he did not expect to pay for it, had a fondness for champagne. The orders of the management were, when he commanded it, to supply him with sauterne. Not unnaturally, this was a cause of some friction, but Henri knew how to deal with that. He was a young man of formidable tact. He had a perfect assumption of non-comprehending stupidity. Nothing, not even the table-bangings and gesticulations of M. du Pape, could deflect him from his purpose or destroy his servile correctitude—nothing, that is, until the arrival of the English miss.

She entered for the first time at seven o'clock one evening, and he was immediately struck dumb by her beauty, in the midst of Madame du Pont Neuf's protestations that the mushrooms were insufficiently cooked. Flicking Madame du Pont Neuf's tablecloth with his napkin, he abandoned her, rushed forward to bow, to indicate a table, to slide back a chair, to present a menu with a flourish, to hover for a moment, and then dash back to Madame du Pont Neuf. But, though he attended, he was not interested in Madame du Pont Neuf. He was thinking that never had he seen so flawless a beauty, such fairness of hair, such exquisite blueness of eye, such—such—such——

"Is it then," demanded Madame du Pont Neuf, "that they wish to give the clients a pain in the stomach, the management?"

"*Mais, non, madame*!" said Henri. "Pardon, madame!" The English miss, having inspected the menu, was looking about her. He leapt in her direction. "Mademoiselle?" he enquired with pencil poised.

He took her order, intelligently, humbly, as a good waiter should, not daring to look at her, to lose his head in breathlessness at her beauty, alive within him at her nearness. The rumbling sound of Madame du Pont Neuf's grumbles was like thunder on the left. "*Très bien, mademoiselle!*" He placed a napkin reverently across her knees, allowed his glance to remain for one instant on the little curls at the back of her neck, seized Madame du Pont Neuf's plate from her, balanced it on two fingers, and hurried through the service door into the kitchen.

From that moment he was her slave. He waited upon her during that meal with utter devotion. When she telephoned at eleven that night for a half-bottle of Evian he paled without her bedroom door before inserting the key and going in. She was in bed. There was a faint smell of roses—it seemed to him, of English roses. He placed the dewy bottle and a wine-glass beside her, whisked off the top with trembling fingers, and poured a little out. He imagined it, crystal cold, going down that swan-like throat.

"Thank you. Good night."

"*Bon soir, mademoiselle!*"

He closed the door upon her loveliness, which was not for him. He stood in the passage and sighed and shook his head. Then he lifted both arms shoulder-high and let them flap to his sides. It was the biggest shrug of which he was capable. He knew that he was in love. He knew also that the red light of M. du Pape glowed outside room number 104. M. du Pape ordered champagne. He was accompanied.

In the days that followed, Henri knew that love could not be shrugged away like that. For days he devoted himself to her, opening her bottles, dusting her place at table, running to her with smoked salmon, *sole bonne femme*, *rosbif à l'anglaise*, performing these offices which were his duty as a waiter, but transforming them in his heart into the rapt attentions of a lover. Never once, by so much as a twitch or a glance, did he betray the emotion which surged beneath his neat white jacket. He was a waiter. She was—she was a goddess. But he grew pale, poor Henri, and a large pimple arrived in the back of his neck.

And then she spoke to him. It was one morning as he took the *petit déjeuner* to her room. The juice of one orange, a jug of chocolate, one roll, one *crescent*, two pieces of butter, two lumps of sugar wrapped up in paper, and a little pot of marmalade. He undid the marmalade for her, forcing the brass ring with a knife. Without looking at her he knew that she was in bed reading a letter. But he did not know that she was, or had been, crying.

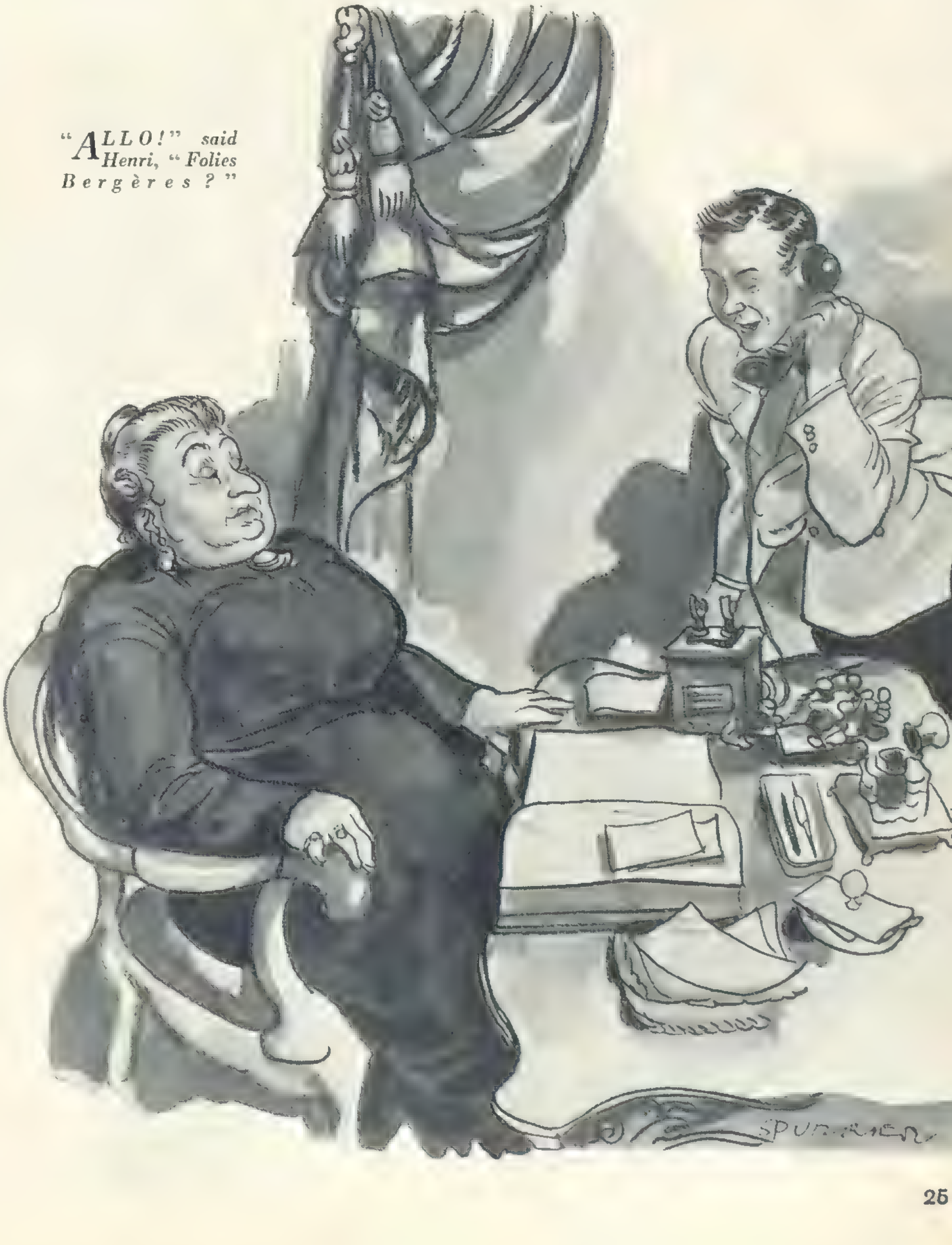
"*V'là, mademoiselle*," he murmured. "*Un chocolat complet, et du marmelade d'orange.*"

"Well, Henri," she said, "what do you make out of life?"

He was startled. "Mademoiselle?"

"No hopes? No ambitions?"

"Oh, mademoiselle!" He hesitated an instant, and then, touched beyond discretion, allowed the torrent to come forth.



"*ALLO!*" *said Henri,* "*Folies Bergères?*"

"Mademoiselle, I am from Pontivy. Mademoiselle knows Pontivy? *Ah, quelle belle ville!* It is in Brittany. Me, I am Breton. My father, mademoiselle, has been *hôtelier*. But, alas, he is dead. My mother continues to inhabit Pontivy. It is necessary that, by some arrangement, my mother should continue to live. So I am a waiter. Mademoiselle, in this life there are two classes of people. There are the human beings, and there are the waiters. It is possible that one may contrive it so that I am not always a waiter."

"Why, Henri, what do you want to do?"

"In Pontivy, mademoiselle, it is the habit of the cab-drivers to eat crustaceans. In the approach to the station there is a small van where the cab-drivers, while attending the trains, may fortify themselves by consuming this species of fish. It is true, mademoiselle, that in Pontivy there are not many cab-drivers. *Enfin*—madame my mother has obtained an option on this little business."

"But I thought you didn't like waiting."

"There is a distinction, mademoiselle, between serving one's clients and being oneself a waiter. As the proprietor of the bar des crustaces——"

"You would become a human being."

"Mademoiselle understands perfectly. She has a noble sympathy."

"Well, Henri, how much have you got towards it?"

"In five years, mademoiselle, I have amassed nearly five thousand francs."

"That's a lot of money."

"Unfortunately, mademoiselle, the price of the establishment is eighteen thousand five hundred and seventy."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "That's another fifteen years' work."

He gazed for a moment beyond the thick damask curtains, above the chimney-pots of Paris, to the grey skies of Pontivy.

"I find, mademoiselle," he said, "that in this life it is very practical to have an ideal."

She glanced at the letter which lay on her lap. "And supposing that the ideal goes bad on you?"

He was puzzled by the expression, and narrowed his eyes. "Goes bad? Ah, mademoiselle! As if the bar des crustaces should fail suddenly while one is still waiting?"

"Or if someone you were very fond of should fail suddenly when one is still waiting——"

He understood then something of what was in that letter. He leaned forward very seriously. "Then, mademoiselle, one must discover another ideal."

It was at that moment that she saw something in his eyes which has no place in the eyes of a waiter.

"Well, good luck to you in yours, Henri," she said smiling.

It was dismissal. But he did not mind. A goddess is unattainable. He bowed. "*Merci, mademoiselle,*" he replied in a heartfelt way. He gave a little hitch to the *petit déjeuner* and departed on tiptoe to close her door. Outside in the passage he stood for a long time regarding the door-handle in his hand. Then, with a quick glance to see that no one was watching, he embraced the door emotionally, on both panels.

THAT night at dinner the English divinity sat at the same table with M. du Pape. It happened while Henri was on the other side of the service door piling three plates of *consommé julienne* in the crook of his arm and taking a tray with two more in his other hand. When he emerged into the *salle-à-manger* he arrested his rushing progress on tiptoe. Not a drop of *consommé* was spilled, but something seemed to go out of Henri all the same. His heart pounded. M. du Pape was asking her what she thought of Paris. She was replying that she found it adorable. Henri placed a plate of soup deftly before each of them. M. du Pape ordered champagne.

The orders of the management were disobeyed. A prey to apprehensions of the most ghastly, Henri cast his eye over the red corks of the sauternes and passed thence to the sparkling gold of the champagnes. He caught hold of the most expensive by the neck, like a chicken for slaughter, and dropped it into a bucket of ice. When he arrived with it and was going through the solemn ceremonial of placing it on its silver tripod, M. du Pape was asking her if she were interested in the opera. She replied that she adored it. Henri wrenched the cork out with a loud report and bent reverently over his task of pouring foaming gold into her glass.

"Garçon," said M. du Pape, "what are they playing at the opera?"

"I will fetch a paper, monsieur," replied Henri with proper deference, filling his glass.

In the intervals of waiting upon Madame du Pont Neuf and the Comte de Joinville he fetched a *Paris-Soir* from the *salon de lecture*, said "*Merci, m'sieur,*" and smartly removed their plates. When he returned with the *crème caramel* M. du Pape said, "Garçon, you will command me two parterres at the Folies Bergères, if you please, and charge it to my account."

"Very well, m'sieur," said Henri, placed an ashtray on the table, dusted something with a flick of his serviette, took the camembert away from the Comte de Joinville and handed it to M. du Pont Neuf. But in the privacy of the entrance-hall he muttered many things under his breath as he approached the office of madame la patronne, with her telephone. He knocked politely.

"*Entrez!*" screamed the lady, who was dressed in black and possessed many chins.

"Pardon," said Henri. "M. du Pape wishes to obtain two seats for the *spectacle*."

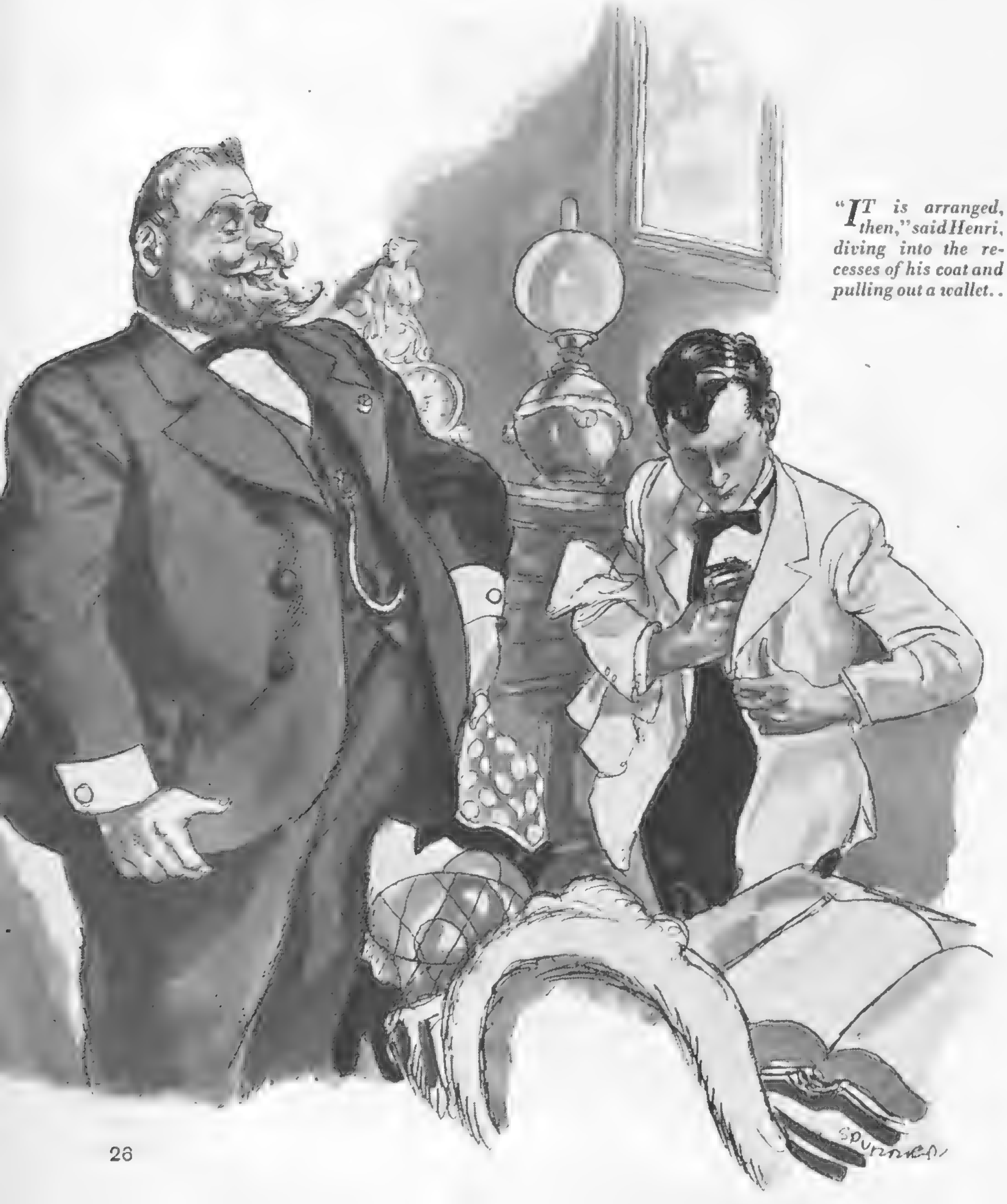
"My God!" replied the lady. "What an impudence, is it not?"

"*C'est vrai,*" agreed Henri. "He wishes to entertain the English mademoiselle."

"Oh, la, la! They are introduced already?"

"It has been effected," said Henri.

"Well?" demanded the lady unex-



"IT is arranged, then," said Henri, diving into the recesses of his coat and pulling out a wallet..

pectedly. "Am I concerned with the morals of *messieurs les clients*?"

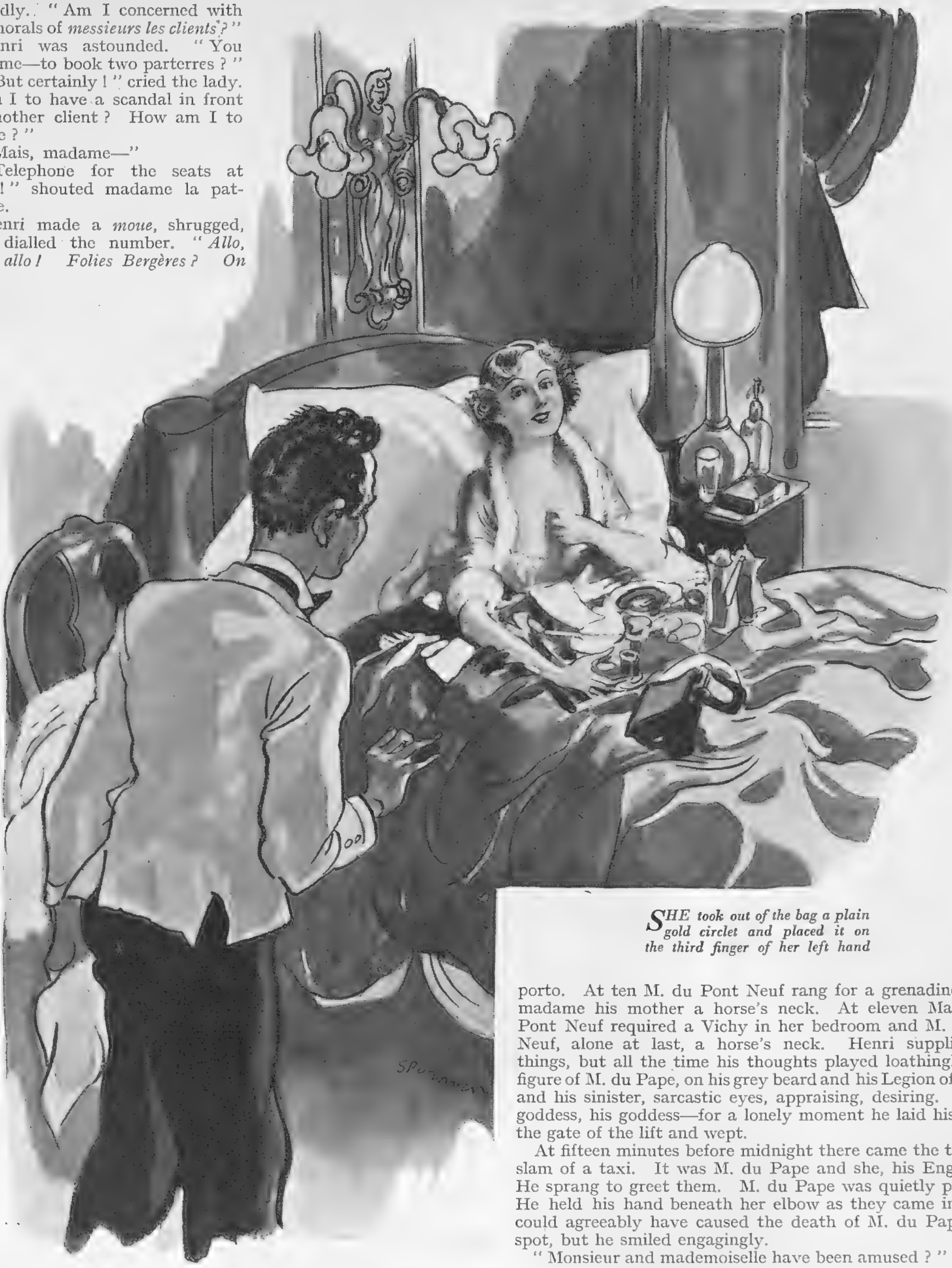
Henri was astounded. "You wish me—to book two parterres?"

"But certainly!" cried the lady. "Am I to have a scandal in front of another client? How am I to refuse?"

"Mais, madame—"

"Telephone for the seats at once!" shouted madame la patronne.

Henri made a *moue*, shrugged, and dialled the number. "*Allo, allo, allo! Folies Bergères? On demande deux parterres pour ce soir. Oui. C'est l'Hôtel Leeds qui parle . . .*"



SHE took out of the bag a plain gold circlet and placed it on the third finger of her left hand

He looked down upon madame la patronne entreatingly. "He has designs, madame, upon her honour."

"*C'est vrai*," agreed the proprietress with complete equanimity.

Henri rattled the hook. "Allo, allo, allo!" He looked down again. "It is not *comme il faut* . . ."

"Messieurs les clients are always messieurs les clients. You will have to wait up for them."

"Allo!" said Henri, "Folies Bergères?"

DURING all the time they were away together he was consumed with passionate anxiety. At nine o'clock M. de Joinville desired coffee in the salon de lecture, and a small porto. At ten M. du Pont Neuf rang for a grenadine and for madame his mother a horse's neck. At eleven Madame du Pont Neuf required a Vichy in her bedroom and M. du Pont Neuf, alone at last, a horse's neck. Henri supplied these things, but all the time his thoughts played loathingly on the figure of M. du Pape, on his grey beard and his Legion of Honour, and his sinister, sarcastic eyes, appraising, desiring. That his goddess, his goddess—for a lonely moment he laid his head on the gate of the lift and wept.

At fifteen minutes before midnight there came the tinkle and slam of a taxi. It was M. du Pape and she, his English rose. He sprang to greet them. M. du Pape was quietly possessive. He held his hand beneath her elbow as they came in. Henri could agreeably have caused the death of M. du Pape on the spot, but he smiled engagingly.

"Monsieur and mademoiselle have been amused?" he asked.

"You would like something to eat," said Monsieur du Pape. "Henri, some champagne, if you please, and some sandwiches—pâté de foie gras, Henri, and——"

"Ham," said the goddess. "I'm hungry."

"*Très bien, mademoiselle.* Monsieur will enter the *salon de lecture?*"

"On high," said M. du Pape. "*Ca sera beaucoup plus pratique. No.* 104."

"*Très bien, m'sieur,*" said Henri, with perfect impassivity. He opened the gate of the lift.

Henri went into the empty kitchens and sadly prepared the sandwiches as he had been directed, garnishing the whole with a sprig of parsley. Then he took himself up in the lift, produced the master-key from his pocket, and entered room No. 104. It was a sitting-room. M. du Pape's bedroom was visible through a doorway. The English rose sat on (*Continued on page 87*)

GEORGE SANGER, who has been in the circus business for many years. He started his career when his father and uncle were still in partnership. This portrait was taken forty years ago

THESE four elephants were purchased from Hagenbeck's of Hamburg for the sum of £5,000, and within two years three of them were dead. There is no doubt that they were murdered, but the culprits were never traced

Sanger's Elephants

NO circus is a real circus unless it has elephants. The cry "The elephants are coming" has still the magic to make everybody run to see them and the circus wagons rumble through the streets of town or village. And circus people themselves are as interested in the elephants as are the public.

On Sanger's Circus we have had scores of elephants. None have been alike; all have had distinct personalities and characters. I have studied them while they have been performing, on the road, and in winter quarters. They still remain to me the biggest—in every sense of the word—enigma of the circus menagerie.

It can never be surmised what any particular elephant will do. It is the most loved, the most feared, the most sagacious and the most foolish animal in the show. An elephant can be as temperamental as any film star, a clown one moment, a wise philosopher the next.

All elephants have a dual personality. Its cautious and nervous side is evidenced by its deliberate movements, the testing of an obstacle in the way, such as a bridge, with a foot before venturing the whole of its two or three odd tons upon it. This side of an elephant's character is constantly at loggerheads with a perverse and childish inclination to play pranks.

And here's another aspect. I've seen an elephant boldly confront an escaped lion, or fight to the death with a rival, but become as hysterical as a woman at the sight of a mouse, a harmless snake, or of his own shadow on the canvas of the elephant tent!

One night the elephants will drag the show out of the mud when the horses are helpless and the tractors have failed, the next day wreck everything they have saved. Usually docile and intelligent to handle, they are all the more to be feared

(Left)
NO circus is a real circus unless it has elephants. A trio of elephants presenting their act in the ring

SOME of Hagenbeck's elephants with their keepers

By

George Sanger

The writer of this article, George Sanger, is the son of "Lord" John Sanger and the nephew of "Lord" George Sanger. He started his circus career when his father and uncle were still in partnership and their circus known as John and George Sanger's

"LORD" JOHN SANGER and (left) "Lord" George Sanger. Sanger's Circus has been on the road for upwards of one hundred years, and a fourth generation of circus Sangers are now carrying on the family's great traditions

when they are frightened, for then they seem totally to lose their powers of reasoning. But every circus showman knows that half the battle to keep an elephant normal is a good keeper. An elephant either loves or hates; if it loves its keeper, all is well. A keeper who has the love and respect of his animals can do anything with them. It is when a keeper is changed that the elephant so often becomes a troublesome customer.

How human and intelligible to the understanding keeper is the elephant's trumpeting! A sharp blast signifies that something is urgently required, the wailing cry of pain is unmistakable, as also is the snort of anger. And almost pathetic is the soft, whining call when the elephant is begging.

Any elephant will become bad-tempered if its feet are neglected. Its tremendous weight causes corns between the big toes, and patches of callus to form on the balls of the feet. If these are left alone, the aggravation ultimately becomes so intense that the elephant runs amok from sheer pain and desperation.

The strength of an elephant is such that it is almost impossible to tether one securely. In very early circus days it was quickly discovered that it could easily undo the ordinary hooks linking an iron chain. Hooks with a guard ring were introduced; these made no difference. Then wings and bolts were tried. Jumbo laughed and undid them at his leisure. Finally a bolt that was almost headless and with eyelet that fastened practically flush to the chain was contrived, and Jumbo was outwitted.

An elephant's trunk, that cumbersome appendage to his head, looks as if it is of little use, but it is remarkable what an elephant can do with it. He uses it as if it were a sensitive hand.

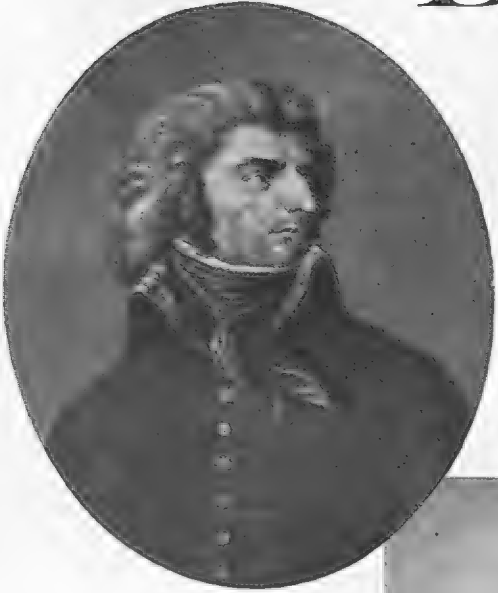
One of our elephants, Tiny, was nightly chained to a stake; nightly she would pull the stake out of the ground and wander down the lines. But the clanking of her chain as she lumbered along would always give her away

(Continued on page 102)

BOOKS:

Battles over (and over) Again

By Arnold Palmer



BERNADOTTE, who began life as the son of a small lawyer at Pau and ended as Charles XIV of Sweden. Friedrich Wencker-Wildberg, the German biographer, has written an interesting book on the strange career of this man

THEODOR WOLFF, author of "Through Two Decades." This author was editor of the "Berliner Tageblatt" right through the War period until four years ago, when Germany exiled so many of her ablest citizens

DRAMATIC Chance has arranged that the sixth and final volume of Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.) and *The Man I Knew: the intimate life-story of Douglas Haig*, by the Countess Haig (Moray Press, 18s.), should make a practically simultaneous appearance. During the War it was known that the Prime Minister and the C.-in-C. were not in sympathy. Since the War numerous publications, especially Mr. Lloyd George's long apologia and the extracts from Lord Haig's Diaries, have tended to raise rather than settle the dust. Public sympathy has undoubtedly been, as it is always apt to be in such cases, on the side of the man who cannot defend himself in person. This balance is redressed, in the latest clash, by the fact that Mr. Lloyd George easily outwrites Lady Haig.

Her book, in fact, is a disappointment. Her habit of paraphrasing her husband's words instead of quoting them is not conducive to doing him justice in his professional capacity; and, on the personal side, she is handicapped as a writer by her inability to distinguish between the intimate and the trivial. No faults, however, can rob her book of an authenticity which no other volume dealing with her husband can possess. It should be, and will be, read with care by many. It is bound to be widely read and frequently referred to by all future historians of the War. All the more extraordinary, then, that the publishers should have allowed it to appear without an index.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, mindful of the title of his work or because he means to write separately of the arrangements made at Versailles, does not take his memoirs beyond the Armistice. The

East

R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

Arab Interlude: *by Clare Sheridan*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.)

MRS. SHERIDAN'S book is described as "a continuation of *Nuda Veritas*." More precisely, it is a full version of the last chapter of that book, where she condensed the eight years which she spent in the Sahara into a few pages. The interest of Mrs. Sheridan's character and career grows rather than diminishes with each volume of her adventures; and it is fortunate that she is a good writer as well as a brave and independent woman. She gives us here a detailed and intimate account of the Arab village where she lived and where, in time, she was accepted. The book ends when, returning to Europe to make a bust of Gandhi, she arrives, with the East still strong upon her, in Paris in time for the riots and shootings of February, 1934.

Return to Malaya: *by R. H. Bruce Lockhart*

(Putnam, 10s. 6d.)

IN his *Memoirs of a British Agent*, Mr. Bruce Lockhart expressed his belief that he would never see again the Malay Peninsula, and there must have been a number of his readers, even then, who grunted to themselves when they came to that passage. The title of his new book makes all further comment on this point superfluous, especially as Mr. Lockhart returned to Malaya for no other reason than a longing to do so. He visited Sumatra and Java as well as the Peninsula proper, and everywhere he found the unchanging East changed almost out of recognition. It is a pity that we all kill the thing we love. However, Mr. Lockhart's pleasant pages suggest that there is still time for those of us who have never been to those parts to hurry out and complete the process of destruction. The book is unusual in containing not a single illustration. Good photographs are always welcome, but not always obtainable; and many books are harmed by indifferent views of authors with exposed, ungainly knees.

Golden and Copper Ages

When I Remember: *by Lady Muriel Beckwith*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.)

INTRODUCED by Lord Lonsdale and compiled by the third daughter of the 7th Duke of Richmond and Gordon, these memoirs need little actual description. They deal exclusively with the two decades surrounding the year 1900, when the wealthy aristocracy to which Lady Muriel belongs was perhaps at its most brilliant best. How the money flew, how the lights shone, how the jewels sparkled in what seemed the heyday but was really the dying day of feudalism! Lady Muriel's intimate acquaintance with Goodwood and Scotland, her noble birth, even her literary shortcomings, all help to make this volume a wonderfully characteristic memento of a world separated from ours by a few years only, but economic and social gulfs of great width. The Kaiser, the Crown Prince and Prince Henry of Prussia, King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie of Russia and Queen Victoria, these filled the thoughts and, occasionally, the reception-rooms of the great; the day of the artists and the writers, the politicians and the dancers was only dawning.

Lady in Blue: *by Commandant Mary Allen, O.B.E.*

(Stanley Paul, 18s.)

COMMANDANT ALLEN is Chief of the Women Police of England. Convinced that the cure for almost every ill lies in increasing the number of policewomen, she has travelled half the world over in the happy task of impressing the nations, especially the non-Aryan nations, with the desirability of the British policewoman ("unit," as she affectionately calls her) in British uniform (see illustration facing p. 240) and boots (see almost any illustration). She thinks that, though uniforms provide some authority and protection, policewomen would be still safer, and therefore more efficient, if they were armed with revolvers; and "they should be." She confesses to an almost idolatrous admiration of Herr Hitler, and her regard for General Goering is only a little less. Her chapter on modern Germany would, indeed, make wildly hilarious reading were it not so ominous and sinister in its revelation of the official female mind. It is to be hoped that many people will read this book and be alarmed by it.

COMMANDANT MARY ALLEN, O.B.E., author of "Lady in Blue"

concluding volume covers the period from the failure of the German attack on the Fifth Army to the final success of the Allied Forces. Much might be said about it; but since its virtues and its faults are the same as those which have marked its predecessors, it is perhaps more fitting to regard it as one of a series and to take this opportunity of considering that series as a whole. The six volumes, containing one million words, have taken five years to compile—five years, and an immense amount of research, checking and co-ordinating of material. In a preface to Vol. VI the author complains with some bitterness that the reviews of his work have not all been entirely laudatory. Some of the reasons which have compelled reviewers to qualify their praises have already been given, on the five separate occasions, on these pages. There is no need to repeat them, especially as the author has never been able to rid himself of the conviction that all those who do not share his opinions are actuated by unworthy motives. (It is typical of his self-complacency that he assumes, in this preface, that the reviewers who have criticised the previous volumes have not really read them.) If he has given himself away, it must be admitted that he has given much else. In this history of the war, as it appeared to the only Minister who, in any belligerent country, was in office throughout, we have a picture which, thanks to its weaknesses as well as to its strengths, will never be rivalled for its combination of vividness and completeness. The qualities which marked the politician and the statesman—vitality and vindictiveness, mastery of trenchant phrase and fondness for rhetoric, quickness in grasping facts and readiness in jumping to conclusions, boundless energy and boundless confidence—have enabled the author to write 3,000 pages with not a dull one amongst them. In time his judgments may or may not be disputed; his portraits, fierce and friendly, will live—especially the full-length portrait of himself. For readableness, it is the only war-book to rival Mr. Churchill's; in authority, it must be held to surpass it. This great achievement, which would possibly never have been begun but for a period of convalescence, may easily outstay the memory of many of the political triumphs most dear to the heart of the author.

ANOTHER, and much shorter, book, which gives a view of the men in control of Germany in wartime, is Theodor Wolff's *Through Two Decades* (Heinemann, 15s.). Herr Wolff, who edited the *Berliner Tageblatt* right through the War and up to the time, four years ago, when Germany exiled so many of her ablest citizens, (*Continued on page* 85)

E. G. BOULENGER, whose fascinating book "Searchlight on Animals" will delight any grown-up reader of either sex. It is illustrated with 32 full-page photographic reproductions

MISS CORNELIA SORABJI, author of "India Recalled," a book of unusual value and charm

Old Tales Re-told

Chand—India's Warrior Queen

Written and illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

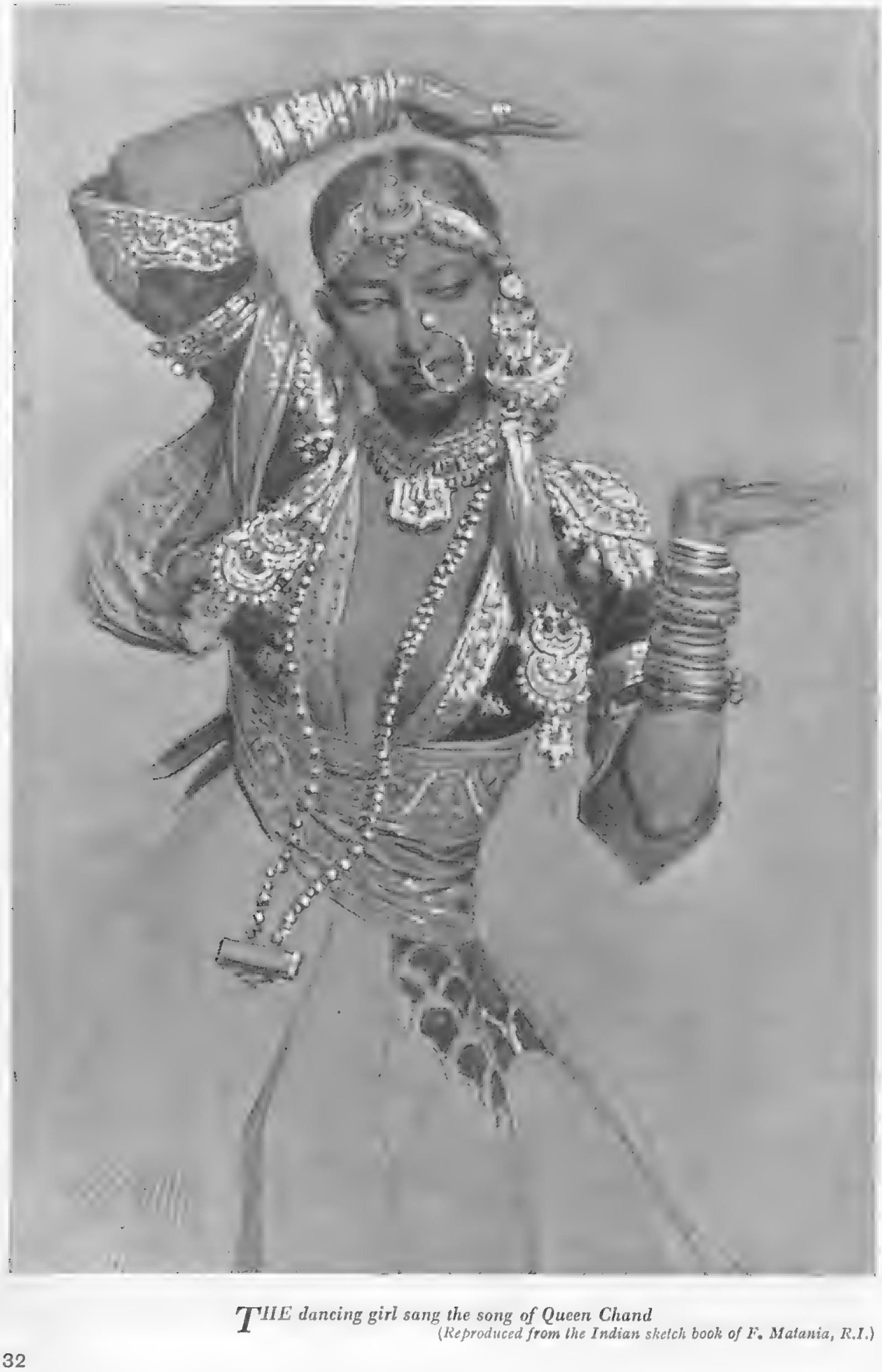
TWO and a half decades have gone by since I set foot in India. But now memories of that visit come crowding irresistibly; memories of three months spent in that jewelled land, the wonder and mystery of which captured and held me completely.

The reason that at this juncture my mind should hark back to my travels in the Orient is not far to seek. For I was at the time the guest of his late Majesty King George V at the Coronation Durbar—a ceremony of extraordinary magnificence that is soon to be repeated.

Strangely enough, though, the recollection of that grand tour which stands out in the boldest relief concerns a simple little incident and the old tale that lies behind it.

It happened thus:

A young Russian officer, a typical spoilt aristocrat of the now vanished days of privilege, gave a party for a group of friends, and among the entertainers he had got together for his guests was an Indian dancer of some renown.



THE dancing girl sang the song of Queen Chand
(Reproduced from the Indian sketch book of F. Matania, R.I.)

I was at once deeply impressed by the polished technique and the dignity of this girl's performance. She, who carried herself with all the grace and poise of a princess, danced an Oriental dance that no occidental could emulate, and sang with a voice that revealed a spirit far above earth-bound things.

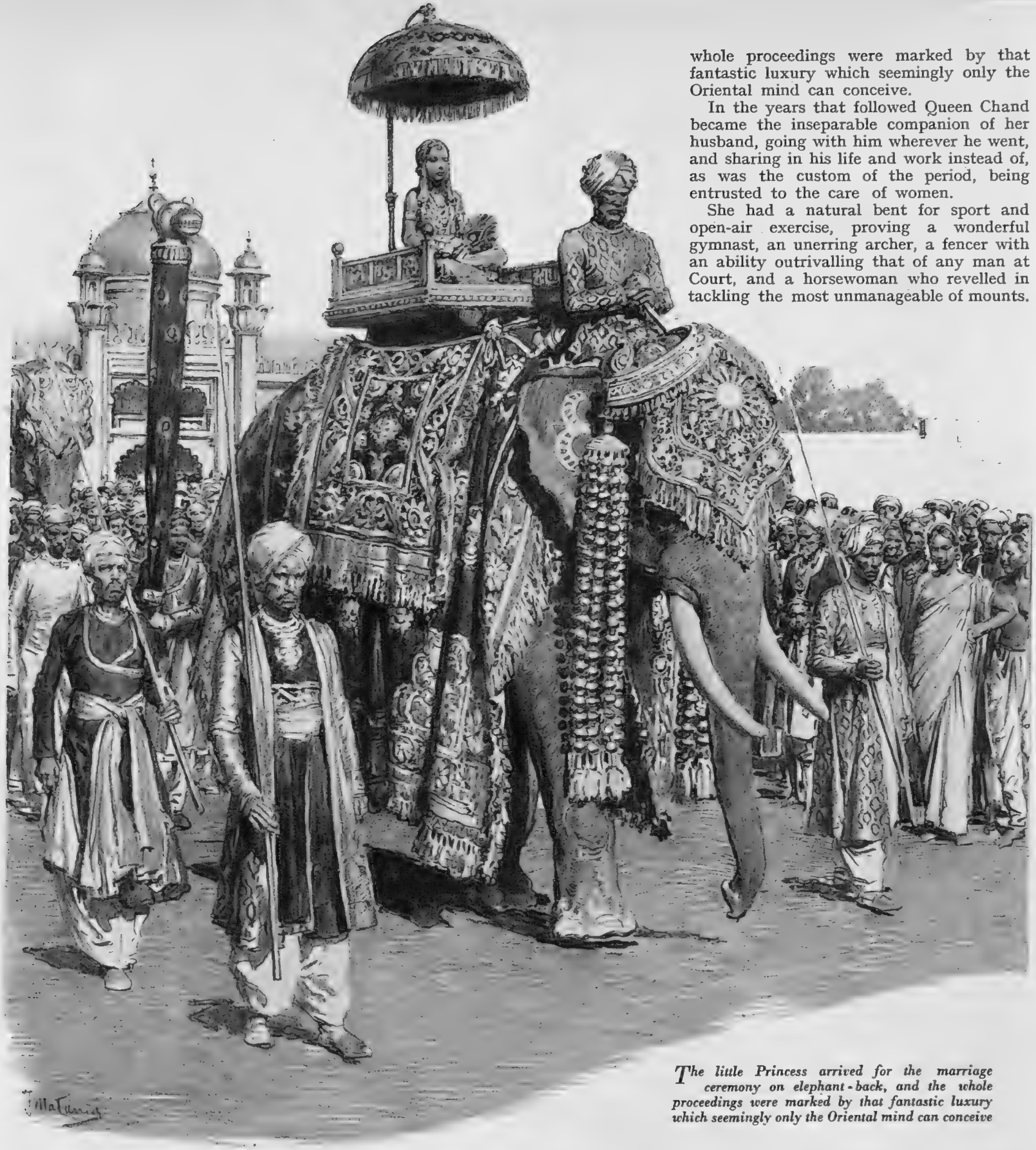
My native servant, who was to me what Virgil was to Dante, ever at my side, whispered to me the words of the girl's song, and these I wrote down on the back of a drawing of her which, by chance, I came across the other day: "Queen Chand, Chand the brilliant sunshine, Chand the unbeaten warrior, Chand the unfortunate, who died while Wisnu was peacefully asleep in a sea of milk," ran the haunting refrain.

My servant afterwards explained to me that Queen Chand was no legendary figure She had really existed and ruled in one part of the world while a great white queen ruled in the other. I asked him who this white queen was, and he replied: "She was Queen Elizabeth of England, who used to chop off the heads of every other queen who challenged her beauty and power." This was quite enough for me to understand how little I could rely on my mentor's historical information, and as far as he was concerned, my enquiry did not go any further.

Now, after a lapse of 25 years, seeing that drawing and its pencilled note once again, I decided that this would be a good moment to find out the true story of Queen Chand. It is a simple, unembroidered, but wholly affecting tale, constituting a remarkable page in Indian history.

In mid-sixteenth century many parts of India were much the same as they are to-day, except for the fact that the majority of those hopeless ruins that in our time are merely the abode of lizards, monkeys and maimed beggars, were then sumptuous temples and palaces, or elaborate fortresses.

This was certainly so away down in the south, and especially in the land beside the River Krishna, in whose bed diamonds and precious stones have been found throughout the centuries. At the time of this story, however, its limpid waters were stained with the hue of blood and its strong current was bearing away the bodies of thousands of warriors who had fallen in battle on its banks. Here, indeed, a mighty war was being fought between Hoossein Nazim Shah, King of Ahmednugger, and the Hindu Prince Beejanugger of Beejapor. Every day fresh forces were brought into the field, and each side repeatedly changed its tactics. But the terrible slaughter continued, neither side giving away an inch of ground that it did not quickly win back. The war-elephants and the camels played a tremendous part in the conflict, the former



The little Princess arrived for the marriage ceremony on elephant-back, and the whole proceedings were marked by that fantastic luxury which seemingly only the Oriental mind can conceive

creating untold havoc. The nights after each day of battle were terrible in the extreme and were almost turned into day by the huge pyres burning the bodies of the slain heroes of the field. Round about the jackals roamed, making the darkness eerie with their incessant howling.

Only those who have visited these regions can have an idea of what splendid specimens of humanity inhabit them. All are extremely tall and muscular. Their brains are agile as their limbs, and it is little wonder that they have for centuries been the pride of their rulers.

Such men as these were falling in their thousands, until eventually both parties came to realise the utter futility of this reciprocal destruction.

It was a day of hope and relief when the chosen ambassadors met to discuss the armistice, and, before the week was out, not only was peace concluded, but the new friendship was cemented by two marriages, Nazim Shah's son marrying the sister of Prince Beejanugger, and his daughter, Princess Chand, the subject of this tale, marrying the Prince himself, thus becoming Queen of Beejapor. She was then but a child of nine, but in the East this was no strange thing. The little Princess arrived for the ceremony on elephant-back, and the whole proceedings were marked by that fantastic luxury which seemingly only the Oriental mind can conceive.

In the years that followed Queen Chand became the inseparable companion of her husband, going with him wherever he went, and sharing in his life and work instead of, as was the custom of the period, being entrusted to the care of women.

She had a natural bent for sport and open-air exercise, proving a wonderful gymnast, an unerring archer, a fencer with an ability outrivalling that of any man at Court, and a horsewoman who revelled in tackling the most unmanageable of mounts.

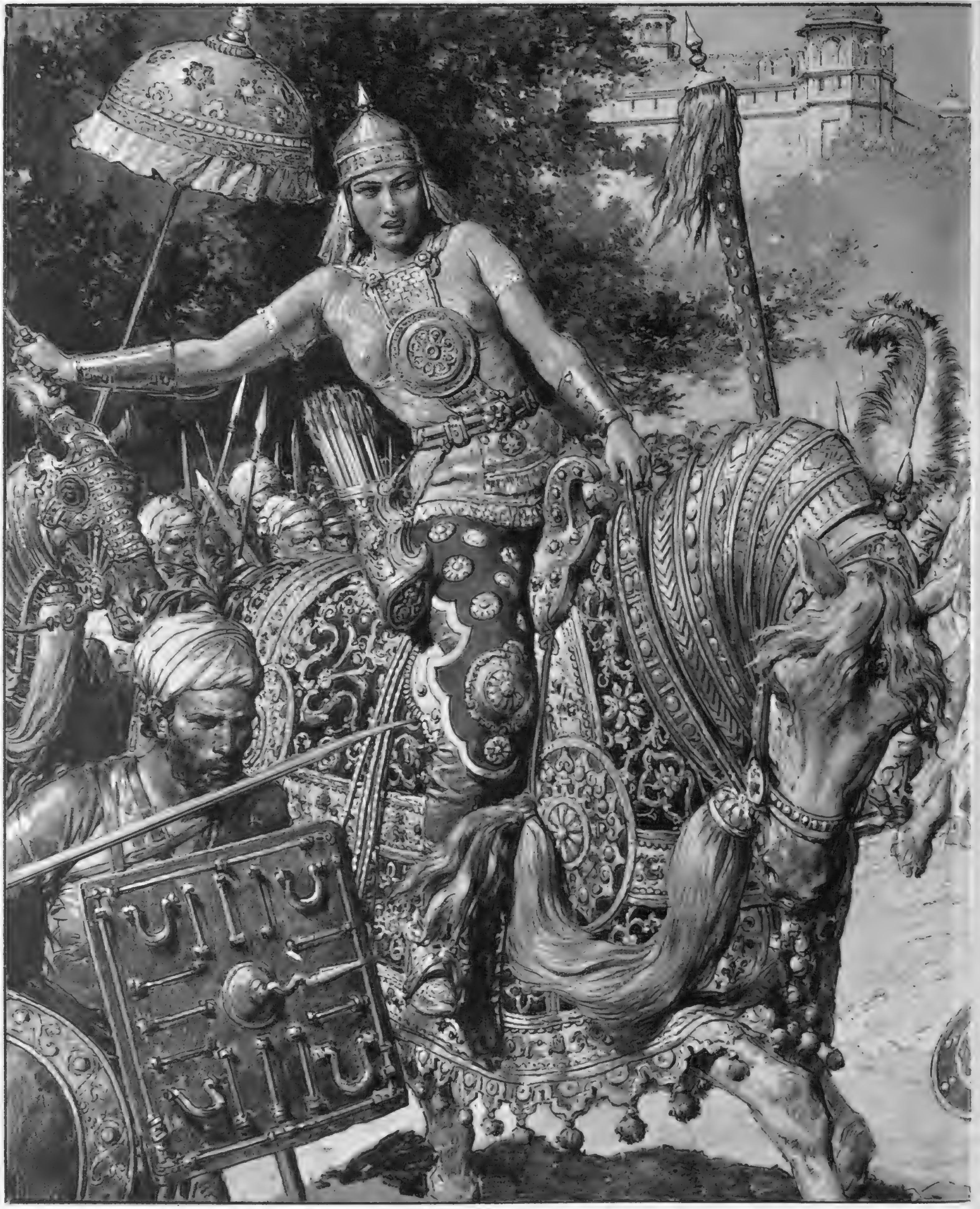
When hunting big game the Queen was so sure of herself that she often struck terror into the hearts of those accompanying her by her deeds of seeming recklessness. Frequently she would allow a tiger to spring at the very elephant on which she was, spearing it to death at the crucial moment.

As a warrior she was no less supreme, and, during the frequent skirmishes in which the army was engaged, was ever with her husband.

But this open-air life of activity, though it gave the Queen extraordinary muscular development, did not rob her of her feminine grace. The woman in her was never subordinated.

Her ambition to excel over everyone and in anything led her to cultivate her mind far beyond the average level of her time. She soon became an outstanding linguist, speaking Persian, Turkish, Joorki and Arabic with rare fluency. This naturally enhanced her prestige enormously, particularly when foreign ambassadors called and she was able to answer them in their own tongue. At first their surprise must have been considerable.

The recital of all Queen Chand's many qualities and perfections would occupy many pages, and it would be out of place here to dwell on them at too great a length. It should

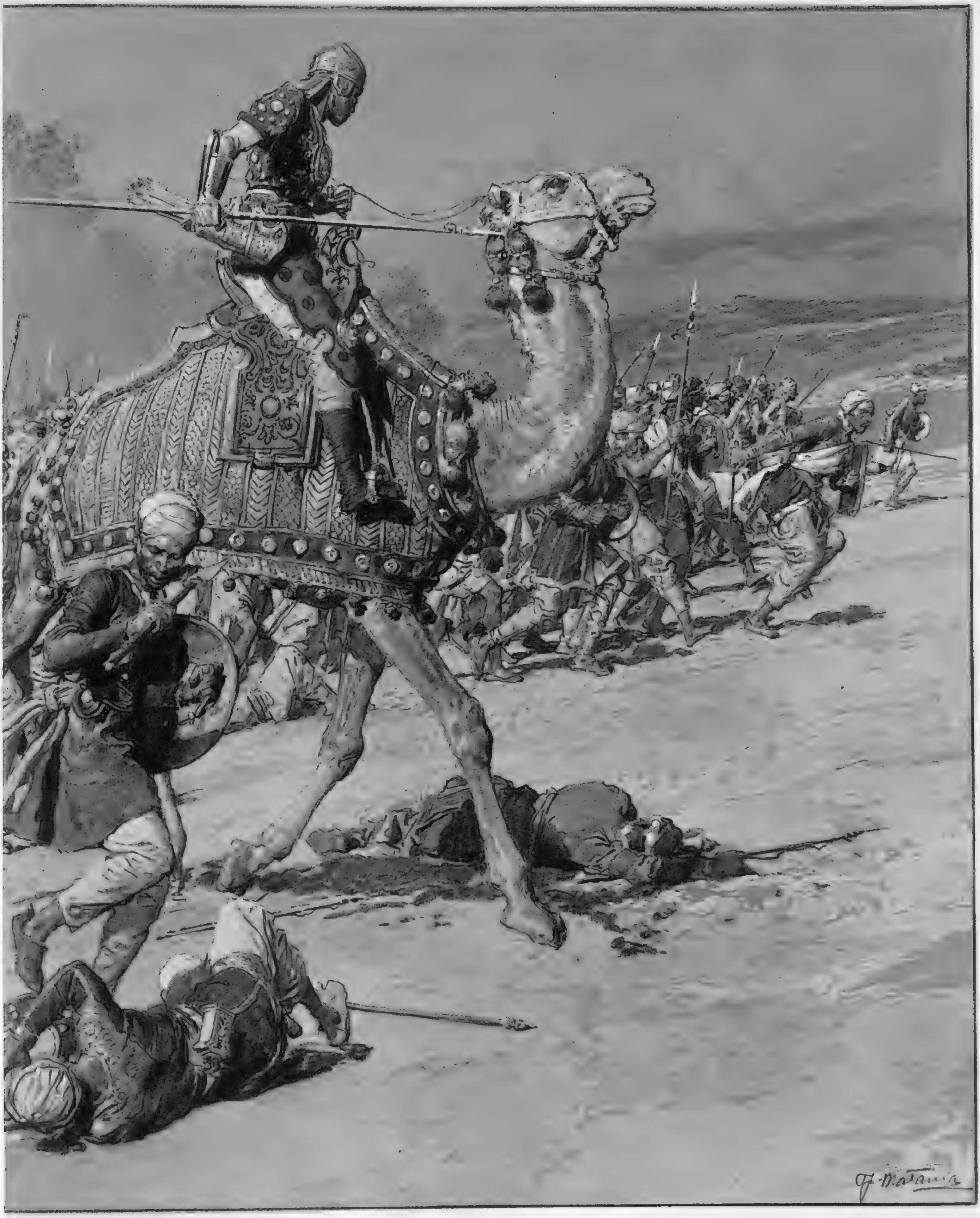


Always in the forefront, her white charger a storm of shots, this remarkable woman seemed

be mentioned, though, that she was an artist of real talent, particularly when depicting flowers, and had an innate love of the twin rhythmic arts of poetry and music. Often, indeed, after the strain of the day's toil, when the cool and refreshing air of the night brought the people to their verandahs to roll up the heavy curtains still hot with the afternoon sun, the sounds of the vina could be heard floating across from the palace. It was the Queen playing her favourite instrument, which she did sitting on a mound of cushions, her back resting against the carpeted wall.

So her life continued smoothly and sweetly, but one thing marring the completeness of her married happiness—the absence of a child.

After sixteen years of union the King and Queen were unable to entertain further hope of a direct heir, so the King adopted as his successor one of his nephews, Ibrahim.



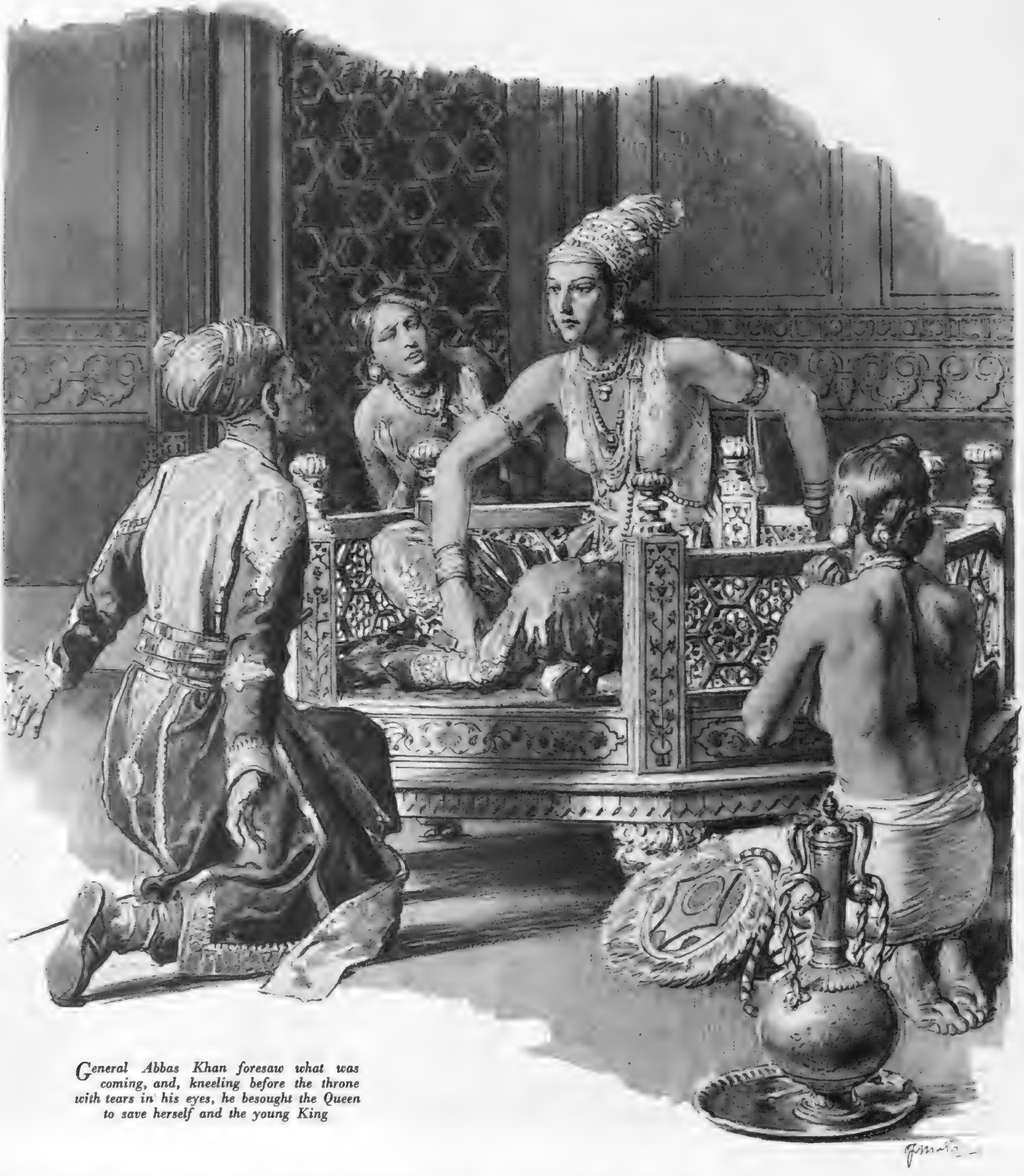
conspicuous mark for the enemy, fearless amid a
protected by an invisible shield of Divine power

Not long afterwards, the King died, and it was at this point that Queen Chand's career entered upon its most dramatic phase. She became Regent for the young heir and, having an intimate knowledge of affairs of state through long sharing responsibility with her husband, no one could have been better fitted for the task.

She knew the characters of all the royal advisers, and, by the exercise of wonderful tact, was able to preserve a certain degree of harmony among them. But the passing of the King wrought many changes in these men's minds, and in not a few it provoked undue ambition and ill-concealed jealousy. These feelings inevitably polluted the air of serenity, despite the efforts of Queen Chand to maintain it.

Sixteen years of joint rulership had taught the Queen that with a loyal nation rallied round its leaders, there was no cause to fear any enemy beyond the borders.

Had she not herself been a rallying-point in the field? None, indeed, could forget the famous Battle of the Veil, where the Queen had borne herself like a veritable Joan of Arc. Always in the forefront, her white charger a conspicuous mark for the enemy, fearless amid a storm of shots, this remarkable woman seemed protected by an invisible shield of Divine power. The shrieks and cries that had filled the air never produced the least hesitation in that womanly heart.



General Abbas Khan foresaw what was coming, and, kneeling before the throne with tears in his eyes, he besought the Queen to save herself and the young King

Her gentle hands were never tired of shooting down the enemy, but, on the other hand, they often sustained with the most tender pity the heads of the agonised soldiers who had given their lives for King, Queen and Country.

Such was the devotion she inspired that all men felt compensated if, before exhaling their last breath, a dish of water was brought to their lips by their wonderful Queen. But those days were over. Greed and ambition now prevailed, and the word gratitude had become void of meaning within the state.

Laws and treaties were soon no more than scraps of paper, but the heroic Queen, thronged by enemies on every side, never deviated from a straightforward policy, hoping that by her wisdom, born of experience, and her inborn honesty she could overcome any obstacle. She did not realise, however, that honesty was in this case no match for crafty deception.

Gradually deception produced unrest among the people—easily led away by the lies of the plotters. Of this Chand knew little or nothing. For a while her extraordinary sagacity prevented matters from coming to a head. The ship of state, though difficult to steer, was not yet rudderless.

Then a new turn of events precipitated matters.

The command of the armed forces was entrusted to one Nihung Khan; a fine soldier, but a man of questionable character without a trace of loyalty. Soon he conceived the idea of grasping the reins of power for himself by ousting the Queen, his benefactor, and assuming the Regency.

Nihung started by employing subterranean methods, but, on becoming surer of himself, came challengingly out into the open, forming a party of his own, to the leaders of which he offered the bribe of untold spoils.

On the other side the Queen rallied round her the few who yet remained loyal. So began the death struggle of the unhappy and distracted kingdom.

At this time the young King was staying some distance away from the Mahal where the Queen usually resided. He was devotedly attached to his royal guardian, and though he was too young to rule, he could at least avail himself of some of the prerogatives of his rank as army leader.

The Queen, thoroughly alarmed at the growing disaffection, and especially at the number of men armed and equipped against her, wrote a desperate letter to the youthful Ibrahim, imploring him to send sufficient forces to cope with the situation created by the rebellious minister. History does not record whether this help ever arrived. The tragic truth was that the very ground on which the Queen stood was giving way day by day.

From the most remote times the law accorded to the chieftains the privilege of possessing their own armies, and not a few of them had reached the point of being at the head of as many as twenty-five thousand men. When these princes were in perfect harmony the country was strong and powerful, but when in opposition the exact converse was the case. Unfortunately, the latter was the very position that Queen Chand was trying in vain to avoid.

It seems that only one of these chiefs proved unquestioningly faithful to the monarchy. His name was Abbas Khan, but he, too, was surrounded by false smiles and treacherous hearts.

Every day fresh proofs of disloyalty came to sadden the Queen, yet somehow she could not believe that the nation's ingratitude went so deep. In all humility she felt she had deserved well of her country, and now came this threat of deposition.

Had she not contributed to the restoration of order, helped to encourage the opening up of new markets, built temples, houses, and roads, thus completing the long work of restoring the ravages of the bestial, all-conquering Tamerlane, who two centuries before had laid the country waste, leaving the India that was rich and prosperous a desert strewn with corpses and burnt-out ruins? Had she not always refused to be the hidden princess, seeing nothing, knowing nothing, secluded in the golden prison where nothing of reality penetrates?

She had braved many prejudices in order to be with her people. She had fought like a man for the good of her subjects. She had helped the poor and provided dowries for the girls who had none.

Who could have any grudge against her? Could they reproach her for not having any children? Yet everyone must have known how hard she had tried to persuade the King to avail himself of his religion and marry another woman who might have been more fortunate than she. She had been spotless from every aspect, and this thought only served to increase the bitterness in her bruised heart.

A few more years and Ibrahim would be of age. Beejapor would soon have a king into whose hands she would for ever relinquish the power and responsibility of the throne; but the country showed no sign of patience or confidence, the state of unrest was growing, so much so that the Emperor Akbar thought that the moment had arrived for him to march with his army towards the south.

Historians are not in agreement whether this invasion took place in the year 1598 or 1599. At any rate, that makes no difference to the story. It is certain, though, that Beejapor was invaded and that each stronghold gave way in turn with little or no resistance.

Conflicting news was reaching Queen Chand every day; and having lost confidence in the messengers, she never knew when she was believing a lie or disbelieving the truth.

Religion has always been the supreme consolation of the unhappy, and it was with the most devout faith that Queen Chand observed every prescribed prayer and prostration. She worshipped the Tulsi plant, and at the end of every day she never neglected the Pujah to the flame.

But religion, prayers, prostration, and wisdom availed nothing.

The troops of Emperor Akbar, the Great Mogul, were approaching and the larger part of the garrison had deserted the royal fort. Any resistance was doomed to certain failure, and only a few seemed still determined and ready to hold on and defend their Queen to the last.

One of these was General Abbas Khan. He foresaw what was coming, and, kneeling before the throne with tears in his eyes, he besought the Queen to save herself and the young King. He said: "I have everything ready for your flight. A few faithful men will escort you and the boy, and I will see that you are safely out of reach. We might hold out for a time as a point of honour and make terms by which every life would be spared. As to treasure, let it perish."

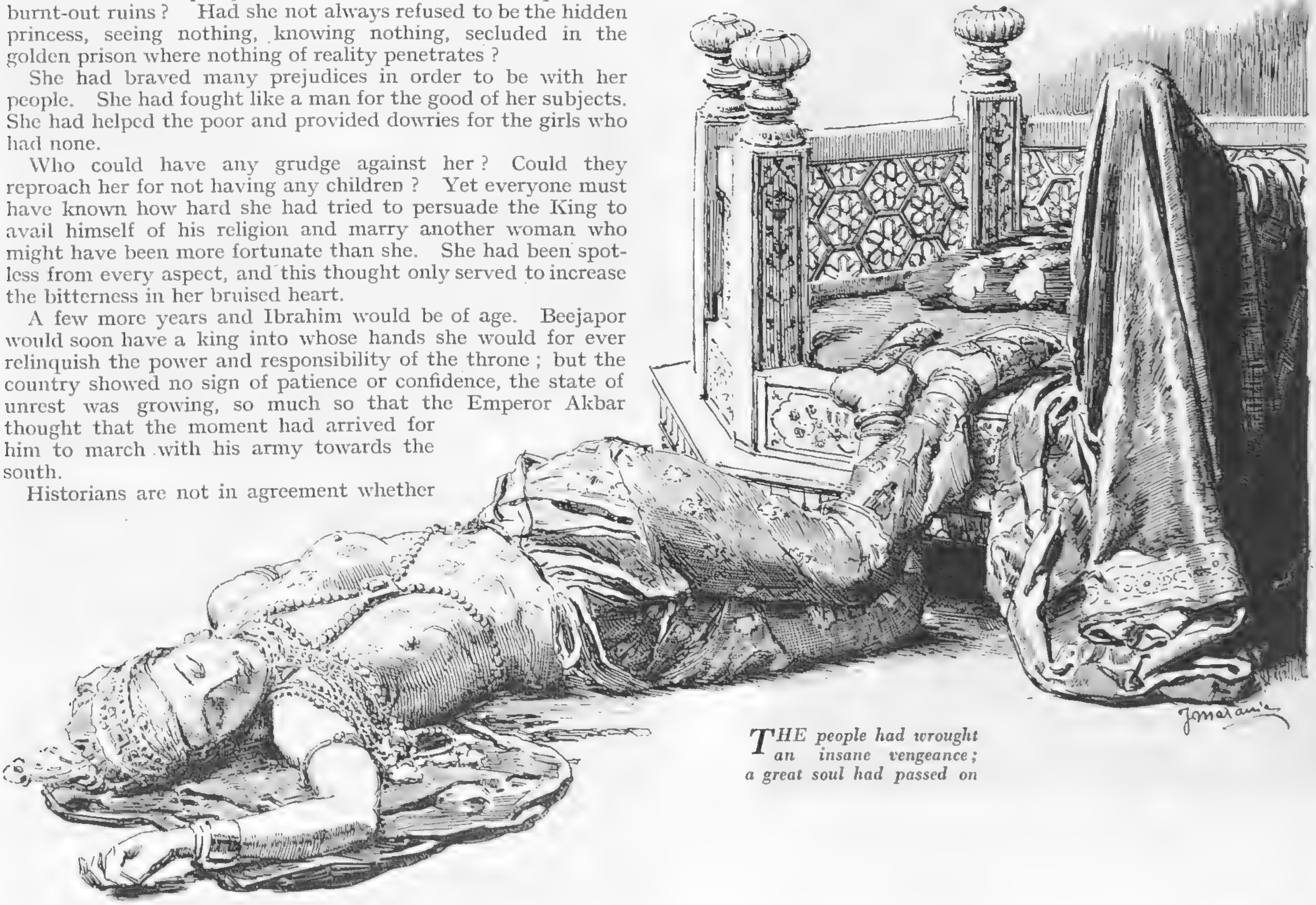
With a sad smile Queen Chand listened to the affectionate suggestion of the faithful general, but she refused to entertain it. She explained to him that it would be a dishonourable thing to desert those who had stood by her through the tragic times of her misfortune. "What," exclaimed she, "would be said of the Queen who had fought the fearful 'Battle of the Veil,' but who fled secretly from her people at night to save her own life, leaving all to perish? No, . . . if death were nigh, let it come there and then."

Death indeed was at hand.

In the distance an explosion was heard, followed by the whistle of a rocket.

It was the signal for rebellion. The populace, stung to madness by the lies they had been told and still believed, streamed towards the Queen's fortress home, overcoming the guards in their wild rush. Once again a group

(*Continued on page* 104)



THE people had wrought an insane vengeance; a great soul had passed on

At the right is one of Lister's modern Lamkurl rugs. The close, curly lamb-like pile is soft to the feet and the colourings are charming

The vivid colouring of a modern hand-tufted rug is charmingly blended with a scheme of antique furniture

BEAUTY

A scheme of black mahogany and white sycamore by Maurice Adams. To enhance this colouring a hand-tufted rug in bright green with black and white rings for pattern has been used

It is a common error to build up a furnishing scheme and then, almost as an afterthought, to treat the floor.

Actually, the treatment of the floor is one of the most vital factors in creating a unified scheme. The proper thing is first to erect a background of which the walls, the ceiling and the floor are equal parts, and then to display your scheme upon it.

Careless treatment of the floor will utterly ruin the most carefully thought out scheme. Covering of unsuitable colour; a quarrelsome design; a too heavy margin to the carpet or a floor treatment out of character with the room may prove fatal to a scheme.

It is fairly obvious that to maintain a proper sense of balance the base of a scheme should be its heaviest part, so in most decorative schemes the colouring of the floor should be darker than walls and fabrics. That is to say, one would avoid using a light fawn carpet with a dark wallpaper.

There are practically no instances in which a carpet of large and colourful design could be happily used in a small room. The complicated pattern and the variety of colours will certainly diminish the size of the room, while a margin at the edges will still further increase this effect.

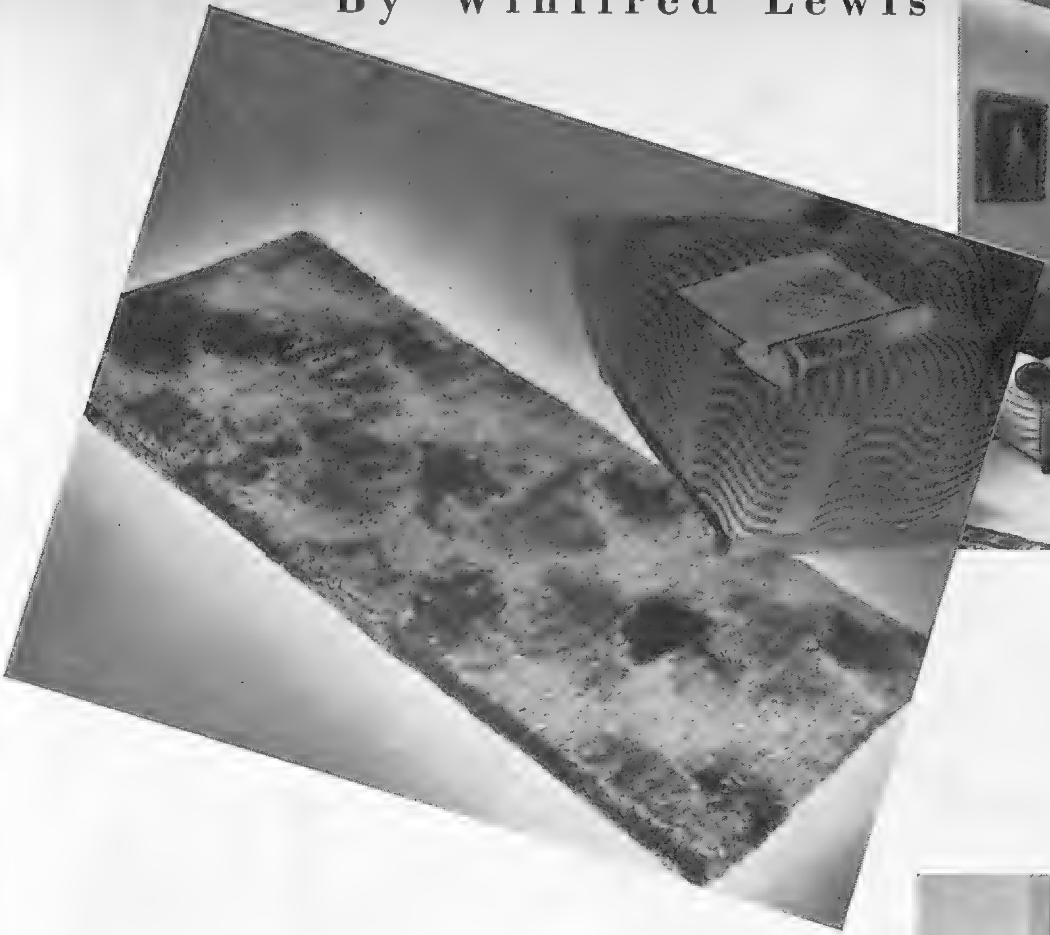
For a very long time rugs have been looked upon as a makeshift. It is true that where carpeting proves too costly a stained floor and rugs have been a popular resource, but in adopting this rather primitive fashion we partly overlook the real beauty and versatility of rugs in decoration.

The decline in popularity of rugs is partly explained by the fact that for some years past the more inexpensive of them have generally been of such indifferent design. Scrawling patterns and shrill combinations of colouring have offended people of taste who could not indulge the more costly Persian and Oriental specimens. So rugs were largely out of favour until, more recently, designers gave us charming modern designs of exquisitely blended colouring and, equally important, handsome reproductions of those rarer designs formerly out of reach.

Now that rugs are again equal in beauty to any type of floor covering, it is important to know how to display them to the best advantage.

Shape and size are quite as important as colouring and design when choosing rugs. An outsize rug in a small room is a mistake.

By Winifred Lewis



Persian rugs are strewn upon a carpet background of fawn colouring in this attractive modern room. Note how the rug enhances the effect of the fire surround

Another Lister rug (left) showing the rich, lustrous pile and the sheen which is a feature of this type. This rug is obtainable in a wide range of colours and sizes

IN RUGS

It invariably takes on the appearance of a small carpet and, as I have said, carpets too small for their surroundings are worse than no carpets at all from the point of view of effect.

Never choose a very large rug unless you have a large area of floor to cover. On the other hand, avoid using a number of very small ones. They only look "bitty." Endeavour to select your rugs in sizes proportionate to their surroundings and, above all, suitable to their situation in the room.

Before you visit the carpet dealer make your plans with care. Decide upon the lay-out of the furniture and then choose your rugs in relation to these things.

Rugs simply scattered at random may completely upset any nice effects of grouping that have been achieved with furniture. Generally speaking, rugs laid diagonally are not helpful to balance, but this depends to some extent upon the arrangement of the furniture. Lay rugs so as to enhance the effect of the furniture near to them.

Do not lay a Persian rug of sober colouring alongside a settee covered with a gay cretonne or the lovely rich tones of the former will be marred.

Choose the background colouring for rugs as carefully as you choose the rugs themselves. The dark, mellow richness of Persian and Oriental rugs makes them look their finest against a stone-flagged floor or natural pine flooring, which enhances their glowing colours.

Rugs of modern design with delicate colouring look their best against a plain felt or carpet background, but if these methods prove too costly painted boards are effective and, if expertly treated, as durable as one could wish.

Oriental rugs look their very best upon a flagged hall floor. Here is a beautiful Persian square in a scheme that is enhanced by delicate wrought-iron gates

Among the most charming and luxurious modern rugs now seen in the stores are the Lister range, which are made in a variety of lovely colours which can be matched with any scheme.

We illustrate two of these rugs above; that on the right, the "Labrador," is made from pure South African mohair and has a pile of incomparable sheen and beauty. The selected shades in which this and other Lister rugs can be obtained are fawn, blue, rose, green, brown, copper and black, but additional colours can be supplied to fit in with individual schemes.

The oval rug also photographed is called the "Lamkurl," a Lister rug which has achieved great popularity on account of its close, lamb-like pile and charming colours.

Dust finds it difficult to penetrate these rugs, which are easily kept clean. Another feature is that they are supplied with special non-slip backs.

There are as many shapes and sizes as there are colours in the Lister range of rugs, and many of them cost under 20s.

Winifred Lewis visits the Aristoc factory at Nottingham

Big

THERE is no doubt women have wrought a revolution in industry since the war. On a purely economic basis of reckoning, emancipation would seem to have been "a fine thing for trade."

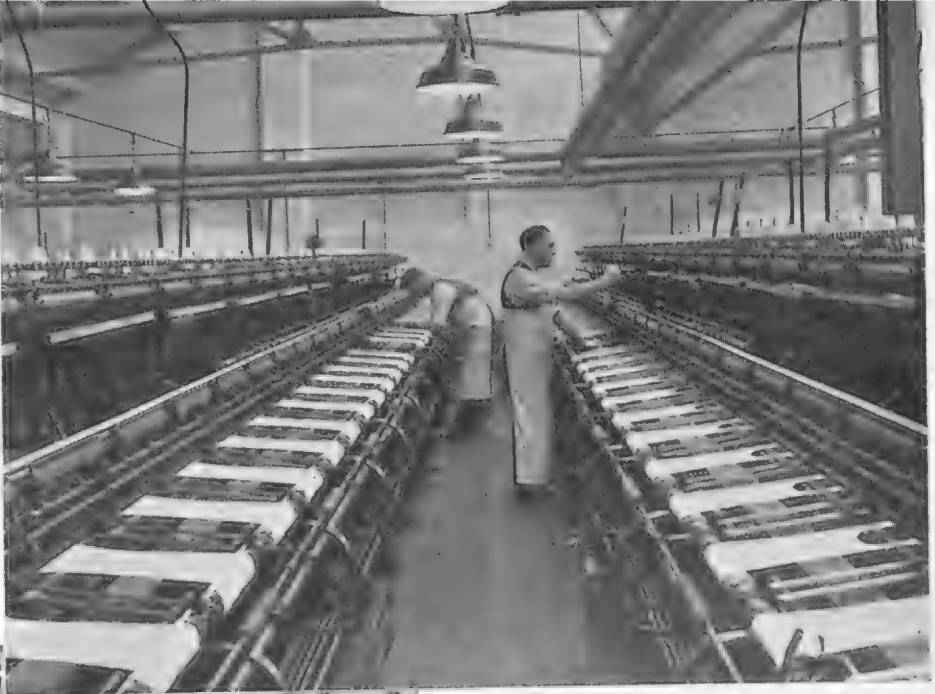
Cosmetics. What an inexhaustible mine of wealth the term implies! Artificial silk. Enough to stretch twice round the world and then not sufficient to supply the demand. Silk stockings. . . .

I am just back from a tour of one of the most important stocking factories in the country, and a vivid impression brought away is of the dramatic progress of this particular industry since women had the temerity to lift their skirts above the ground.

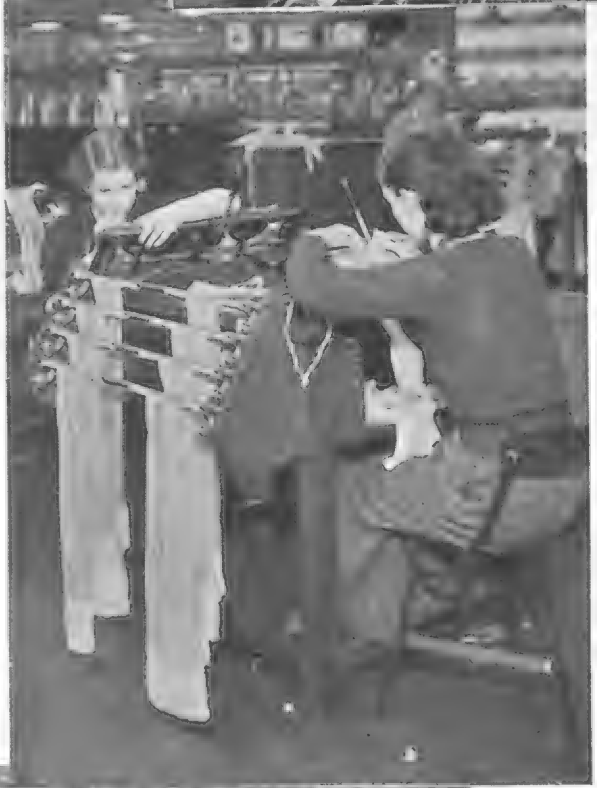
Silk stockings long ago passed out of the luxury status into the realm of sheer necessity. One has only to stand in the great machine shops of the Aristoc factory watching that cumbersome mechanism belch forth its gossamer webs—vast quantities of them—to realise that this one aspect of woman's progress started an avalanche of gold pouring into the coffers of industry.

Romance is an overworked term. It seems particularly out of place in connection with hard-headed business, but for once romance does seem to have been caught up in the machines of industry—the stocking industry.

Twenty-five years ago long skirts protected our ankles from the appraisement of predatory man; and if the stocking

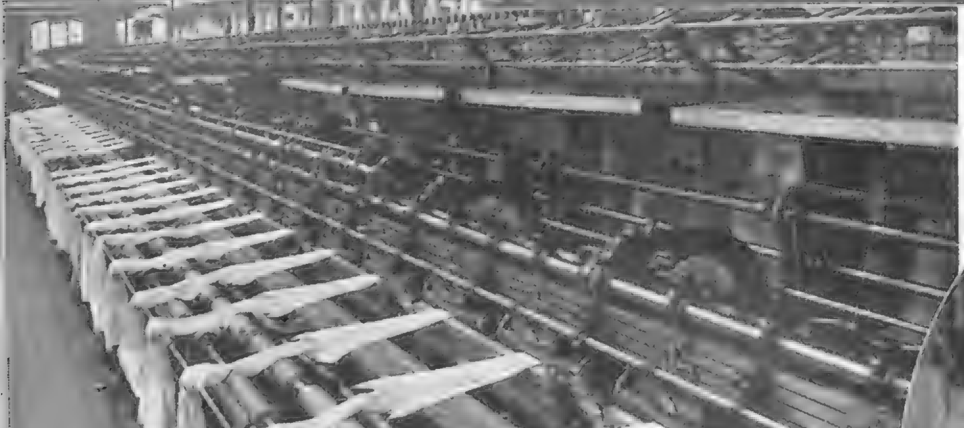


"LEGGING." Each machine is knitting the legs of twelve pairs of hose simultaneously

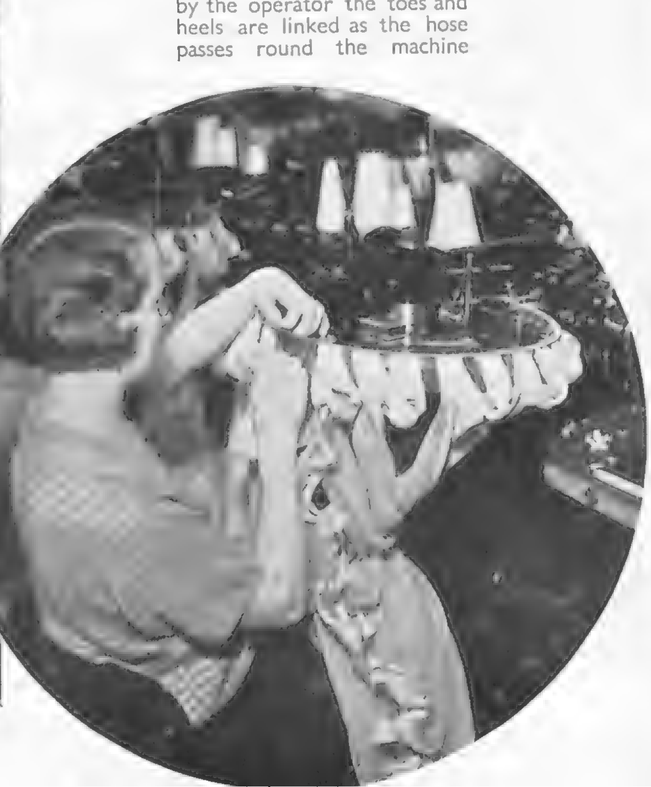


"RUNNING-ON." When the operation shown in above photograph is complete the legs are transferred to bars o points by hand in readiness for the machines which will knit the feet

(Below) "FOOTING." This machine is knitting the feet of fifteen pairs of hose



(Below) "LINKING." After being threaded on to the machine by the operator the toes and heels are linked as the hose passes round the machine



"SEAMING." Operating the machines which sew up the seams of the legs and feet

Business *in* Silk

manufacturer of the day succeeded in buttering his bread, he certainly rendered no particular service to mankind.

Any of your older relatives will tell you that under her embroidery blouse once beat a heart impatient for the caress of silk stockings. But they were then only associated with the underworld and exponents of the Can-Can, so she kept her ambitions to herself and continued to disguise her feelings in cashmere.

But the war put an end to nonsense, and in 1920, with skirts shrinking rapidly, silk stockings quite naturally recommended themselves as an improving item of apparel not, after all, so closely in league with the Devil.

It was thought expedient at first to restrict the use of silk to the ankles (knees being still non-existent in nice circles), but later, greatly daring, the silken territory spread to the calf, and from there it was a mere step to silk tops and another to rolled tops.

(Below) "SEAMING." A close-up of the above operation

"TESTING." Before the hose are sent to the dyers each stocking is carefully examined on this unique machine, which expands the whole of the stocking, thus enabling the operator to detect the slightest flaw

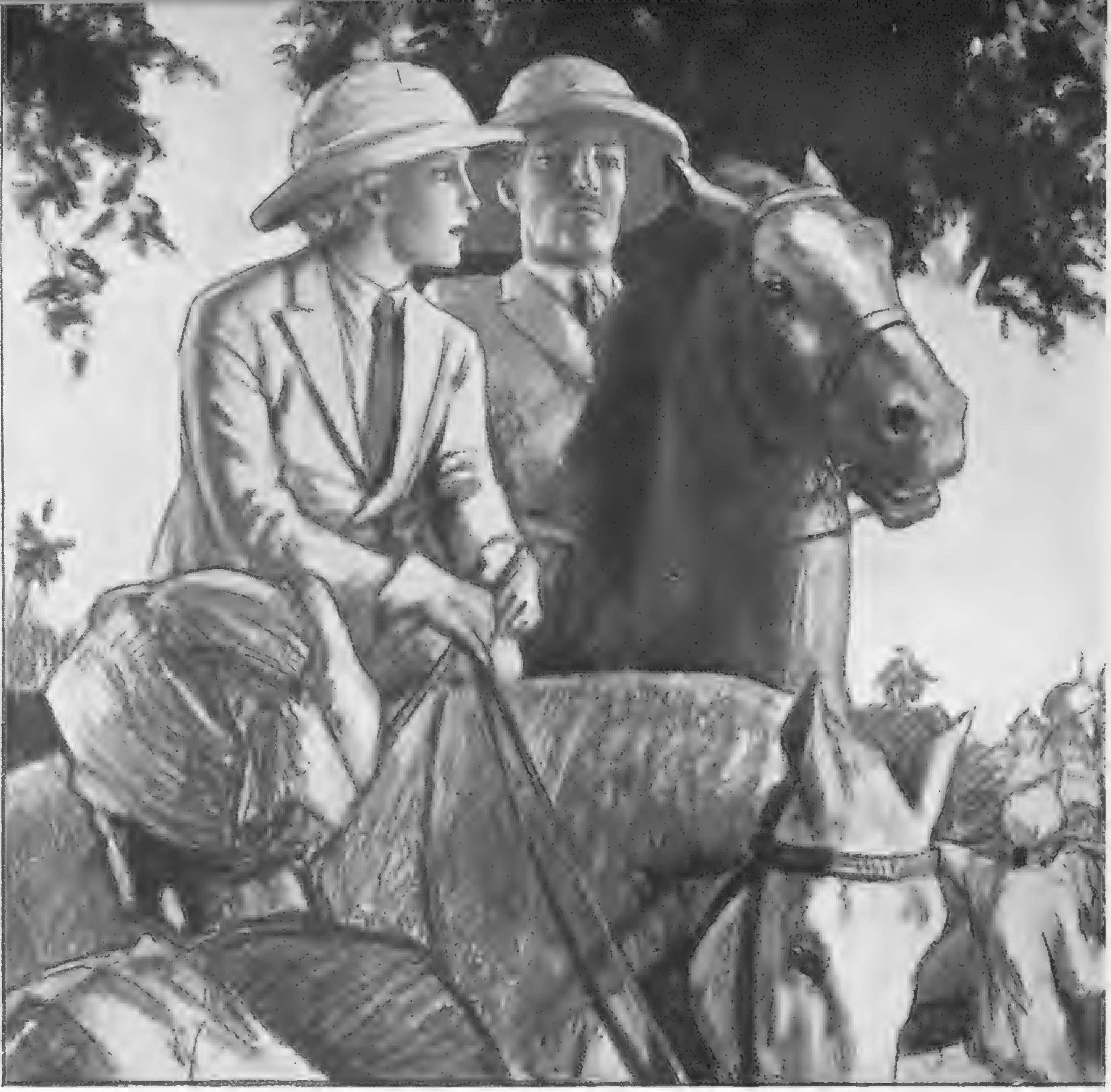
(Below) "FINAL EXAMINATION." After dyeing each stocking is examined by an expert prior to boxing ready for despatch

But to get back to industry.

At that time the Continent was ahead of us in the manufacture of fine silk hose. There was very little likeness between the stockings of that time and the filmy trifles we wear to-day.

At the Aristoc factory they tell you with reminiscent pride of the first stockings they made. They were pure silk, scarcely transparent, and black, of course. They cost 13s. 4d. a pair to the trade, which works out at about 25s. per pair across the counter.

But women were so set on indulging this long-suppressed weakness that price appears to have been no bar to success, for the history (*Continued on page* 100)



Camouflage

You can have a Flutter in Jute—or Hearts

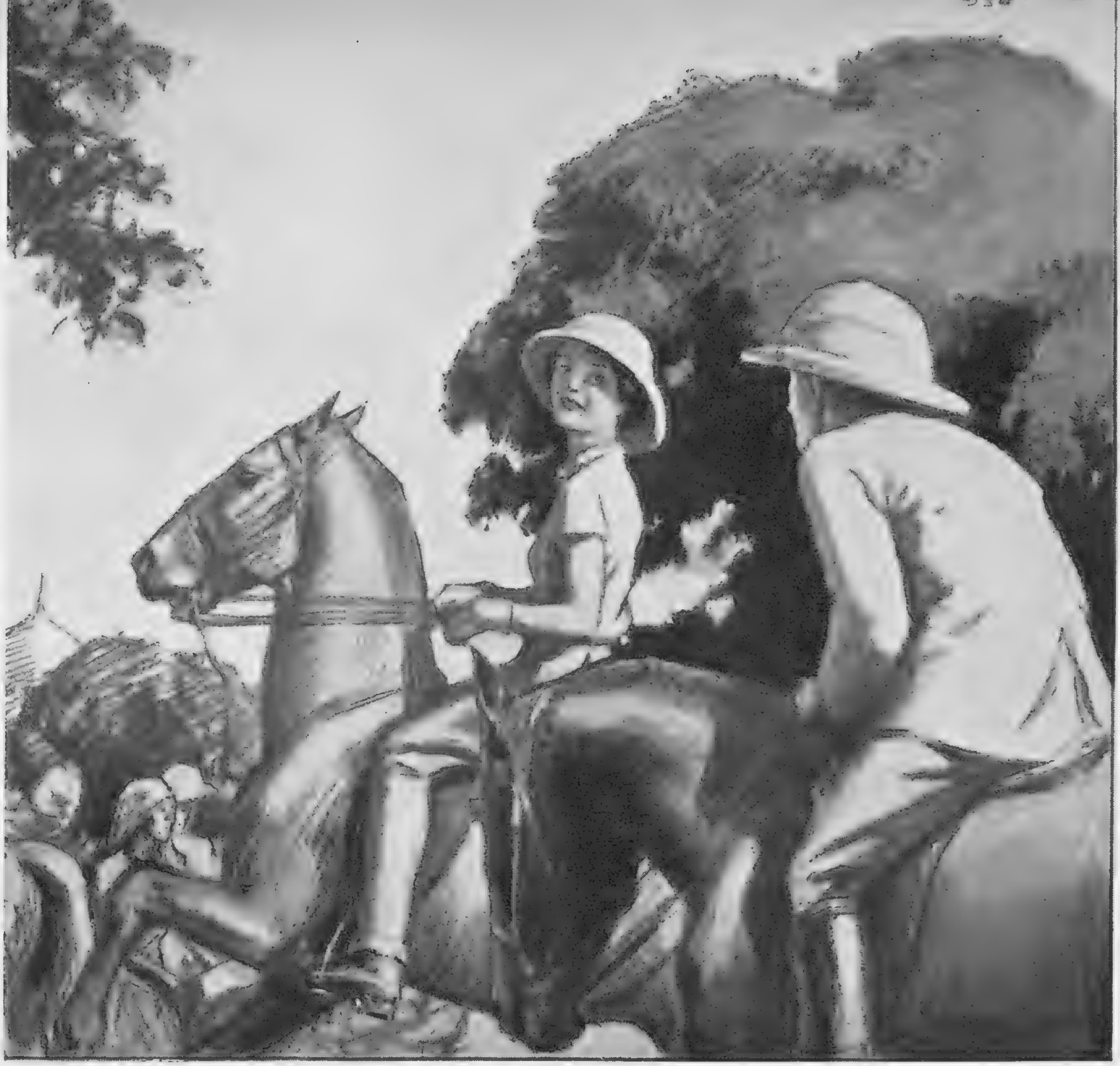
AS they walked their horses sedately round the tan track, crowded by now with Calcutta cold weather society, Julian felt pleased with himself for having insisted on riding at eight. His whole object was to be seen with Georgina Fear, the catch of the season's debutantes. She had wanted to ride earlier, before the fashionable time, to have room for a good gallop, but he had won his point without much difficulty—some excuse he had already forgotten. In one short week she was beginning to dance to his tune—debutante marionette.

He had been forced to work fast, after Vi's warning that Sir Marcus might be beginning to suspect, and neither Vi nor he could afford to risk that: Sir Marcus would not let Vi get away with one penny of his money if he had to divorce her, and as for Julian—well, the old man could ruin him if he wanted to. Julian knew he could not fight twenty million pounds, even with a job built on his reputation as the smartest jute broker on Clive Street.

But already the danger of his liaison with Viola becoming known was lessened as gossip grew around him and Georgina—gossip which would, he knew, soon ripen to a minor scandal if she played moth to his flame often enough. Although he had heard nothing said aloud, yet already he could sense the process of fruition. His mind was abnormally receptive to rumour after years on the jute market, where the merest breath of bazaar gossip may swing the price as violently as the faintest earth tremor will agitate a seismograph needle.

In his imagination he heard the clubs talk about him in the way he knew they were already doing: "Who's the piece of goods with Julian Wales? . . . Oh, the latest cold weather importation. . . . I say, old boy, she's a peach, isn't she? I wonder if I'd stand a chance with her. . . . Of course not, old boy, now that *he's* got his claws dug in. . . . I thought she was keen on Brian Mitchell. . . . She was, but then Wales decided to step in, so of course Brian had to take a back seat. . . . Gad, I wonder how the fellow does it—what the deuce do they see in a man like that? D'you know, I heard from a bloke in the Light Horse Club last night that his bearer heard from Wales's bearer that the feller has actually bought some black silk pyjamas—fact, having them made up by the durzi in Park Street. . . . Well, *she* won't be a virgin much longer. . . ."

Julian looked across at the girl by his side. Perhaps. . . . After all, Vi would never find out—kill two birds with one stone and really give them something to



JULIAN accepted the dismissal and collected Georgina. Sir Marcus watched them ride off and turned to his wife

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

By Gordon McDonell

—*if you know how to Rig the Market!*

talk about. She certainly was a " peach" all right. As he watched, her enchanting nostrils expanded to the clean, cold weather air of Bengal with all the pleasure of a healthy young animal. He studied the line of her throat as she tilted her head, her eyes taking in the beauty of the morning.

She looked up: bar a few rolls of cirrhus cloud neatly packed in a corner above the Hooghly, the Christmas sky was a clear sweep of blue. Her quick glance back to Julian just caught the veiling of lust in his stare. It made her feel faintly uncomfortable, yet excited her queerly so that she spoke quickly: " Lovely day, isn't it, Julian ? "

His eyes still held something darkly provocative.

" Yes, I suppose it is. . . . You know, I hadn't actually noticed the *weather*."

Her heart tripped a little; she didn't want to say " Why ? " but she just couldn't help it—" Why ? " Instinctively she lowered her voice, then waited, vibrant.

He smiled to himself—easy as falling off a log, a bit too easy to be amusing perhaps. That was the trouble with all these debs—usually too easy; the other kind were merely sordid in their technical virginity.

He stalled her with masterly technique.

" Well, we take fine days for granted out here during the cold weather. Four months dry heat, four months wet heat, and four months of really marvellous weather like this." Deliberately he elaborated commonplace, edged away from emotion.

She felt the disappointment he intended, missing the intention. She said curtly, " Let's trot, shall we ? "

His smiling acquiescence only increased her irritation, and suddenly she wondered if he really did care for her, when a second ago she had been sure of it. She never knew where she was with him, and, being so young and new to it, found this the more exciting. In one month in India she had met more men than ever before, yet lately found herself wanting to be with him only. He was the only one who did not seem to care if she went about with him or not. The others, and especially Brian, clamoured round her like bees round a honey-pot, and her easy success had already begun to pall when she met Julian, whose indifference piqued her with sharp contrast.

The more she compared the two men, Brian and Julian, the duller Brian seemed, kind and dear though he was. It was largely his own fault, she thought, that she didn't see much of him now—he did get so ridiculously jealous of Julian;

perhaps she secretly enjoyed her power of making him jealous. He really deserved a lesson in particular for behaving so childishly at squash when Julian had masked the ball with his body until the last second, and Brian had fallen in trying to reach it and had then claimed a foul. That was the first day she had met Julian; he played so—what was the word ?—so *sveltely*, and he explained to her afterwards, when Brian went off in a huff, that it was all part of the game—camouflage or something Julian called it. Poor Brian, he was so *dull*, he could never be exciting like Julian. . . .

Julian saw them just in front, walking their horses. Sir Marcus never missed his twice round the tan every morning, but his wife did not often ride with him. Julian guessed she wanted to smile at him—she knew he was riding this morning. They caught up, and Julian called a deferential " Good morning, Sir Marcus. . . . Good morning, Lady Terry."

Vi was perfect, self-possessed, suave as polished glass. She answered with just the right degree of effusiveness for her husband's pet broker: " Good morning, Mr. Wales."

Sir Marcus said: " Morning, Wales. . . . Don't think I've seen that horse you're riding before, have I ? "

Julian thought: " The old man doesn't care a damn for horses; he wants a word with me." He pulled up and introduced Georgina to them, then turned to Sir Marcus. Viola smelt Business, drew Georgina half a length ahead of the men.

Sir Marcus said quietly: " Don't call on me this morning, Wales, but phone me at ten. . . . Private wire." Then he added, louder: " Hope you're enjoying your ride. I only go twice round—my doctor, you know. . . ."

Julian accepted the dismissal and collected Georgina. Sir Marcus watched them ride off and turned to his wife.

" Smart young man, Wales. Bit of a lady-killer though—who's the gal ? "

" Oh, just one of the cold weather husband-hunters."

He noticed the faintest shade of feeling behind her answer. He thought: " I wonder if she's jealous." He couldn't resist a dig to make sure.

" H'm, should have thought she was pretty enough to get one at Home without havin' to come out here."

Viola covered up hastily. " Yes, she *is* terribly pretty, isn't she ? "

A little too hastily, he thought—so she is jealous. Now, there's an unexpected touch of irony for you—she's jealous of Wales's bit of camouflage, planned at her own instigation! Poor Vi, life was complicated for her. But he'd had to drop a hint—she and young Wales were getting a shade careless, and it would never have done if any *gup* had started going the rounds about them. He might have had to take official notice then, and that, of course, was unthinkable. He knew perfectly well that the only way to keep her was to let her affair with Wales run its course. And he did want to keep her so very much. If only he was a bit younger—but still, you never knew; perhaps, after this business with young Wales was finished, she might turn to him. He wondered if she would ever guess how much he loved her.

As he dismounted he felt the twinge in his knee again; it had been getting worse lately—old age, creeping, creeping. He gave a sigh.

" Anything wrong, dear ? " Viola's tone was genuinely solicitous.

He answered quickly: " No, nothing, me dear—just business." He wasn't going to tell her about the twinge—it sounded so old.

She thought: " It's his knee again, the poor old dear. I wonder how I can get the doctor *this* time without his guessing. . . . Damn Julian! I'm sure he's being a devil with that girl; she's prettier than I thought. . . ."

JULIAN left his house in Ballygunge at a quarter past nine, half an hour earlier than usual. He wanted a good half-hour on the market to gauge it accurately before he telephoned Sir Marcus. He knew the old boy was up to something big; that was why he had told Julian not to call—put the others off the scent and make them think Terry Brothers were not interested in the market to-day.

As his chauffeur drove along the Circular Road, down Camac Street, Park Street, and across Chowringhee to the Red Road, Julian's thoughts played idly with Viola and Georgina. . . . Pity Vi wasn't a bit younger; she must have been marvellous at Georgina's age. But perhaps she wasn't; perhaps it was only age that made women intriguing. He pictured to himself the ideal woman—*si jeunesse savait. . . .*

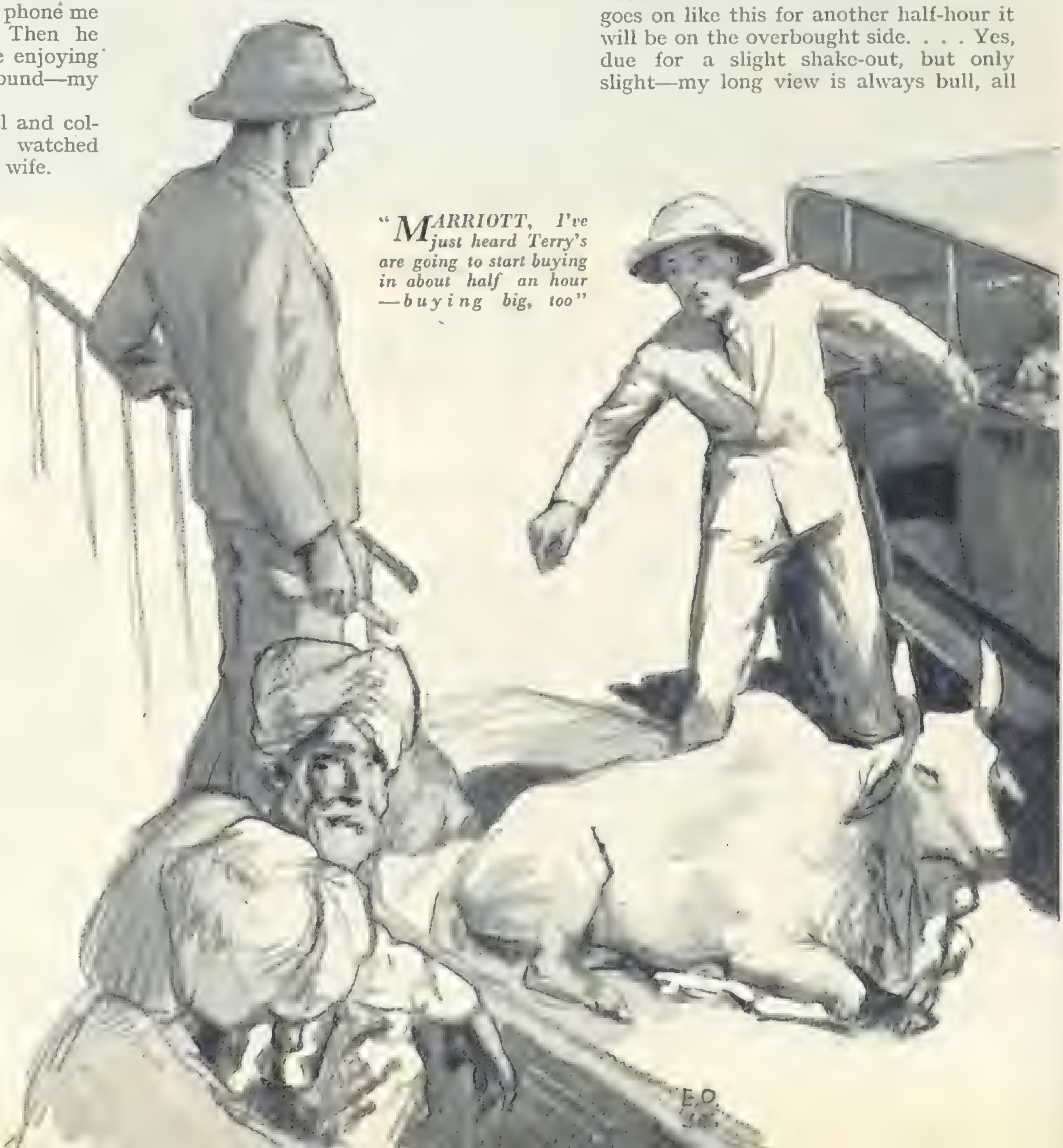
The car swung round Dalhousie Square into Clive Street. Julian sat up, automatically checked the car clock with the big clock on the Post Office. His face lost its contemplative look; his young-old eyes were wary now. Early though he was, other brokers were already arriving on Clive Street; exchange brokers hustling to the banks for their opening quotations, gunny and jute brokers and merchants nodding to each other as their cars streamed up the busiest street in the whole of India.

Let into the wall of the General Post Office was a commemoration tablet marking the exact spot of the Black Hole of Calcutta. But the business men on the way to their offices, the brokers passing and repassing it perhaps twenty times a day, never stopped to look at it; the memory of that epic catastrophe was never as important as the day's price of jute and hessian.

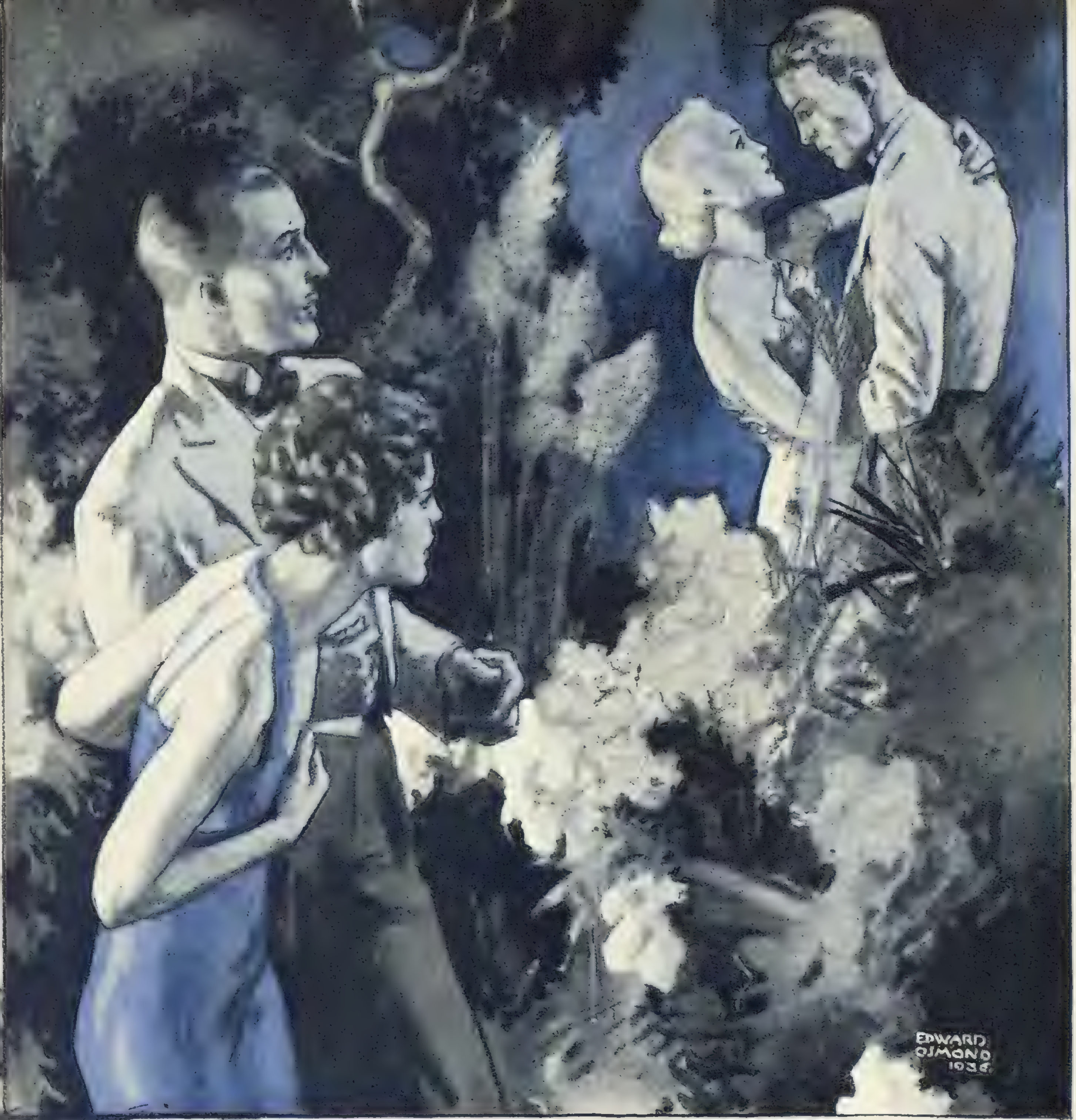
Punctually at ten Julian picked up the private telephone in his office, connected direct with Sir Marcus's room in the vast building of Terry Brothers, that stretched for a quarter of a mile along Strand Road, overlooking the Hooghly.

Came Sir Marcus's voice, immediate. " Yes, Wales; how d'you read it ? "

Julian said: " It's firm, certainly, but not so firm underneath as it looks. If it goes on like this for another half-hour it will be on the overbought side. . . . Yes, due for a slight shake-out, but only slight—my long view is always bull, all



" *MARRIOTT, I've just heard Terry's are going to start buying in about half an hour—buying big, too* "



NEAR the bottom of the garden giant cannas and clumps of feathery pampas formed a partial screen through which they could see the moonlit shimmer of Viola's dress

these war scares can't give you a bear market in the long run. . . . Opened at forty-eight rupees eight annas—last night's official close was forty-seven two, but they've been at it all night in the bazaar—present quotation just chalked up to forty-nine six."

Julian waited, but not for long. Sir Marcus knew his own mind. He told Julian to buy, larger than even Julian had bought for him before, and to average fifty-one.

Sir Marcus put down the receiver, thinking : " That'll keep Wales busy. He's smart, but he knows it—as if I don't know the long view is bull : didn't I make several million out of jute in the last war ? But I can't do without him ; he's the first one to give me the genuine short view—all the others can say is ' Firm, Sir Marcus, like a rock ; you know what the natives think of the European situation.' Muddling up the short and the long view—*they* never see the shake-outs coming, but that lad has a nose for 'em. . . ."

Three minutes later Julian came back on the wire. He said : " I've been thinking up a plan of campaign, sir. If I try to buy that quantity, the market will go up like a rocket without any shake-out at all, especially when they know it's Terry's buying. Will you send Morgan along to the Royal Exchange now, and tell him not to look surprised at anything I say to him. I want a certain quarter to think you're going to

(*Continued on page* 88)

Hollywood's Fitting

THE making of a dress for Jean Harlow is a complicated affair. This picture shows the sketch of the dress as turned out by Adrian, M.-G.-M.'s brilliant designer of clothes for film stars

AN early picture of Greta Garbo and Gilbert Adrian. He has designed all her screen costumes during the years she has been in Hollywood

WHEN a dress-designer can create a garment that looks as smart three years after it was tried on as it did at the moment of its birth, that designer may be said to have reached the peak of his, or her, profession. The average dress creation is stunning for a few months and scarcely bearable when it has ceased to be *le dernier cri*—which would not suit Hollywood's book, by any stretch of the imagination.

It takes nearly three years for a film to circulate to its fullest possible extent. Allow another six months for all those drawn-out conferences, the making of dress designs, the actual sewing and fitting of costumes, and the filming of the story. The earliest a film dress-designer can hope to have his costumes shown to the public is six months from the time of their creation. The latest is probably three and a half years. So he has to produce dresses that will stand up to the greatest strain imposed on any garments of this twentieth century.

Few members of the general public realise the difference between frocks turned out by the Rue de la Paix and the Champs Elysées and those built in the great studios of Hollywood.

Paris does not want its fashions to endure—what would become of any self-respecting *maison de couture* if this were suddenly the case? Hollywood, on the contrary, insists that its gowns must stand the acid test of exhibitions that may cover thirty-six months—but they must still carry the hall-mark of Fashion. Difficult to design? Certainly. But a handful of men and women in Hollywood seem to have hit on the secret.

FOR the purposes of this article I want to peer behind the fitting-room doors of two of Hollywood's biggest studios: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where Adrian and Miss Dolly Tree are installed; and Paramount, where Travis Banton and Miss Edith Head turn out hundreds of original gowns a year between them. Edith Head and Dolly Tree have defeated Hollywood's argument that only men can create dresses for film stars. Dolly Tree went to Hollywood not long ago, with some years of splendid experience behind her, as designer of stage clothes for Cochran shows in London, for ballets and musical comedies in New York. Always daringly original, Miss Tree (English, by the way) is dressing some of the important players on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer list, and doing a fine job of work.

Edith Head has been Travis Banton's assistant for ten years. She knows the trying requirements of the camera inside out; she knows the stars and their particular foibles over frocks. She understands materials and their use, and she is an inspired designer, with a fine sense of the value of streamline effects on the screen. Her first job, when she signed her recent new contract to work side by side with Mr. Banton as an independent style-creator, was to turn out a complete wardrobe for Gail Patrick to be used in a film called "One Man's Bonus." Having dressed the beautiful Miss Patrick in several previous pictures, Edith Head started on her new task enthusiastically and produced some striking dresses, fourteen in all, that established her as an accomplished creator of screen clothes.

For twelve years Travis Banton has been in control of the Paramount Studios wardrobe department; and when I was shown over that section of the studio for the first time it felt rather like being

TRAVIS BANTON, dress-designer for Paramount, sketches a costume for Frances Drake to wear in "Ladies Should Listen"

Designing Clothes for Stars is a very Serious Business

escorted round a big West-End shop by the manager. Nothing is bought in "bits." Nobody is sent rushing to the nearest drapery store for a dozen yards of lamé when a new evening gown is required for Claudette Colbert or for Carole Lombard. Materials, artificial flowers, handbags, gloves, stockings, artificial jewellery—all these highly important products are kept in large quantities, ready for use at any minute.

Both at Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bales and bales of velvet, silk, crêpe-de-Chine, satin, chiffon, brocade, and gingham repose on shelves built from the floor towards the ceiling of the wardrobe department. Some of the silk merchants at Lyons have contracts to supply the studios with exclusive materials that will never be seen anywhere save on the backs of film stars. Hundreds of "lengths" of these luscious creations find their way to California every year.

It is part of the routine work of Travis Banton and Gilbert Adrian to visit Paris and the silk manufacturing districts of France at least once a year. Just as buyers from big shops go to see the new styles and order what they imagine their customers will like, so the men who design clothes for the screen inspect new weaves in silk and velvet, ear-marking for their own use the patterns and colours that seem likely to be most valuable for Harlow, Shearer, Crawford, Hopkins and the other great stars of the screen. They buy, as well, novel jewellery of the kind that America calls "costume jewellery," which means that it is artificial as to stones and the metal in which those stones

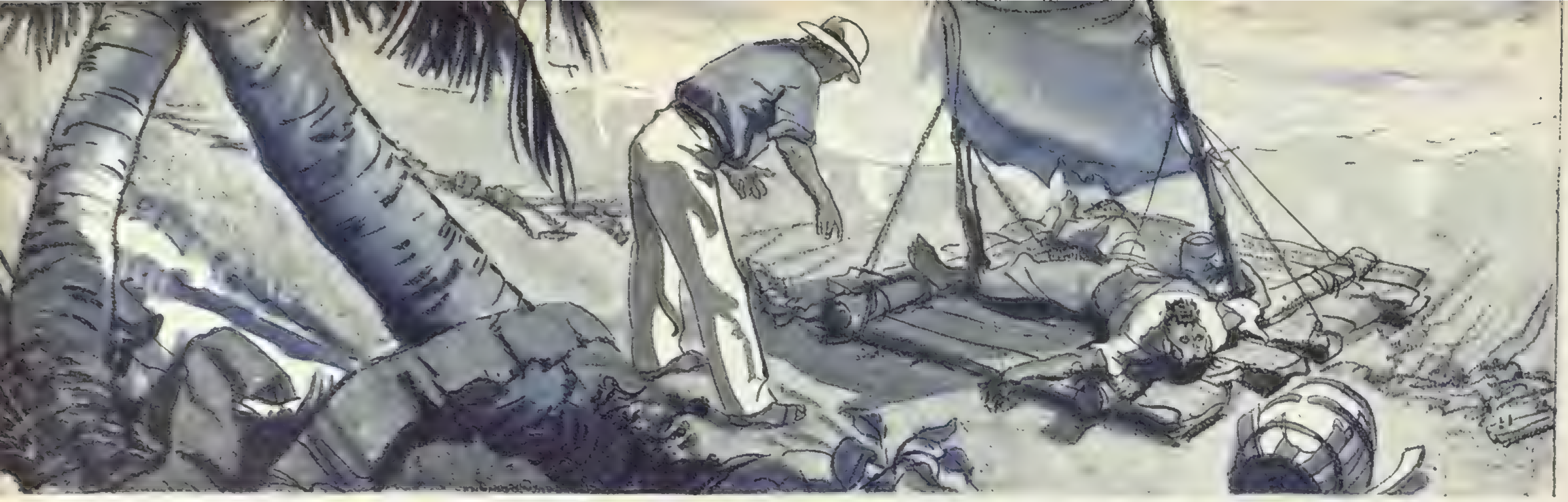
(*Continued on page* 98)

THE finished article. Mme. Frances Spingold, famous New York dress-designer, and Travis Banton admiring Carole Lombard's blue chiffon gown she wears in scenes of "Now and Forever"

(Top)
WINIFRED SHEHAN, wardrobe mistress at the Paramount Studios, with some of the figure-models of stars and feature players. Costumes are practically completed on these models before the actual wearers are asked to try them on

Room Secrets

By Margaret Chute



A SLIGHT, dark man lay on the boards there, dead, face up

Monsieur the Murderer

PAUL SAXON, stepping outside for a closer look, saw that the thing was a beached raft. A pair of bamboo poles served it as masts. Between these, for a sail, was stretched a blanket. The raft lay directly in front of the shack which during recent weeks had furnished Saxon shelter. It was grounded at high tide line with a thicket of mangrove shading it.

At once Paul Saxon noted an absence of tracks. It meant that he himself was the first to discover this derelict. The same absence of tracks proved that no one had disembarked from the raft, which clearly had been washed ashore during the night.

"I could use a motor-boat," Saxon muttered sullenly. "But damn a raft!"

He fished a cigarette from his baggy whites, then stood there stroking the stubble on his chin. In all directions except seaward the Guiana jungle hemmed him in. Overhead, a small grey monkey chattered from the fronds of a palm.

Saxon now moved closer to the raft. Peering around the sail of it, he saw, to his stupefaction, an exhibit which the sail until now had obscured. A slight, dark man lay on the boards there, dead, face up. A Frenchman, by the look of him—a convict who had escaped from St. Laurent.

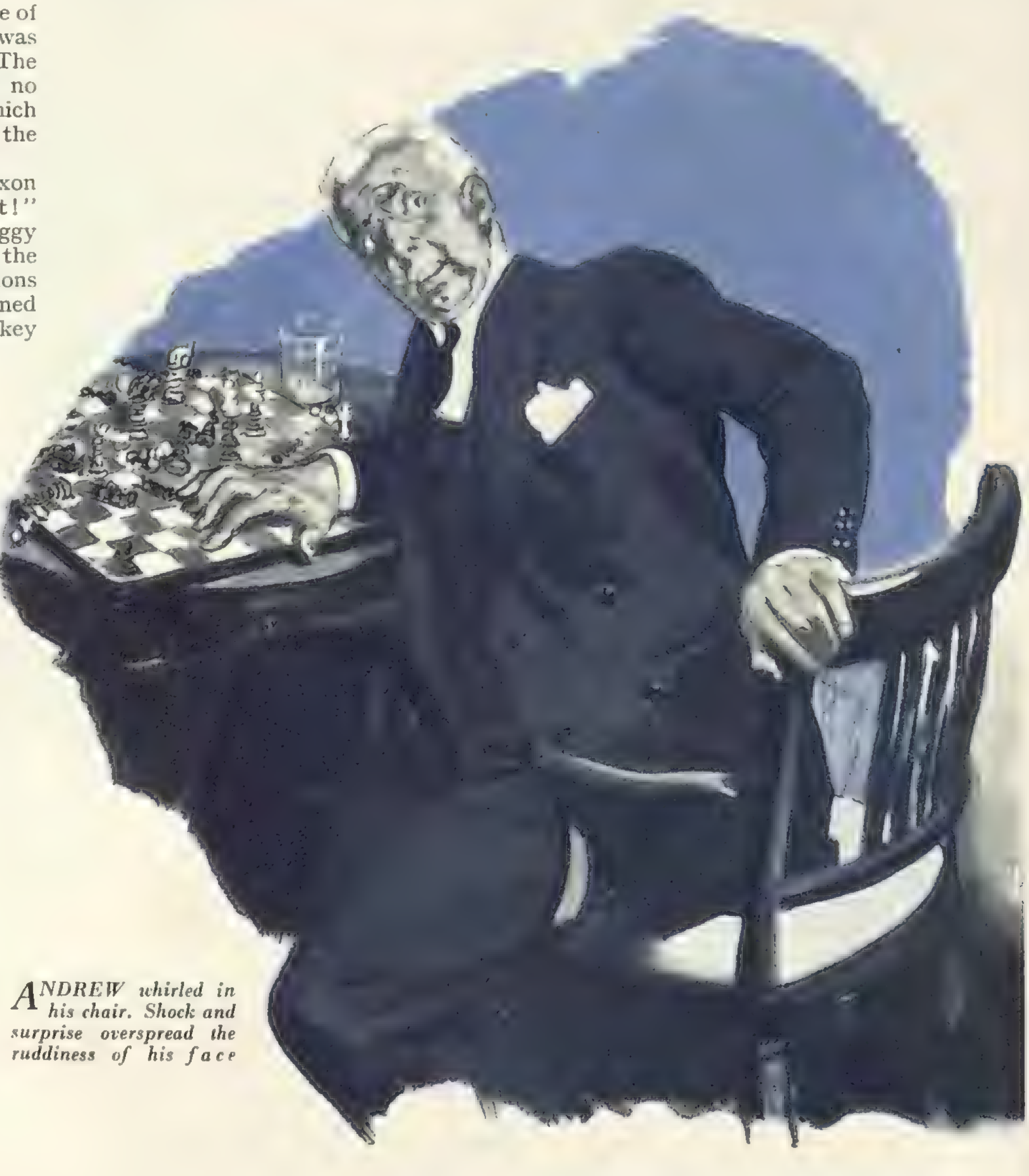
The colonial prison of St. Laurent was, Saxon knew, some hundred miles up the coast above Cayenne.

This dead man was clad in smock and dungarees. His prison number, "St. Laurent 77-89," was stencilled on the smock. "St. Laurent" was also stencilled on the blanket used for a sail, and was engraved upon the butt of a revolver which lay on the raft. The revolver was a Claire eight-millimetre *model d'ordonnance*.

Since the casualty bore no wound, death must have come from starvation, thirst or exposure at sea Presumably 77-89 had wrested a gun from a guard. He must have escaped, put to sea on a makeshift raft, only to drift ashore dead at this cove.

Paul Saxon moved a few paces back and sat upon a palmetto stump. His eyes fixed with an unfriendly stare upon the dead man. A Frenchman, of course. And a murderer. Surely a murderer, because France sent only its most desperate felons to St. Laurent.

All of it displeased Saxon, because it now became his duty to report the find at Cayenne. That would draw attention to himself, would bring out that his name was Saxon, and that he was from Miami. During the recent lazy weeks Saxon had preferred to profess that his name was Gaylord and that he was from New Orleans.



ANDREW whirled in his chair. Shock and surprise overspread the ruddiness of his face

The simple way, he thought, was to clear out without reporting the find at all.

Yet some native was sure ultimately to find the raft and the body. And since the raft was beached directly in front of a shack recently occupied by himself, the report might get him into trouble. At any rate, there would be an embarrassing inquiry.

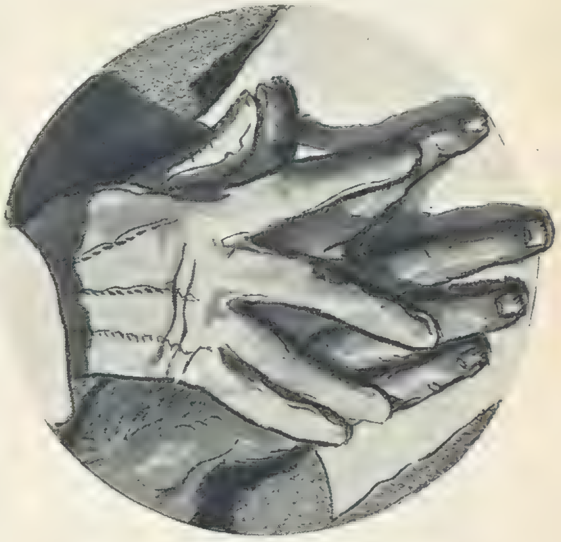
"I'm in bad enough with the old man already," Paul Saxon muttered to himself. Bitterness hardened on his face as he thought of his Uncle Andrew. Andrew Saxon, of New York, wasn't really old. He was barely fifty and in robust health—for exactly which reasons Paul hated him. Paul, some day, was due to inherit Andrew's vast fortune. So he hated the ruddiness of his uncle. For years he had waited fretfully for the prize of an inheritance which still was likely long to be deferred. The fretful wait had scarred deep into Paul's soul.

Now, as the monkey chattered overhead, he looked up with a hard smile.

"Yeh, I've thought o' that, you imp. I could bump him off. That'd be O.K., except they got a law up in the States against letting a murderer inherit."

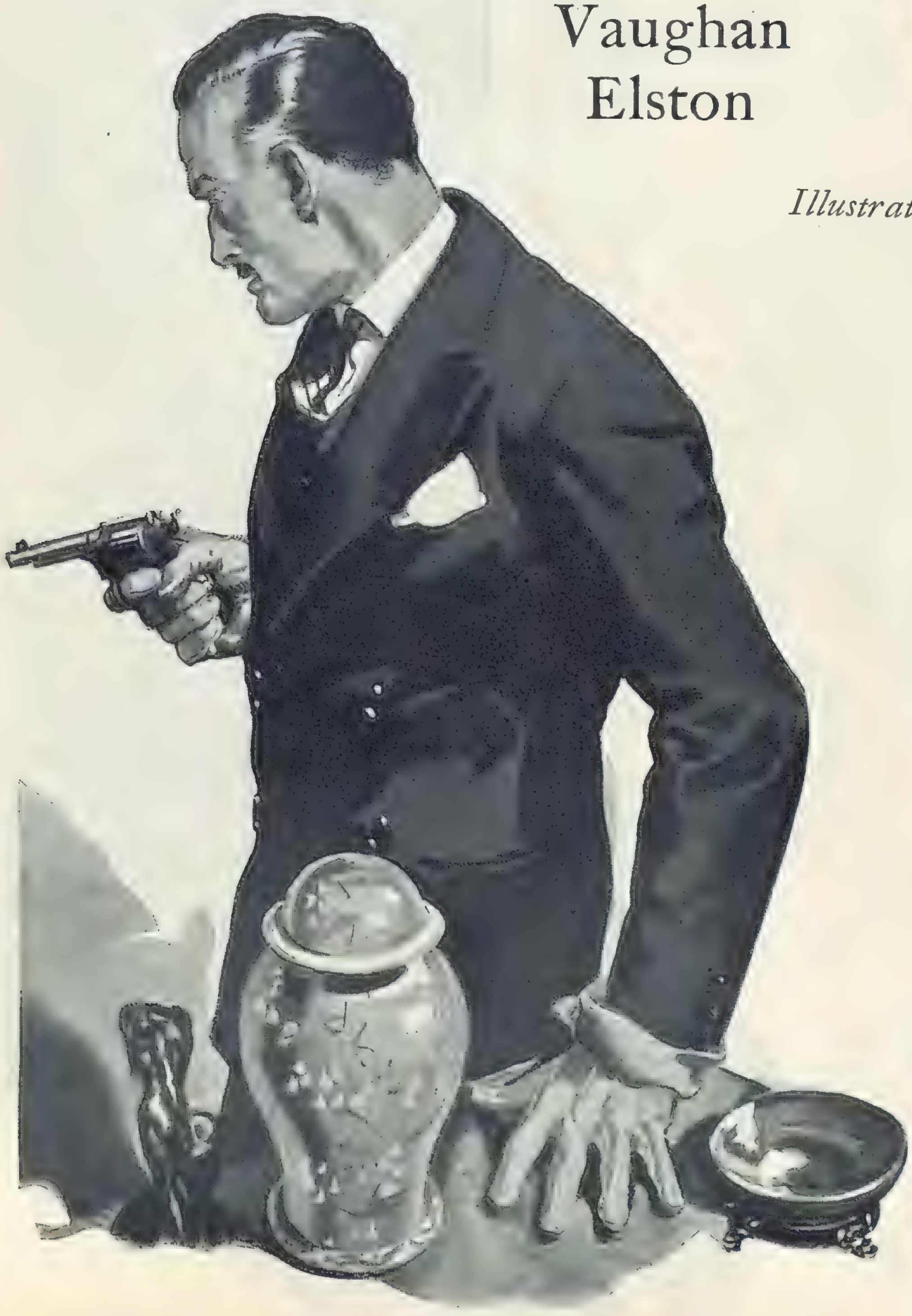
One False Move and the "Perfect Crime" is Easy Money for the Scales of Justice

By Allan Vaughan Elston



HE took the right hand and pressed it against the sheet of white paper

Illustrated by Clive Uptton



Paul Saxon fixed his discontented stare upon the dead convict. A Frenchman! The fact reminded Paul that Uncle Andrew for many years had been in the habit of spending the fall seasons in Paris.

"Too bad he didn't run across *you!*" Paul said bitterly to No. 77-89. "You might've put a knife in him. That would have fixed everything pretty."

The monkey in the palm seemed to chatter an applause; and slowly the vague threads of an idea came to Paul Saxon. It made no sense at first. Yet Paul turned it over and over, darkly, in his mind.

Finally he arose and went to the raft. Delving a hand into the pocket of the dead man's smock, he found but one article there. It was an old letter without envelope.

The letter, which was from a woman and in French, began: "*Mon chéri: Bien que la vaste mer nous sépare——*"

But Paul was able to translate all of it. It ran:—

> *My dearest,*
>
> *Although the wide sea separates us, I think of you always. Each weary hour I miss you so.*
>
> *Sometimes it seems only a bad dream that you have gone so far from me. Then I know it is true, and I cry. Each day I pray that you can get away, my dear one, and return to me in Paris.*
>
> *Yours, loving you,*
> *Colette.*

This thing might be used, thought Paul. A grim smile overspread his face. Uncle Andrew did not know this Colette, of course, but the fact couldn't be proved. He would surely and truthfully deny any connection with Colette; but Uncle Andrew was nevertheless known to be a gay bachelor, a *bon vivant,* especially during the seasons he spent in Paris. In Paris, in all of France, there must be thousands of Colettes. Evidently one of them was wife or sweetheart to No. 77-89. Paul Saxon, after wrapping the note carefully in his handkerchief, placed it in his own inside pocket. Then his wits quickened. He perfected details of a deep, insidious treachery.

He went to his shack and put on a pair of cotton gloves. He took a spade and picked up the battered Gladstone bag which contained his personal effects. With these he returned to the raft on the beach.

From the Gladstone bag he produced a sheet of white unused notepaper. Handling it with gloves, he laid it upon a palmetto leaf. The leaf he placed beside the dead man on the raft.

Then he took 77–89's right hand and pressed it against the sheet of white paper. The hand was unclean, the fingers smudged. Paul Saxon pressed the ball of the thumb and a forefinger to firm contact. Carefully he made prints on the paper.

Only the chattering ape saw this act of Saxon's.

The ape now saw him take the revolver and fit the grip of it into the dead man's hand.

When he was sure that 77–89's fingerprints were clearly on the butt of the gun, Paul wrapped the gun in a cloth and put it in the Gladstone bag.

Grimly he dug a hole under the mangroves and buried 77–89 for ever out of sight. With the corpse he buried also the prison blanket. The raft he burned on the beach.

At sundown, bag in hand, Paul Saxon walked into the port of Cayenne. A deputy warden had just arrived there by plane from St. Laurent. This deputy was posting in the market place a photograph and description of escaped convict 77–89.

The convict's name was Antoine Brousseau. Serving a life sentence, Brousseau had escaped by assaulting a guard. He was armed, the poster said, with the guard's revolver.

Paul Saxon carefully studied the poster, which gave both a frontal view and a profile of Antoine Brousseau. Indubitably here was the man he had buried under the mangroves.

But Paul Saxon chose to say nothing about it. Instead he strolled down to the waterfront, on the look out for a passage to New York.

"WELL, bless me! Home again, Paul? I'd begun to think you'd deserted me for good." Andrew Saxon, a slim, moustached man with a ruddy face and crinkly hair parted in the middle, laid aside his novel and stood up. He extended a hearty hand.

Paul Saxon, although as battered as the Gladstone bag he carried, entered the room with assurance. He knew now that a certain little affair down in Miami, wherein a policeman had suffered a broken head, had blown over.

"Hello, Uncle Andrew," he greeted. "What about a drink?"

Andrew Saxon rang a bell. And Riggsby, who for many years had been the only servant in this big old house, appeared promptly.

"Paul's home," Andrew announced. "And he wants a drink."

Riggsby bowed to the prodigal. "Happy to see you back, sir."

"His room's in order, I presume?" Andrew asked. Although he rarely used it, a room was always kept for Paul at this house, here in the Flatbush district of Brooklyn.

Riggsby brought whisky for the nephew, Burgundy for the uncle. Paul took his own potion with an impatient gulp. Andrew sat down and sipped with the relish of a connoisseur.

"Shall I take your bag up, sir?" Riggsby inquired.

Remembering what was in the bag, Paul flushed guiltily. But the bag was locked; so there was no risk of Riggsby looking into it. "Take it along, Riggsby," he said.

In the privacy of his room that evening, Paul opened the bag. He made sure that the Claire *model d'ordonnance* of eight millimetres calibre was still there, and that the fingerprints of Antoine Brousseau were still upon it. No reason why it couldn't be preserved indefinitely, thought Paul. Carefully he rewrapped the weapon in a cotton cloth.

Also he took precautions to preserve the prints which were on a sheet of otherwise unused notepaper.

His third advantage, Paul reflected, would preserve itself. That was the natural belief of French authorities on both sides of the Atlantic that Antoine Brousseau was now alive and at large. Definitely they must so believe, since the man had not been found or recaptured.

Everything was ready. But discretion dictated a delay, Paul realised, lest his own return and an apparent threat from Brousseau should seem too coincident. The hazard of waiting was that Andrew Saxon might decide to get married. And a widow in the picture would spoil everything.

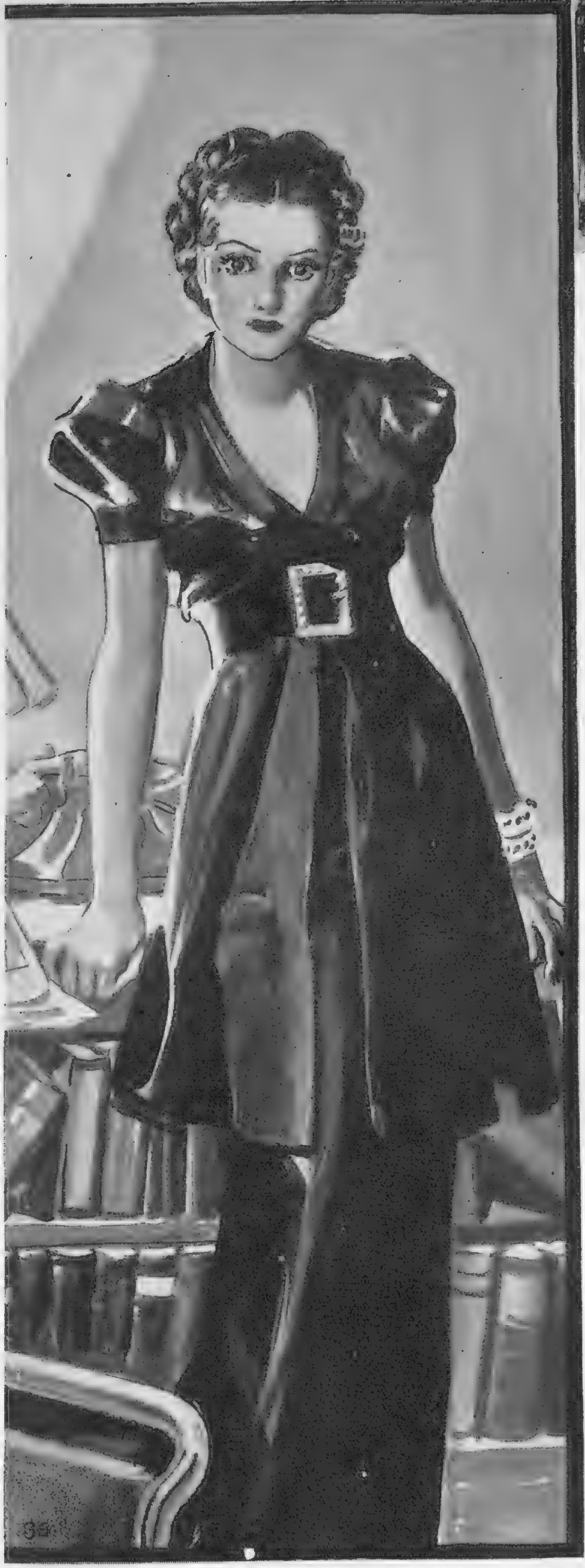
Paul nevertheless forced himself to mark time. His allowance came due and he made himself presentable. Also he took pains to be affable at all contacts. He even went through the motions of looking for a job.

Actually, instead of looking for a job, he was locating a typewriter to which no suspicion could attach. He found one in the deserted sample room of a West Side hotel.

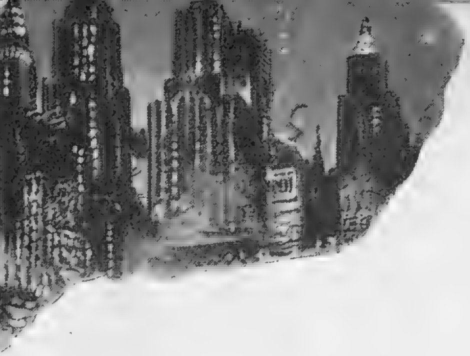
Into this machine Paul inserted the sheet which was smudged by the fingers of Antoine Brousseau. He typed a note in French. Translated, it read:

> *Have I not warned you to stay away from Colette? Perhaps it is that you think I am put safe away where I cannot reach you. But no, I am*

Le Matin
CLIVE UPTTON



"YOU wrote that?" Archie was furious. "And you have the nerve to admit it! What do you mean by writing a letter like that to a Good Time Charlie from New York "



free again, monsieur. And Antoine Brousseau does not forget.

On a plain envelope Paul typed the Flatbush address of Andrew Saxon. Within this he sealed the French note. Later he mailed it at a post box in the Latin quarter of New York.

Riggsby brought it in on a tray the next morning, while Paul was playing chess in the library with his uncle.

Andrew Saxon, after he had opened the envelope, stared in astonishment at the enclosure. He could read French readily. Paul saw him glance again at the address to be sure it wasn't a mistake. Twice he read through the message itself.

His florid face, at first puzzled, became annoyed. "Confound it! What's it about, anyway? This fellow must have me confused with someone else. Look."

Paul took the note but professed to be unable to read parts of it. Andrew translated it aloud, with Riggsby still in the room.

"Well, who's Colette?" Paul asked. His face was a mask, but his left eyelid drooped slightly for the benefit of Riggsby. Riggsby always had attended his master abroad and therefore must be well aware that he had mingled in many gay sets.

"How would I know?" Andrew protested impatiently. "It's a damned mystery, I tell you; and I don't like mysteries either."

Paul said nothing. But his tongue found his cheek as he glanced again toward the servant.

"Bring me a glass of wine, Riggsby," Andrew said, and read the note again.

"Never had a run-in with this Brousseau over in Paris, did you?" Paul asked innocently.

"Of course not. I never heard of the fellow."

Andrew continued to fret over the note. When the wine came he asked: "What do *you* make of it, Riggsby?"

"It sounds like someone with a grudge, sir," Riggsby said.

"A grudge! But dammit, I don't know this Frenchman! Or his woman Colette."

"Naturally not, sir," Riggsby said quickly. "But since it has the tone of a threat, it might be well to turn it over to the police."

The suggestion relieved Paul. He had been afraid he would need to offer it himself.

"Very well, Riggsby," Andrew said. "Call up Captain Hogan at the precinct station and ask him if he has time to drop in."

Captain Elias Hogan had plenty of time to drop in upon the wealthiest taxpayer in his precinct, and especially upon one with a wine cellar like Andrew Saxon's.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asked, as Andrew handed him the French note.

Saxon translated.

Inevitable questions came from Hogan. Had Mr. Saxon travelled frequently in France? Did he know a Frenchman named Brousseau? A woman named Colette?

All bringing indignant denials from Andrew Saxon. Saxon's face was brick-red now. He pounded the table, protesting vigorously.

Paul said nothing. He merely sat there watching Hogan. Hogan, a big grey man with a spade jaw, was extremely deferent. Yet a certain worldly-wise reserve in his expression convinced Paul that he was taking the protests with a grain of salt.

Then Hogan gave an intent study to the note itself. "There's some fingerprints on this sheet," he said. "If you don't mind, I'll take it down to headquarters for a check. And I'll ask if anyone named Brousseau just got sprung out of jail."

After a round of liquid refreshment, Captain Hogan left with the note. But a few hours later he returned in a grimmer attitude.

"This Brousseau has no police record in New York," he reported. "But I took a chance and called up the French Consulate. Asked them if they knew anything about a French criminal named Antoine Brousseau."

"And do they?" Andrew Saxon inquired anxiously.

"They do. Those birds at the consulate naturally read the Paris papers, and they remembered seeing a recent mention of the name. So they looked it up. Turns out that an Antoine Brousseau escaped about two months ago from St. Laurent, on the Guiana coast. A life-termer. He jumped a guard and got away with

(*Continued on page* 113)

SPRING WELL-BEING

The year is on the turn.

I heard a thrush sing in the catkin-dripping woods the other day. Startling as a thunder-clap, his notes shattered the silence of the glade, growing louder and stronger until they over-topped and broke in a cadence of joy.

Yes, the year is on the turn, so shake yourself out of mid-winter lethargy, cast off the gloom of 'flu and bronchitis, and leap forward to renew yourself with the earth. Don't tell me most of the earth creatures are sleeping, for the dormouse rushes out on a mild day to find and nibble a tiny shoot of thistle or dandelion. You, too, should nibble dandelion.

Meanwhile, for those who are town-dwellers, here is the recipe for a vegetable brew which clears catarrh from the system and purifies the blood:

Place 4 oz. potato peelings, 4 oz. turnip or carrot tops, 4 oz. carrots, 4 oz. turnips, 4 oz. outer lettuce leaves, 4 oz. celery, one large onion and four cloves in a lidded casserole. Bring to the boil; simmer for 6 hours; strain and pour off. No pepper, no salt. Fresh water can then be poured on the vegetables, which will make three sets of brew.

A pint should be drunk mid-way between breakfast and lunch, or an hour before supper.

As you are now bent on body-building, cast a critical eye over your daily menu and see that these items always appear in it:

6 *oz. cabbage, or of onions, or of carrots (the latter preferably raw and grated);*
6 *oz. celery, or raisins or apples;*
2 *oz. cream or some other cheese;*
2 *oz. liquid cream;*
1 *pint of milk;*
1 *oz. butter, half a loaf of wholemeal bread;*
6 *oz. of either fish or meat—roast, steamed or grilled;*
One egg a day.

This is a light diet. You can add to it in quantity of fruit and vegetables, but it would be a pity to unbalance it with too much starch.

Water is of the utmost importance, and at least five pints should be drunk daily, one before breakfast, and one subsequently between all meals. Water is eliminated so quickly from the system that drinking it will not take away your desire for either tea or cocktails, and nothing can come near it for cleansing the blood, removing acidity and regulating body-functioning.

Exercise comes next, and as necessary as outdoor walking is body-friction. Five minutes with a loofah in your warm bath, wringing the loofah first in warm, then in tepid, and finally in cold water. And five minutes first thing in the morning in front of an open window, bravely stripped, and vigorously slapping yourself from the chest down to your ankles, bending with your knees straight.

You will soon start to be a Sandow after that, especially if you follow it up by standing on your toes, bringing each knee sharply up to your chest, or swinging each foot up behind to kick your back.

This effectively breaks up any acid deposits that may be forming in hip or knee joints. It is also just as well to swing your arms like windmills for the same reason, and roll your head down, up and round.

Then try to fit in at least half an hour's walk a day.

It will make all the difference to your night's sleep.

"Six hours for a man, seven hours for a woman, and eight hours for a fool" used to be the old sleep slogan. But that was spoken before the advent of machinery; and now at least eight hours' light and dreamless sleep is essential to everyone. This can be obtained by having wide-open windows, a warm bed and a duly exercised body, *as long as you deliberately banish all business and budget problems and disputes from your mind the moment you start to undress.*

Rhythmic deep breathing before an open window before you jump into bed, if you are feeling stoical, and further rhythmic breathing in bed, will effectively close your eyes within ten minutes of your head touching the pillow.

Ever heard of persimmons? These are a tropical fruit of moderate price, common in February. They stimulate the stomach if taken before a meal; act on kidneys and bladder if eaten over-ripe and frozen; are good for jaundice and help a swollen liver, if mashed and whipped up with cream; clear the blood if eaten when half tender and half hard; clear the intestinal track when soft and tender. The skin should always be removed.

Two eggs beaten up raw with orange juice provide a lightning restorative in cases of exhaustion.

Beat the whites of two eggs to foam and add the juice of half a lemon, for a sustaining drink after a bilious attack or severe nausea. If chives are finely chopped and added, this short drink will act as a blood-purifier.

The beaten yolk of an egg should be taken for an inflamed throat or stomach.

Prepare soft-boiled eggs in the following way: Pour a pint of boiling water on the egg and stand the saucepan for three minutes on the side of the fire. When eggs are boiled, poached or fried at a heat of 200 degrees Fahrenheit, as happens most of the time, they are indigestible.

By Chrysis

FLATTERING NEW MAKE-UP

It is foolish to think we can treat our faces in February as we do in May. Yet how many of us make any change between Winter and Summer make-up?

We all have a change in food and clothes. But the powder and rouge we used last September, or even last July, are still on our dressing-tables, despite the fact that temperature, conditions and skies are now entirely different.

The result is that few women look the orchids they should in February, that difficult month. We must learn to match our faces to the weather's mood. Elizabeth Arden, foremost beauty specialist, has remedies. I give you her way to Good Looks.

NU-SKIN SALVE is for skins that have become thick, clogged, patchy, brown-stained, and generally unradiant. You will not be able to stand more than two minutes of it the first time. Slip some Orange skin-food over a clean face and apply the salve.

Straightway your cheeks will begin to tingle as the blood rushes along passages that have become definitely sluggish and almost disused; the skin tissues come to life again.

It will flush and renew the under-skin system, for the salve contains a most *active vitaliser*.

Remove with Orange skin-food and muscle-oil as soon as the tingling becomes uncomfortable, pat in Ardena skin-tonic and make-up.

You will be looking *young*—you will bloom. Try it on some night when you wish to charm, or before a party.

AN IRISH MOSS MASK is a fifteen-minute treatment, also recommended before a party, for fine skins that have lost colour and tone.

Spread the preparation over a clean face and lie down. The miracle-working property in the Irish Moss will do the rest for you.

When you take it off at the end of a quarter of an hour you will find your face contours lifted, puffiness under the eyes and all lines will have vanished.

FOR LIPS. Keep them pouting and soft by applying pomade blanche under your lipstick; or over your lipstick if shiny lips are becoming to you.

EYES. An eyebath with Arden's eye lotion—slightly diluted with warm water—takes away that bloodshot wind-struck look, also any sign of strain or fatigue. This eye lotion is constantly used by Imperial Airway pilots. It is not only refreshing, but eye-strengthening and helps to prevent puckering and crow's-feet.

CHEEKS. Bizette, an exciting new rouge, is a straight blood-red and no nonsense. And it suits everyone, blonde, brunette, mouse, red-head, because it was matched to blood. The result is pleasing and human, not orange. A real warm, live flush is produced, which looks equally well on lips, cheeks and nails. This rouge cannot turn blue. What is more, it will disguise a blue face.

It will be seen to best advantage on cheeks and lips if used over a Rose-rachel foundation, the warm colour for wintry days.

Rose-rachel Ultra-amoretta for dry skins; Rose-rachel Lille de France for normal skins; Rose-rachel Lille Lotion for the oily skin are the specially prepared winter emollient foundations that promote a natural bloom on the face instead of forming an artificial paste that could be scraped off the cheeks as make-up.

HANDS are of the first importance. Taut, skinny red claws must be avoided. Rub in Hand-O-Tonik after washing. It is non-sticky and will give you the dimpled white hands of youth.

NAILS are apt to grow brittle and become ridged. Buff in Nail-O-Tonik and also massage this round the cuticle; it will feed the nail and make it grow out firm and strong.

ADMONITION. No face can benefit during harsh temperatures by a harsher scrub with soap and water. Besides, gas fires, electric fires and central heating are so drying. It is a case of cream to clean, cream to feed, cream to protect. Then more cream.

Do this bedtime routine. Cream to float off the dirt, a vigorous patting-in of skin-tonic to close the pores, a film of protective skin-food. This should be Orange skin-food in the case of heavy skins, and Velva Cream for thin skins that can only assimilate a thin cream. A cotton-wool sponge of skin-tonic in the morning will find you looking so pleasant you will insist on meeting people at breakfast.

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me, with stamped envelope, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Woman's Talk

Once I invented something that every woman had been waiting for since short hair began. It was The Perfect Night Hair Net.

My idea was a hair-coloured net skull-cap, cut to mould the head and hug the hair line, with two long back ends, which crossed, wound round and tied in front. Its purpose was to keep every hair in place, never to slip, to be comfortable, to look attractive. All these functions it fulfilled for me admirably.

I intended this idea to make my fortune. Some day. Well, one way and another—you know how it is—I never got down to doing anything definite.

And now it's too late. Somebody else thought of it too. It was like meeting an old friend to discover an almost identical net at Fortnum and Mason's, selling at 5s. 6d., in white, peach, all pastels. They have gone one better too. Theirs is perfumed. I still think it is a good idea. But I've given up being an inventor.

Next time your husband lays down knife and fork and says, "Toughest steak I've ever had—more like old boots," don't look hurt. Look learned. Say: "Meat is tough because of the amount of connective tissue or fibre it contains, called in scientific language collagen."

He should have a glazed look in his eyes by now. So follow up with "After this week (or day, or month) there'll never be tough meat in this house. Our butcher's getting a Molcarn."

He will probably think a Molcarn is a new kind of animal, tender when cooked. So you explain that it is a thing they thought of at Smithfield for making meat tender, a sort of brush-head of 600 sharp knives which are hand-levered down upon the meat, severing and expanding the fibres, tendering them without impairing the meat's consistency or appearance.

After that, I think you may relax, and be the little woman again.

It must have been about seven years ago that I went to New York and back in my summer holiday. You can do it in eighteen days, if you are crazy too.

However, it was a grand holiday. And on my return I was able to talk with affectionate familiarity of the sky-line, Harlem, the champagne air, the coffee, the taxi-drivers' cheek, the Empire State Building, the hospitality, the cheap stockings, the working girls' chic.

But the thing which lasted long beyond my holiday was a neat little nickel container of Dorothy Gray's mascara, which, up to that date, was the best I had tried.

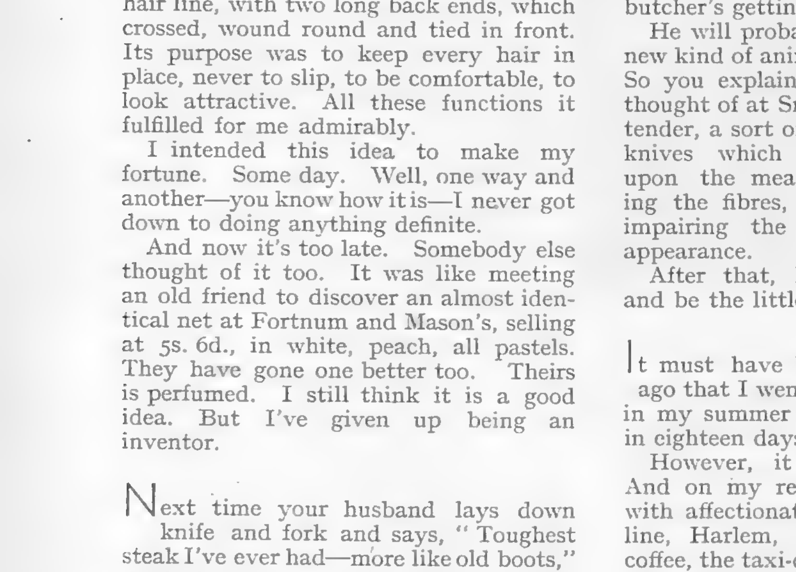
So I got quite a kick when I saw in Harrods a group of the new, to England, Dorothy Gray preparations. They have given my skin a kick too. They are marvellous.

There are two routines, the 1–2–3 Facial, the 1–2–3 Make-up, each covering three basic preparations. The Astringent Cream, a foundation, is quite special. It stays smooth and unruffled through the day.

The one thing I want to make my life complete, apart from that Rolls and those emeralds, is an electric dinner wagon with a hot-cupboard and a hot-plate.

I have yearned after them when I've seen them in dining-rooms of country pubs, and thought that they ought to be supplied for ordinary homes. Now they are, by Bertram Thomas of Victoria Street.

It would be no ordinary home, however, where the dinner could wait, indefinitely, without spoiling, and without losing the cook.



They look egg-shell fragile. Actually, they are leather strong. Cellophane handbags and belt made by Anna De Wolkoff

Perhaps you thought cellophane was just a wrapper-upper. You were wrong. Take a look at the belt and evening bags in the photograph (left). Yes, they are cellophane. They look egg-shell fragile. Actually, they are leather strong.

The one in the foreground is trimmed and lined with white and gold satin. Catching the light, it goes mother-of-pearl. The other is cellophane, backed with a sort of gunmetal mauve. The belt is cellophane and petersham ribbon.

Remind me to tell you some time the story of the origin of cellophane—no room now.

Mr. G. Howard Hodge, of 711, Fifth Avenue, New York, makes hats. Hodge hats—or, as they call them, Millinery Modes—are famed throughout America, Canada, Australia. Now it is England's turn. Mr. Hodge showed some in London the other day, with five of the Dorchester cuties modelling them. Mr. Hodge is a very nice man,

By JEAN BURNUP

Jean Burnup

and some of his hats are very nice hats indeed—particularly a fetching little white, red and green affair made of a really beautiful Swiss braid and silk jersey. Others were, perhaps, a shade too Hollywoodish. A whole lot of stars on and off the screen wear Hodge's Millinery Modes.

What I simply cannot keep to myself is the printed announcement that we were handed about these hats. It is over-long, so all I can share with you is a tasty sample or two.

"We sponsor style thoughts of myriad variety with silhouettes of will-o-wisp subtlety. . . Large brims divinely graceful for flattering coquetry. . . Stately silhouettes for Mature Allure. . . Piquant shallow crowns with the daintiness of an old miniature for beauty in the afternoons . . . Intricate worked crowns that suggest worldly sophistication for the cosmopolite . . . Bogota Berets of deft pattern for those who command attention."

That ought to give you something to think about when you buy a new hat.

Margaret Vyner, a luscious blonde mannequin who was modelling for Hartnell last autumn and before that for Patou in Paris, has just got herself a film job. You'll see her soon in the B.I.P. film "Sensation."

To me, she looks like real star material. Certainly, she is already acquiring a film-star technique outside the studios. It doesn't take long.

At a recent Hartnell dress show she walked in as a client, a sensational three-quarters of an hour late, wearing a *silver fox coat,* no less.

The models slunk by her in Hartnell silver foxes, in Hartnell silks and velvets, smiling sweetly at their late colleague, who smiled sweetly back.

Well, well. Film work is nice work if you can get it.

I know a young girl with looks and grace whose name, poor child, is Armistice. Yes, she was born November 11, 1918. Her elder brother, born during the war, is called Kitchener.

Quite likely those people who did this sort of thing to their poor kids will come out in red, white and blue this year. Can't we stop them somehow? Let's tell them the King won't mind if they don't. There is going to be so much red, white and blue everywhere else.

Meanwhile the British Colour Council have sponsored the colours for Coronation year. There's Coronation Red, Coronation Blue, Coronation Green, Coronation Gold—I knew them before as crimson, apple green, royal blue and gold.

They also offer you Marlborough Blue (pale forget-me-not), Holyrood Green (a light pastel with blue in it), Buckingham Lilac (on the cyclamen side) and St. James's Rose (a faded rose pink).

★ ★ FILM STAR CORNER ★ ★

Marlene Dietrich

Kay Francis

Sylvia Sidney

The arrival of Marlene Dietrich at the Leicester Square Cinema for the première of her picture, "The Garden of Allah," was too good to be true.

Outside, the police kept shrieking mobs back. Inside, before the picture began, the band of H.M. Scots Guards, in uniform, played Gilbert and Sullivan, stopping in the middle of a phrase to burst into a triumphant piece of Handel as Marlene swept down the aisle, with Doug junior holding up the long train of her fantastic evening coat—white, smothered in red foxes—husband and Constance Collier following.

When the party settled in their seats the band stopped Handel, and went back to G. and S.

Then we had an hour and a half of the remote and mysterious Miss Dietrich, wandering through the desert with wide eyes and a half smile, and wearing beautiful flowing, Alix-like clothes.

Afterwards she sat at supper with young Doug, husband, Randolph Churchill, Jo Sternberg, and Korda coming over to kissa de hand.

With the removal of her incredible coat, away went her big act of aloofness, mystery and unattainable beauty. In a white chiffon dress, she looked young and gay and vivacious, almost like good fun.

Kay Francis, one of Hollywood's best dressers—some say *the*—told me she is not at all interested in that part of her reputation. Yet she talked clothes with enthusiasm, though she has little to say that everyone hasn't said before, such as the importance of line, colour, simplicity, and accenting your own personality.

She wears much green and black for day, and for evenings green, black, white, silver, grey. In Hollywood, tailored pyjamas most of the time. Suits for the street. She seldom has occasion or desire to wear afternoon clothes. She has seven fur coats, including her pride, an unborn lamb.

She is the only elegant film star I've met who uses almost no make-up. A faint dust of powder and lipstick only, no foundation, nothing on the eyes. And she needs none. She is a good-looking woman with gorgeous legs, hands, feet and figure. She just can't quite say her *r*'s and, best dresser or no, I couldn't like her hat.

I like the shirt-waisty feeling about the tailored clothes Sylvia Sidney wears in "Sabotage," the film she made over here for Gaumont. Nothing could suit her so well. A little three-piece is particularly worth remembering as the sort of practical suit that never dates yet always looks current coin.

There's a brown crêpe shirt, buttoning to the throat under a double turn-down collar, a straight brown tweed skirt, and a hip-length fitting jacket of brown and white Cumberland tweed, with slightly squared shoulders, wide lapels and large patch pockets.

And thank you, Miss Sidney, for clinging to your short tailored coiffure which so becomes you, and is such a change from the long thick mop which so many screen gals affect.

WROUGHT IRON ELEGANCE

Set of fire-irons from Country Industries. £1 7s. 6d.

Wrought-iron lamp base, painted off white

Wrought-iron dog boot-scraper

A wrought-iron gate opening on to a lavender-flanked brick path

This is to introduce you to the charm and elegance of hand-forged wrought iron, and the many uses to which it may be put. It is essentially a craft that no machine has yet been able to supplant; although in these days of acetylene and electric welding the work is often imitated.

The craft itself is a very old one. The craftsman does all the work with hammer, fire, anvil and vice, the same implements as those used hundreds of years ago.

The work lends itself extremely well to all types of modern homes, as wrought iron is a perfect medium for simplicity and austerity, and looks equally well in a large house or a small cottage.

Wrought iron can make the base of standard lamps, table lamps, wall brackets and table legs. It can be painted to harmonise with the colour scheme of the room, but the craftsman usually prefers it to be left black.

A wrought-iron firescreen is elegant enough to put in front of an empty fireplace in summer; and in winter the backing of spark-proof gauze makes a practical guard for carpets and rugs.

To furnish the fireplace and grate further, there is an astonishing choice of innumerable fire-irons, pokers, tongs, and shovels, exact reproductions of the old ones used hundreds of years ago.

Interior gates made of wrought iron are an attractive form of decoration. So is the wrought-iron door to an existing cupboard backed with opaque glass and lighted from within.

The same idea may be carried out with a front door. Better still, when there are two doors, the inside one may be of wrought iron and glass.

Wrought-iron door knockers, knobs, finger-plates, hinges, catches, and house signs are to be found in many interesting shapes.

A wrought-iron garden gate looks equally good in a new or old brick wall, and makes an exquisite frame for some glimpse of garden loveliness.

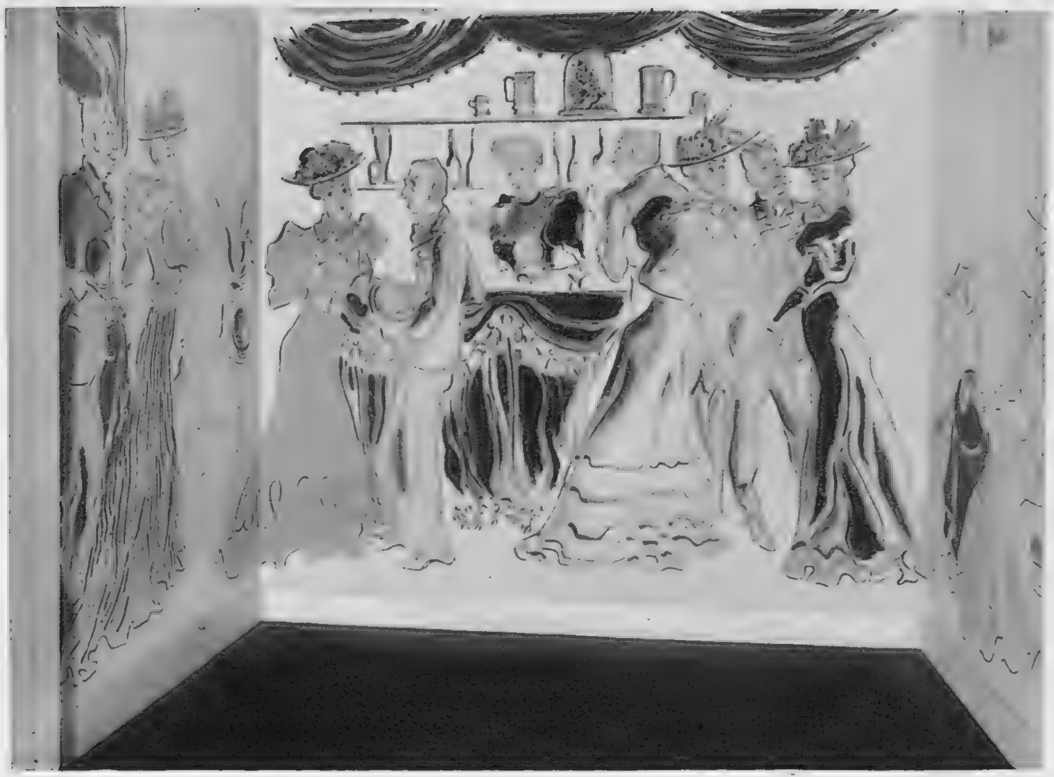
Balustrades to stone steps, the palings of dazzling white terraces, with matching sham shutters on the adjacent house, may all have the exquisite finish of iron curiously wrought, just as you see them in Austria and Spain.

All manner of delightful devices can be used for weather-vanes, well-heads, house signs, and lily-pond ornaments, any one of which helps to make the garden beautiful. Your name may be wrought into the design, or a special date that you wish to commemorate.

For thirteen and sixpence you may have the likeness of your pet dog for a boot-scraper. A terrier and Aberdeen make excellent sentinels standing either side of the front door.

Go to the wrought-iron craftsman with your suggestions and designs. He will carry them out for you.

J. A.



THE PAINTING ON THE WALLS

By Baseden Butt

Occasionally, you see a room which, although skilfully decorated and charmingly furnished, seems to lack personality.

In nine cases out of ten, what is really wanted in a room of this sort is a picture, perhaps pictures.

After some years of bare walls, people seem to be getting anxious to have pictorial detail in their rooms. In consequence, there is a renewed and widespread fashion for mural paintings.

If well and suitably done, these can be almost unsurpassed for giving charm and decorative interest to a modern interior.

The new murals show several characteristics which distinguish them from those of the past periods. That kind of realism which makes you feel that, instead of a wall, you are looking at a real panorama is no longer considered suitable for interior decoration. Instead, you get the most delicate and lovely murals which decorate rooms without disguising them.

Some of the most successful modern murals are executed almost in monochrome; others are in two or three of the lightest and most delicate colours possible.

If mural decorations are to look their best in modern rooms, the chief necessities are that the work must not obtrude itself too strongly on one's notice, that it must be decoratively suited to the room and designed to suit specific areas of wall or panelling, and that the design must be sufficiently formalised to suggest rhythm.

Within these limitations an astonishing variety is possible. Your walls may show poetical interpretations of incidents from Greek mythology. . . . A few skilful brush strokes may bring to life the naughty 'nineties . . . . A fantasy of flowers and butterflies' wings may decorate a boudoir. . . . Quaint representations may symbolise favourite cocktails for the bar.

It is sometimes more effective, if the painting is restricted to one or at most two of the important parts of the room—for example, the chimney-breast and the opposite wall.

One important advantage with the new murals is that they are executed in media which are able to withstand being washed repeatedly.

For the bathroom there are waterproof paints which resist the deleterious effects of condensation. In some instances decorations are done in washable waterproof inks, and more frequently in oil paints and oil-bound distempers.

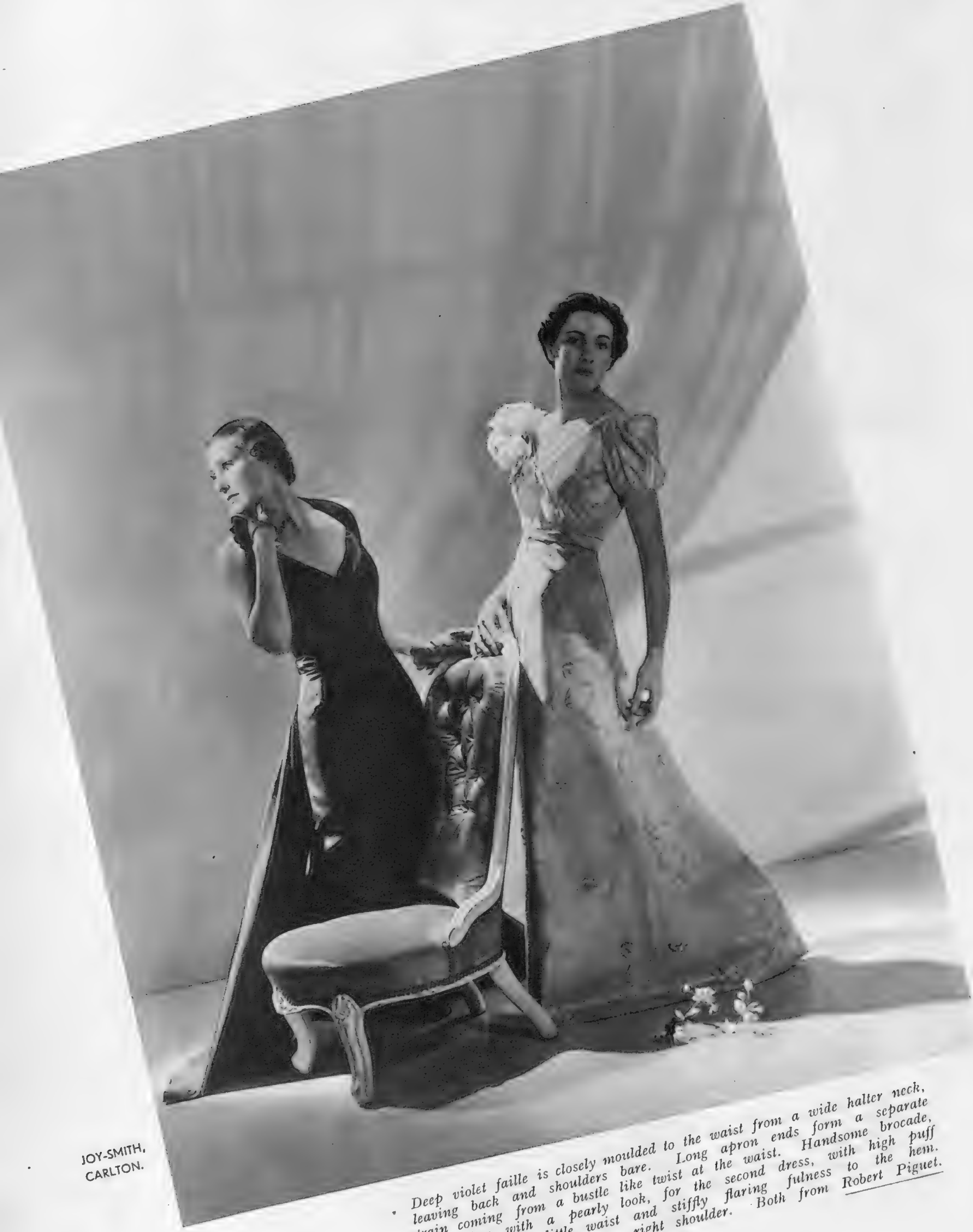
They can also be applied to almost any type of wall, even those finished with distemper or plain wall-paper.

Top of the page: An Edwardian scene makes a lively and decorative mural for a cocktail bar

Above: The panelled drawing-room of an eighteenth-century house enriched with murals

Left: This bathroom mural by Henry Farmer shows a fanciful representation of the bed of the ocean

FASHIONS: BY JEAN BURNUP



JOY-SMITH,
CARLTON.

Deep violet faille is closely moulded to the waist from a wide halter neck, leaving back and shoulders bare. Long apron ends form a separate train coming from a bustle like twist at the waist. Handsome brocade, lime-yellow, with a pearly look, for the second dress, with high puff sleeves, a dear little waist and stiffly flaring fulness to the hem. Two large flowers on the right shoulder. Both from Robert Piguet.

EDITOR, WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

The sky is the limit to the glitter that is going on in clothes just now. You never saw such a riot of spangles and sequins, such profusion of pailettes, such an outpouring of gold. And all as brightly, as multi-coloured, as the glass seen in a kaleidoscopic shake-up.

Jewels, bugles, beads, gold thread, metal, is being embroidered on to clothes as fast as the embroiderers can do it. Embroiderers are scarce. There has been little demand for them lately, and the skilled ones have drifted into other branches of dressmaking. Now couturiers are ransacking Paris and London for them.

Hartnell, who showed two glorious Coronation outfits, one sewn all over with pearls, advertised for a hundred embroiderers. Received seven applications.

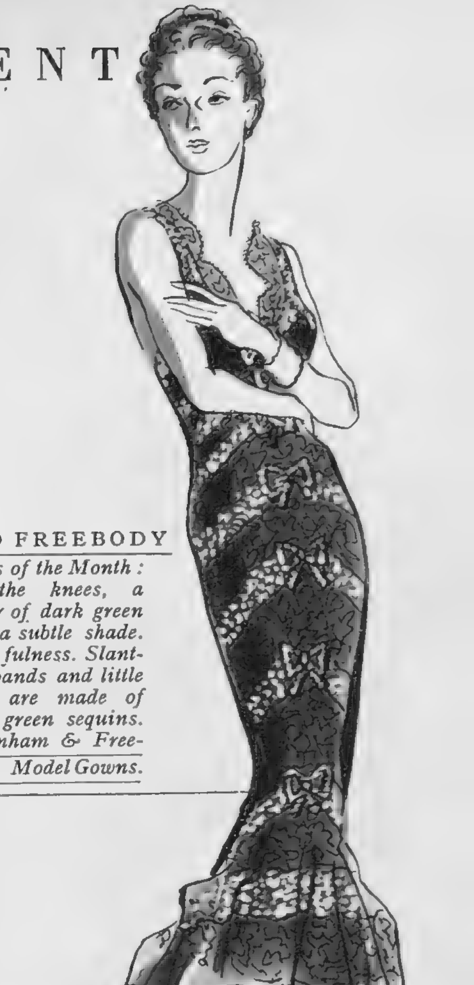
Schiaparelli makes the entire front of a sleeveless evening jacket blaze with gold thread and clusters of amethyst pailettes. Puts shoulders and a dipping yolk line of solid gold pailettes on to a dark blue tweed military cape.

Robert Piguet (who opened in Grosvenor Street at the end of last year with a breath-taking collection of evening clothes) has a little sleeveless evening jacket of multi-coloured spangles to enhance a royal blue, square-necked, puff-sleeved dress. On a black cloth fitting evening coat, pink spangles are embroidered in a large pattern. A serpent of glistening jet goes round the high waist of a pale yellow cloth Empire gown (a dress of your dreams, if I ever saw one). A black net dress swings to fulness, weighted with an all-over design of gold sequins. Stop me, somebody, else I'll fill this page with Piguet.

There are other things, of course, besides all this gleaming splendour. Stiff-looking, full-skirted, romantic dresses of brocade and silky furnishing damask. A lot of faille and artificial jersey. Lace, net and tulle, naturally. Chiffon coming back again.

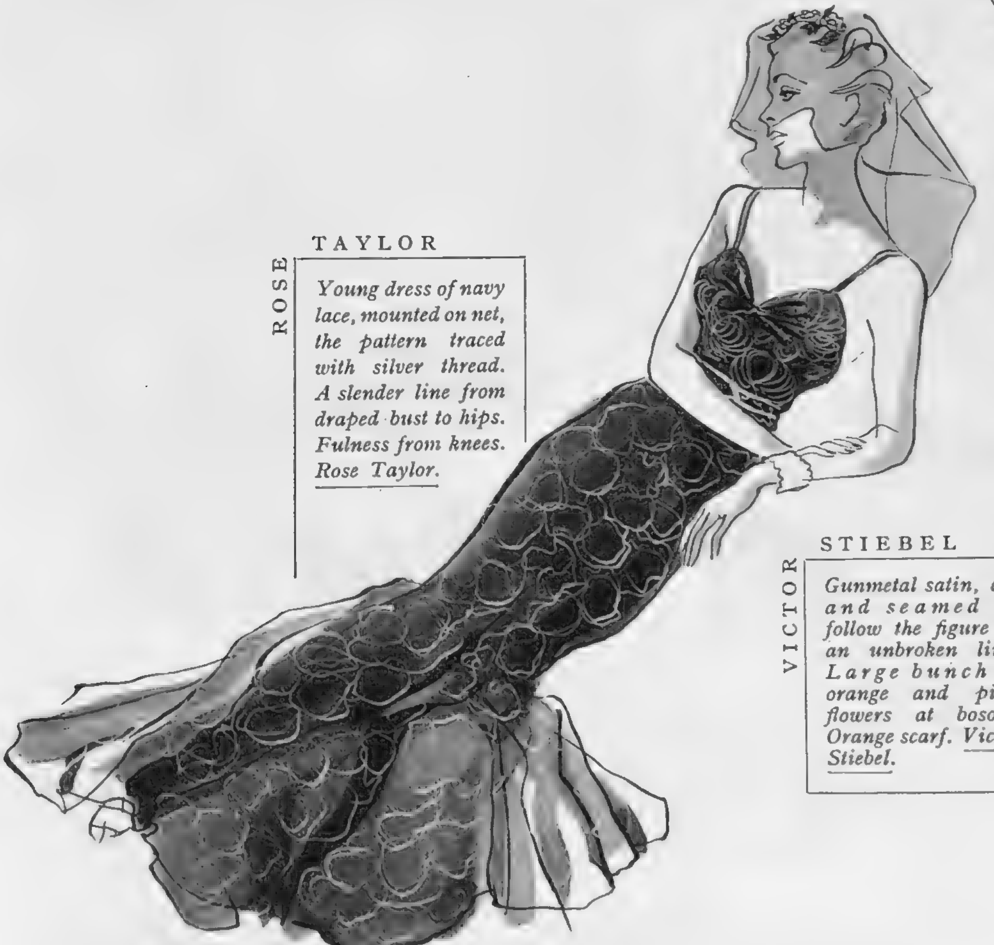
Many skirts are full. Breasts are outlined high so that the line moulds closely above the waist. Squared front necklines have wide shoulder bands, running wide to the waist at back.

Day clothes are easy going, quiet. Exaggerated swing is dying. Tunics are out, except where they are formed by the three-quarter coat of a suit or two-piece. Fur, fox, nutria, any of the flat furs trims the little jackets which go over beltless, straight, high-throated dresses. (*Contd. on page* 96)



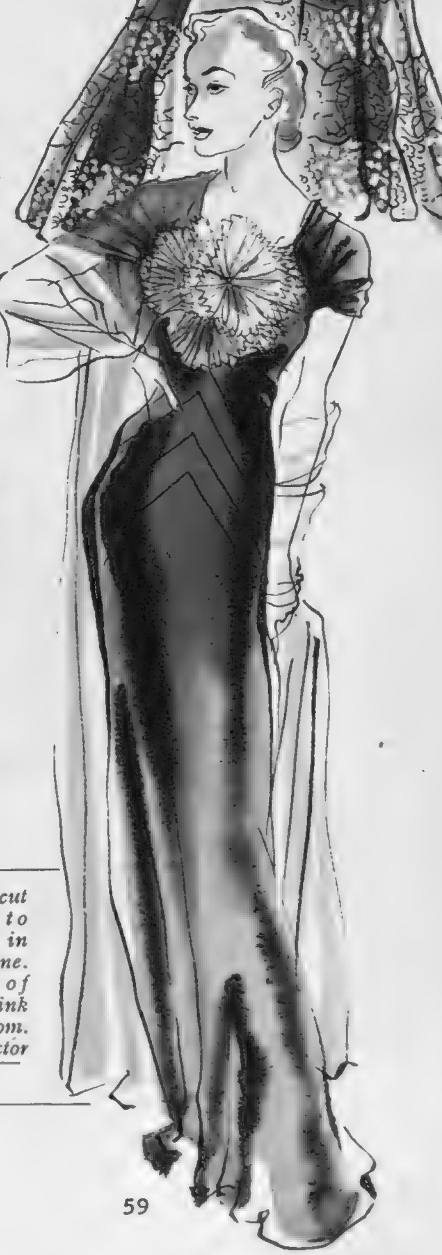
DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

Dress of the Month: To the knees, a pillar of dark green lace, a subtle shade. Then fulness. Slanting bands and little bows are made of light green sequins. Debenham & Freebody. Model Gowns.



ROSE TAYLOR

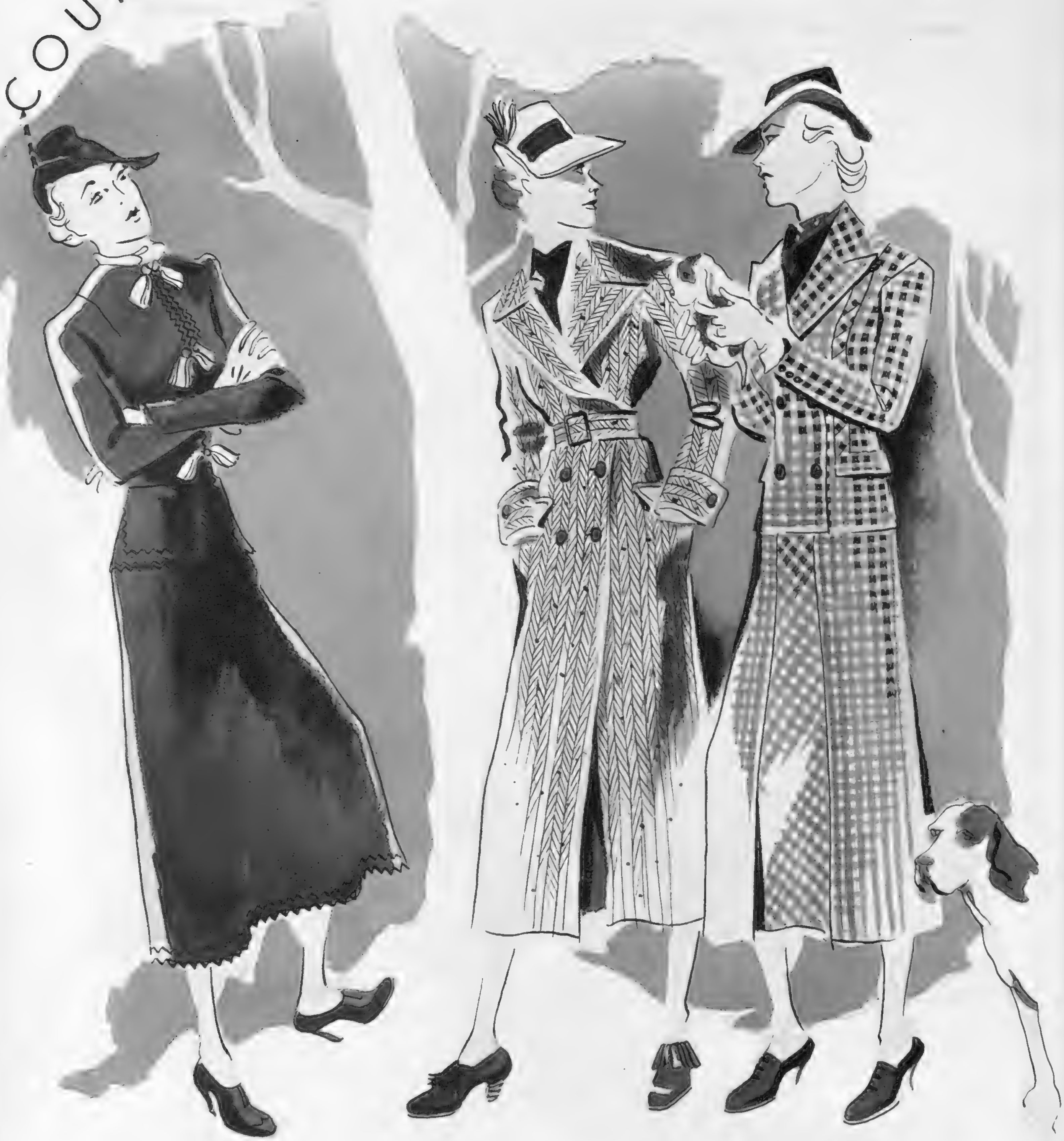
Young dress of navy lace, mounted on net, the pattern traced with silver thread. A slender line from draped bust to hips. Fulness from knees. Rose Taylor.



VICTOR STIEBEL

Gunmetal satin, cut and seamed to follow the figure in an unbroken line. Large bunch of orange and pink flowers at bosom. Orange scarf. Victor Stiebel.

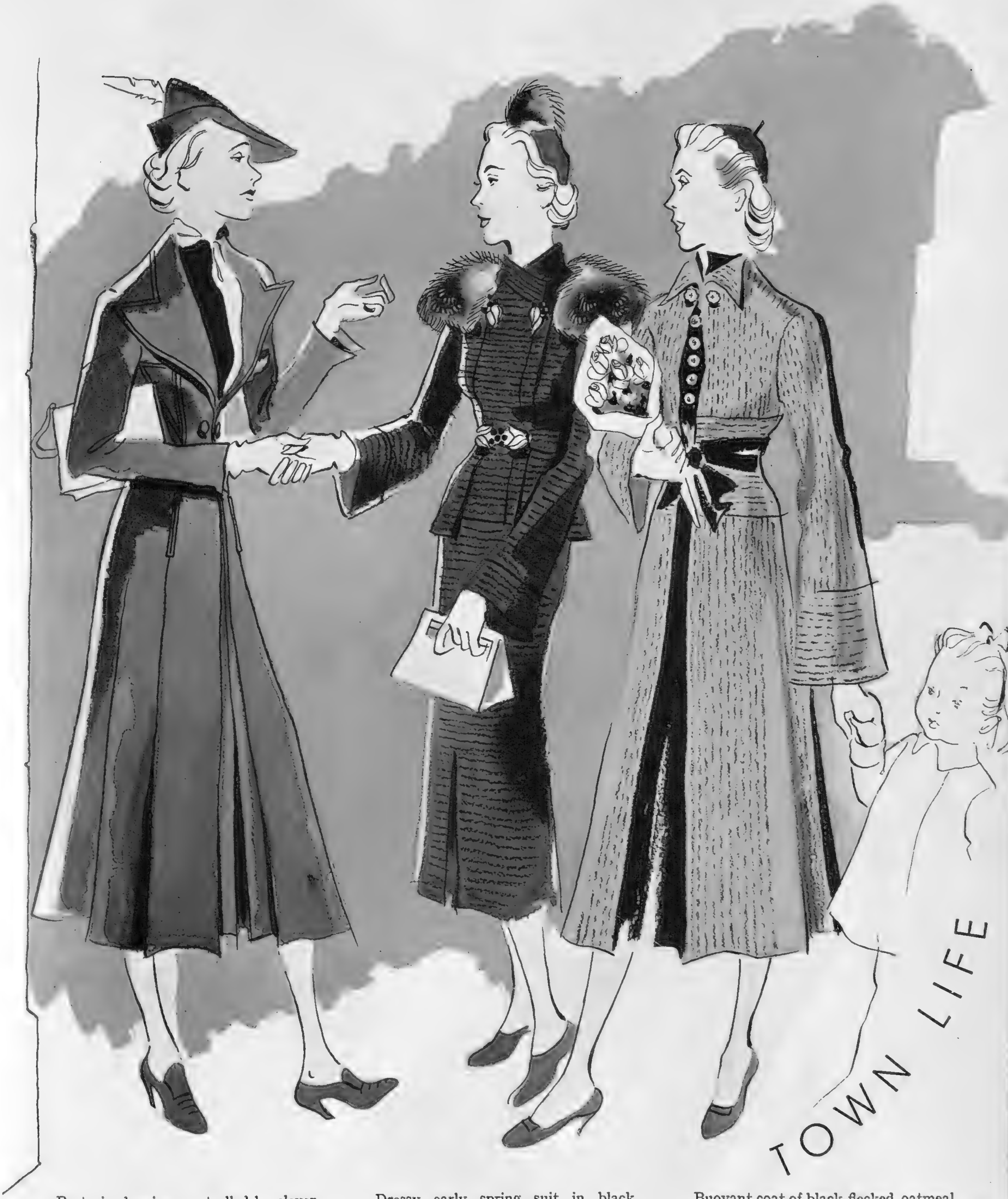
COUNTRY LIFE



Black woollen suit, with double pinking at pockets, fronts and hems. Green woollen tassells link-fasten the jacket. The skirt flares lightly, the jacket fits the waist, a scarf tacks in the round neck. *Jaeger.*

Casual country or travel coat of herring-bone tweed, beige ground with red and green flecks. Horn buttons. Good big collar. Carefully tailored to look casual. *Studd and Millington.*

Check tweed suit in dark red and stone. The double-fronted fitting coat has wide revers, flap pockets. The skirt has cross-cut panels front and back, making inverted box pleats. *Studd and Millington.*

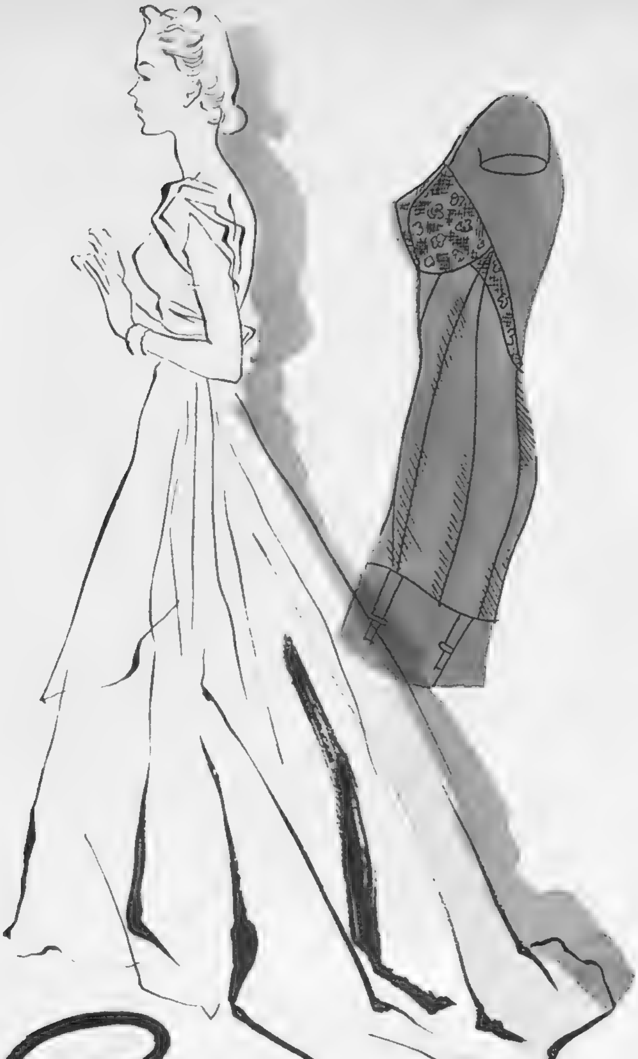


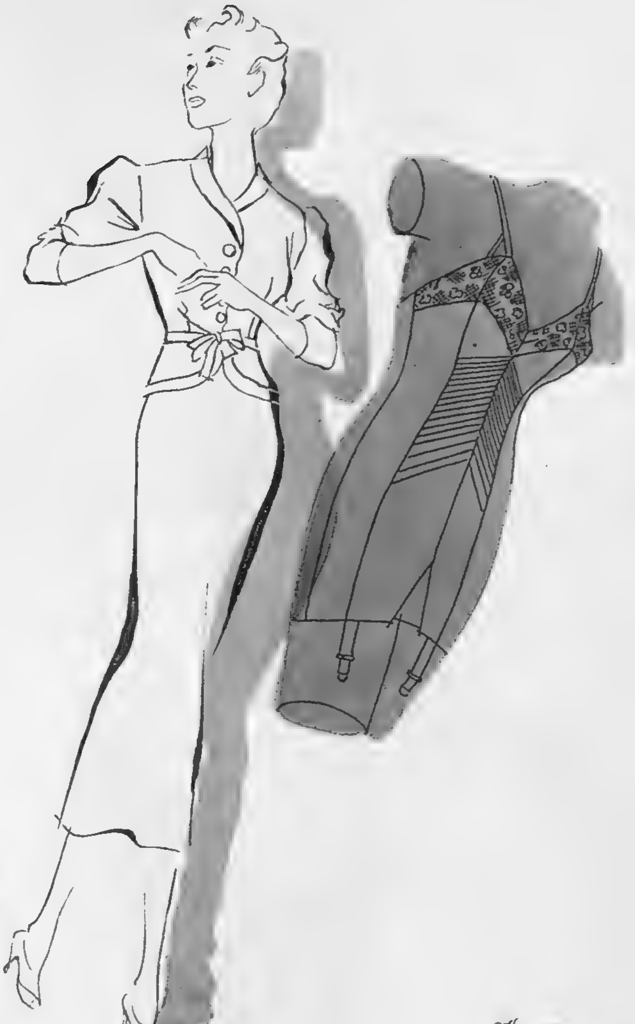
Restrained swing, controlled by clever seams and pleats gives personality to a high-waisted coat of Air Force blue woollen, with wide revers and squared shoulders. There is a matching skirt. *Corot.*

Dressy early spring suit in black novelty ribbed woollen. The Clasp of green currants and oxidised leaves, is echoed in the clips above. Shoulder pieces of rich silver fox. *Debenham and Freebody, Model gowns.*

Buoyant coat of black flecked oatmeal tweed with a new collar and a grand line. Worn over a black woollen frock with daisy buttons. The frock's belt ties twice round the coat's waist. *Corot.*

Fifty years





# of Corsets

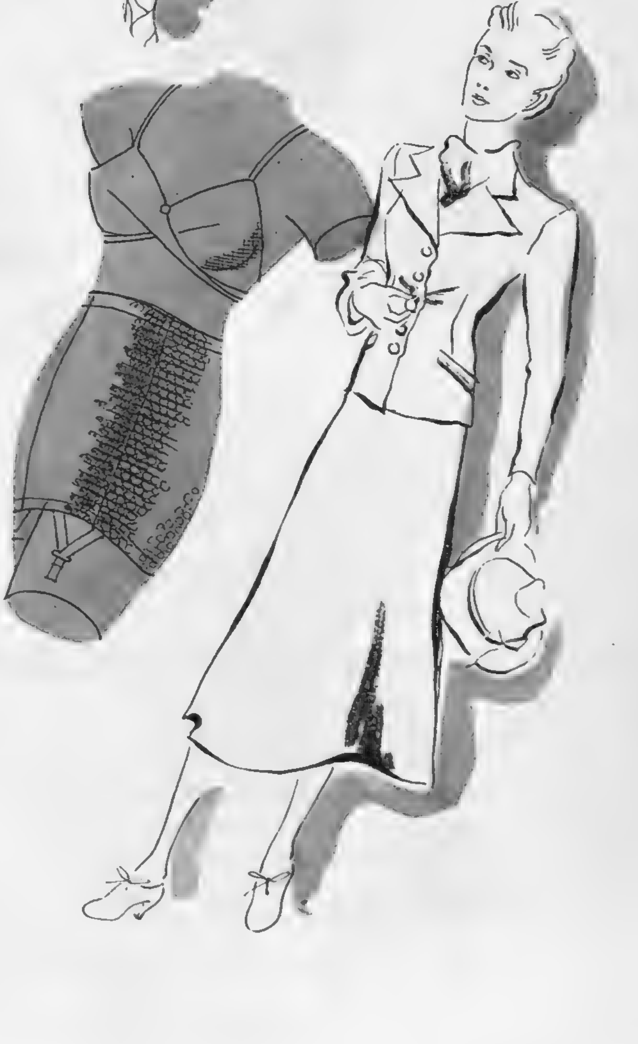
WE can laugh at the funny corsets of yesterday, at the maid tight-lacing her mistress. That sort of nonsense is away behind us. But were they so absurd as all that ? We wonder when we see the grand carriage and poise of some elderly ladies who tight-laced as young girls.

The one danger of the modern movement towards corset freedom has been too much corset freedom. In their passion for comfort at all costs, women have been inclined to let their figures flop. Plenty of women wearing inadequate belts and corsets to-day) are going to regret it presently. There is no need for discomfort now or regrets later, when, by wearing proper foundations, you can have both comfort and control.

Take these three garments on this page. The evening model is a lovely-looking step-in controlette, a miracle of uplift, support, comfort. It is silk satin with controlastic panels, a lace uplift bust, a side hook. The low back and low front can turn in still lower, if your dress desires it. There isn't a bone to its name, but your diaphragm, hips and stomach seem to be ironed out into beautiful curving lines.

Read much the same for the day model, whose front view you see. This is in Batiste, with controlastic panels, and a high defined bust of embroidered net. A low back. *Both from Berlei.*

The sleek little girdle for sports—slim gals can wear it all the time—is made of washable large-meshed elastic net woven with lastex yarn, light as a feather, strong as the Navy. You can wear it beneath a bathing suit. It is perfect for the tropics. Believe us, it never slips, even when worn without suspenders. The brassière is fine peach gauze with non-slip shoulder-straps. *Both from Scandale.*



THE PERFECT SERVANT

By LOUISA KAY

Can always be helpful when you have mislaid your best stockings or your husband's dress studs, but does *not* reveal a working knowledge of the intimate contents of your most secret drawer.

Never sulks, but states her grievance frankly and without emotion, thus assisting towards a friendly understanding.

Occupies evenings at home quite cheerfully and bears no resemblance to a woman undergoing solitary confinement.

When essential, can fend off the man who calls for a donation for the hospital without jeopardising your reputation as a free-hearted member of the community.

Never serves your breakfast toast with the blackened side downwards.

Cheerful, but cannot sing. If she can, you have had no opportunity of discovering it.

Preserves a nice detachment from your personal affairs without irritating you by her indifference.

Adapts herself tactfully when the need for economies arise, but does not patronise you for your lack of wealth.

Never sniffs when you suggest second quality butter, or remind you that her former mistress put *eight* eggs in the cake.

Is uncommunicative about the personal affairs of her last employer, thus reassuring you of your own fate when she leaves.

Takes a pride in keeping the house immaculate, but doesn't follow you with a warning eye in case you should make free with your own home.

Can scrub the floor without splashing dirty water on the walls, and clean the door-knocker without smarming metal polish on the paint.

Does not regard it as a personal affront if you remark that the bacon is salt.

Is particular about personal tidiness and can present a neat appearance at the front door even if she is blacking the stove.

Keeps an eye on supplies and warns you to order more coal before she has carried up the last scuttle.

Rises cheerfully, but does not fill the house with exuberant good spirits before your usual rising time.

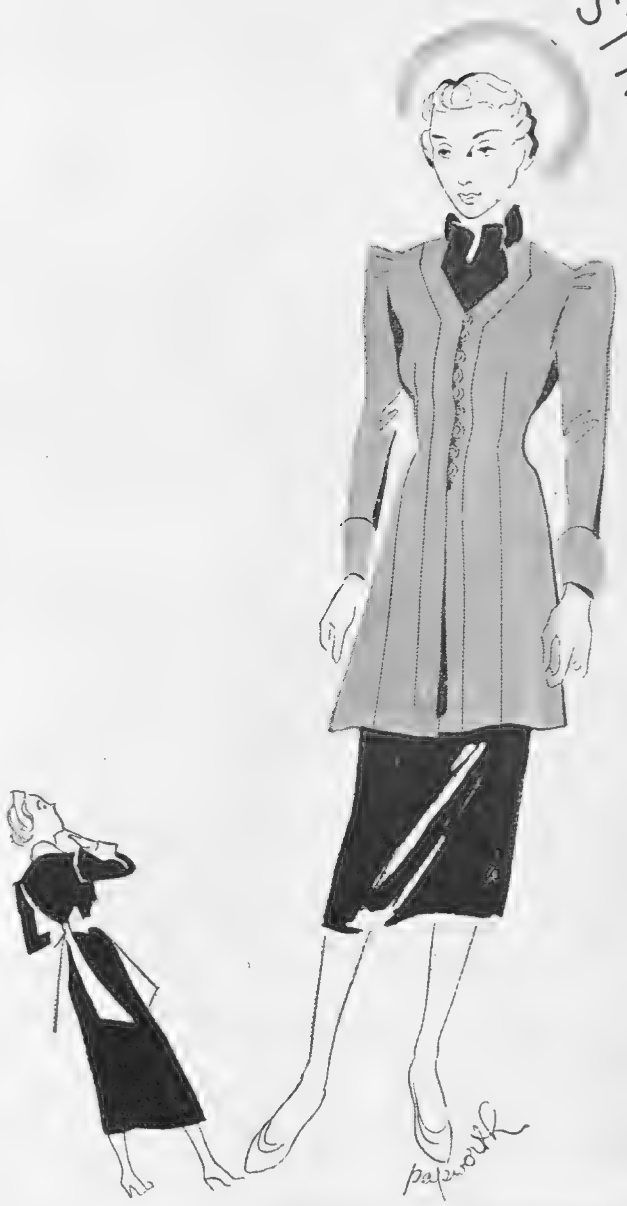
Answers the telephone intelligently, and discriminates between the people to whom you are always at home and those who need handling.

Can be trusted to appreciate any favours you bestow, such as entertaining her young man in the kitchen, without taking subsequent advantage of your good nature.

Is cheerful but not exuberant; tactful without smothering you with diplomacy; helpful but never prying; reasonably content with her job, not "doing it to oblige"; establishes herself as a happy and indispensable member of the household, with the ability to efface herself at times for your mutual comfort.

THE PERFECT MISTRESS

To be perfect servant or perfect mistress you need not have a monopoly of what are usually considered servant or mistress virtues. On the contrary, a few ordinary faults on either side stress your ability and your humanity. It is not suggested that the few practical qualifications detailed below are a literal expression of perfection in servant or mistress, for we could have filled the magazine with such examples. They are meant to be indicative of the spirit which should underlie that character. Your conscience will tell you if you do truly come into either category.



Has, above all things, the capacity to reverse a situation and to imagine herself in the girl's shoes.

Can be friendly and companionable without sacrificing that indefinable quality known as leadership.

Knows what she wants and knows how to ask for it without doing the "Major-General."

Having once established a system and got it working, is generous enough to give the girl freedom to use initiative without petty interference.

Carries authority graciously instead of working it like a favourite toy.

Makes allowances for human nature: realises that she is employing a woman, not a Robot.

Shows sympathetic interest in the girl's affairs, but does not mistake authority as a mistress for the right to manage her private life.

Is decently regardful of the girl's personal dignity. Always reserves criticisms until they are alone.

Does not expect more service than an average, willing human being can render in an average day. Appreciates little personal services, but does not appear to expect them.

Would not ask the girl to do anything that she could not happily do herself, such as skinning a rabbit or drawing a fowl.

Makes up her mind that the girl can be trusted and then trusts her. Does not assume an air of suspicion immediately her gloves are mislaid.

Enforces upon younger members of the household an attitude of respectful kindliness to the servant. Will never countenance "showing off" by the young master.

Only criticises her husband's untidiness before the maid if she is prepared to countenance reasonable impatience from her too.

Never waits until the morning of her afternoon off before changing the day.

Does not, in any case, lightly interfere with established outings unless some good need arises.

When engaging a maid, frankly outlines her duties and does not later add services not previously mentioned.

Offers discarded apparel without patronising, and on seeing it in use refrains from remarking "That was always an ugly dress."

Is human and tolerant, yet dignified and infinitely deserving of respect; is ready to recognise human failings as such, and realises that the relationship between mistress and maid should be one of fine understanding between women meeting the same problems; always remembers that "Service" is one of the finest of human ideals.

COMFORT ON TAP

IT happens to most of us that, having gone to trouble and expense to instal some new kind of apparatus in the house, we find that something more efficient, more up to date, is brought to our notice.

If modern labour-saving devices have a disadvantage, it is that they improve too fast. No sooner has one indulged in some luxurious apparatus—the final word in ingenuity—when a new thing crops up and one is left with a rather washed-up feeling of being behindhand after all.

Progress is too fast to allow the average person to keep abreast of all improvements in connection with household apparatus, but we can keep informed of what developments occur, so that when the opportunity comes the new apparatus we buy is the finest and most recent of the many that are offered.

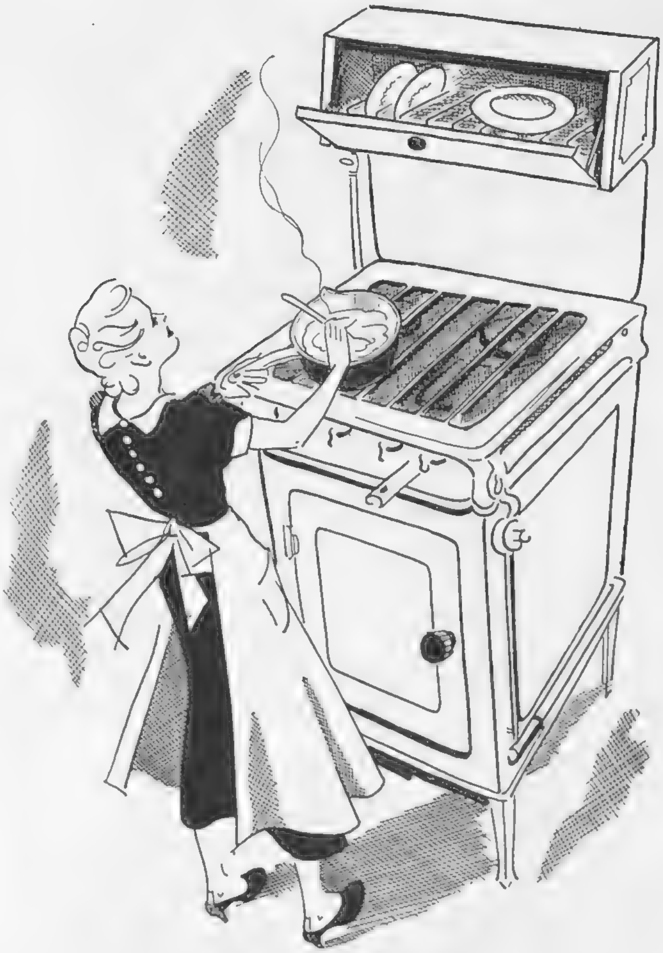
So here is news of more recent gas-operated cooking and heating appliances for those who are ready to make a change.

Among gas cookers perhaps one of the most ingenious is the new Main Sussex cooker. This model, in the now familiar dapple enamel finish, is fitted with a Cooking Control.

This, as everyone knows, controls the temperature of the oven automatically, and, more important still, automatically ensures that only the exact minimum quantity of gas is used to maintain the required temperature.

The most recent improvement to the Main Sussex cooker, and the best cooker idea in years, is the Hot Closet.

This Closet, which is constructed with cast-iron end frames and sheet-metal body, occupies the position in which the plate rack is generally found.



The Main Sussex Gas Cooker has a Hot Closet in which plates and food can be kept warm for hours with a minimum use of gas

The exterior is finished in vitreous enamel and there is a drop-front door. Inside, the Hot Closet is also finished in black vitreous enamel, and is supplied with a loose removable grid to hold eleven plates.

The Closet is heated by a luminous burner of very small gas consumption, costing, roughly, a penny for five hours' heating.

Plates and dishes can be kept warm in this Closet, and food can be kept at a warm temperature for hours at a time without danger of spoiling.

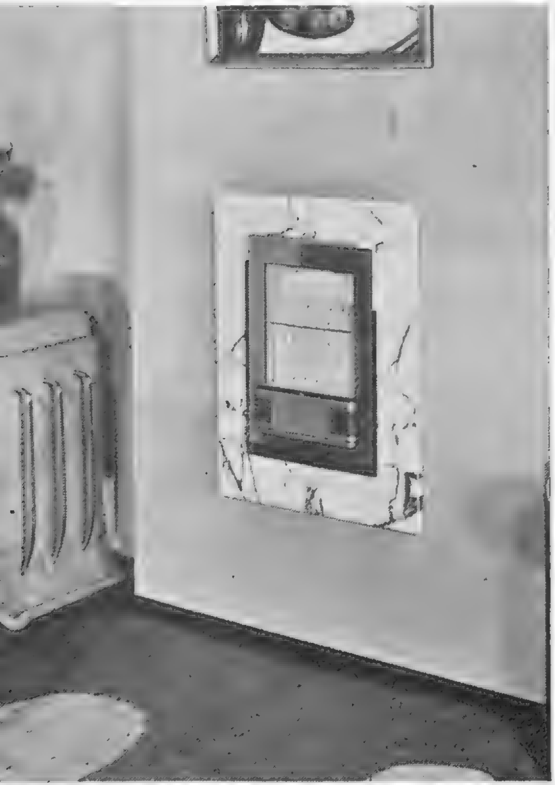
IN cases where, for any reason, the Hot Closet cannot be fixed over the gas cooker, there is a Wall-Fixing type of similar design which can be screwed to the kitchen wall and merely attached to the cooker by a slender gas pipe.

The Wall-Fixing type of Hot Closet can be had from £2 15s. and the Plate-Rack Fixing type from £3 12s. 6d.

Gas fires continue to improve both in appearance and in the quality of the heat they give. We illustrate the Panamain Panel gas fire, which is one of the most up-to-date models obtainable.

This model adapts itself specially well to modern schemes of decoration. It fits flush to the wall and can be placed at any height above the floor level. No hearth is required and the gas connection is concealed, which is a point in its favour.

In best black finish, this fire costs 42s. 6d.; in any one of the varied Duotone colour finishes 55s., and in chromium-plated or electro-bronze finish 75s.



Panamain Panel Gas Fires have distinct character in each design. They fit flush to the wall at any chosen height above floor level.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

I had tried a new hairdresser. I had tried a new hair style. I had tried a new setting lotion. No good. My hair was drab.

My thoughts flew to dyes and brighteners and bleaches. Yet, somehow, I hesitated to take the plunge. Dyeing has a nasty final sound whichever way you spell it. Then Fate took me by the hand and led me to yet another hairdresser, who told me enthusiastically about his latest discovery: a shampoo that tints as it washes. Would madam try it? Madam did.

When I took a look at myself in the mirror afterwards, I found that Medium Mouse had given place to a dark lustrous brunette with unsuspected lights glimmering back at me.

Besides the henna shampoo there is one for blondes made with an infusion of camomile flowers, and a standard shampoo for normal hair irrespective of colour. To any woman whose hair is turning or is streaked with grey, these tinting shampoos should be a godsend.

And while we are on the beauty tack, I should like to remind the not-so-young woman, or the woman whose face has become prematurely lined, that this is the time of year when expression lines and puckers should be taken in hand.

Fine lines round the eyes and puckers round the mouth need a treatment that is distinct from the daily routine of cleansing, nourishing and toning.

Knowing that a little massage is a dangerous thing in unskilled hands, I hailed with joy a preparation that will do its work without any massage movements over the delicate tissue surrounding the eyes.

It is a curious kind of cream, like thick honey in colour and texture, but not in the least sticky. An infinitesimal amount is all that is necessary. Simply smooth it in with the finger-tips and leave on all night. Clean your skin well first.

Although primarily a night treatment, the cream is useful for putting on for half an hour before going out in the evening or at any time when the tissue surrounding the eyes looks crêpey and lined with fatigue.

Health, slimming and beauty experts tell us (and how they keep telling us) to drink plenty of water every day.

Now, if there is any flatter, staler-tasting drink than a glass of water, I have yet to meet it.

Supposing, then, I tell you that I can now turn on the tap and draw a glass of water as clear and sparkling as if I had dipped for it in a spring in the Welsh mountains, you would probably ask me if I had heard any other good stories lately. I have. Lots. But this is one of the best for us water-drinkers.

My discovery is an unassuming gadget that clips on to any tap and changes flat tap water back into its original sparkling self. Don't ask me how it works. Being a woman, I judge by results.

This little fitment, besides making water taste good, enriches it with oxygen and carbonic acid, both of which are necessary to health and good digestion. It costs 3s. 9d.

They say that a woman's face is as old as her feet, and certainly a pinching shoe or a corn can turn débutante into dowager.

My little trouble lately has been an ingrowing toe-nail. It made me feel a ripe fifty. However, I have now put paid to its activities by a very simple treatment, a solution that toughens the under layers of the nail so that it grows up straight instead of turning in on itself in that introspective mood that is so painful to its owner.

With the solution comes an applicator (a tiny gadget like an orange stick). After soaking the feet in warm water, apply the remedy. Then soak a wisp of cotton-wool in the solution and push it under the nail with the applicator. Renew every day for three days. Outfit complete, 1s. 6d.

Ordinary mortals like you and me consider ourselves lucky if, as the weather gets warmer and Nature's processes of adjustment get going, we escape an outcrop of pimples and blemishes.

After winter, pores are sluggish and cheat on their job if not roused. One of the best ways of stinging them back to activity is to give the skin a daily friction with a complexion glove. I have lately been trying out one that is impregnated with valuable stimulating and pore-cleansing properties.

Pay special attention to the skin round the chin and on the forehead or wherever the favourite hunting ground for your skin blemishes happens to be.

Regular use of the glove will get rid of the smaller breed of blackhead and scour out impurities, so that pimples have no chance to form.

It is a grand thing, too, for removing those tiny hairs that are too fine to treat with a depilatory. Price 1s. 6d.

A girl whose only beauty asset is a sweep of long dark eyelashes need never worry. They are about all she needs to put the most arrogant beauty off her course.

Ordinary lashed mortals try to improve matters by using eye cosmetic. Unfortunately some mascara is the reverse of stimulating to eyelash growth. And an abuse of it makes the lashes brittle.

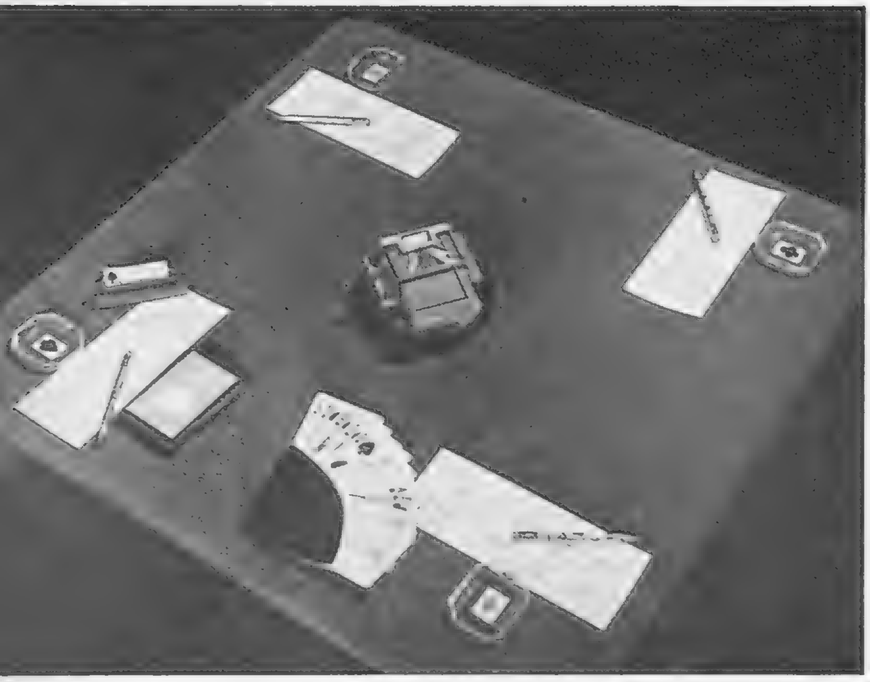
There is a new eye cosmetic, however, which helps to grow lashes, and in which you can have a good cry in complete comfort. The secret of this preparation is its basis of castor oil. In case this may surprise you, I assure you that as well as being a panacea for stomach troubles, castor oil is the finest thing out for growing hair. The castor oil helps to strengthen the roots; it also makes application easier and gives the lashes themselves a natural silky appearance.

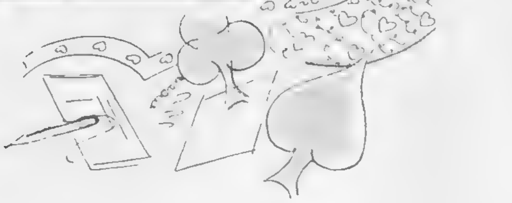
The cosmetic comes in a neat compact with mirror lid and brush.

BY MARY YOUNG

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me, enclosing stamped envelope, at Britannia & Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

BRIDGE PARTY





By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

One of the simplest and nicest ways of entertaining women is to give an afternoon bridge party.

Invitations are generally given by telephone, but if it is a big party, use cards.

If you are a bridge guest, reply promptly and don't cancel lightly, since this entertainment depends almost entirely on correct numbers. Also, arrive punctually so that the game can start on time.

When arranging the card-room, pay attention to space and warmth. Don't crowd the tables. In a large room extra radiators should be placed in the far corners, as the fire is so often closed in by the players nearest it.

Good lighting is another essential. Soft, subdued lights near the tables are much more effective than one central pendant.

The modern card table is most attractive—the Vono people make a beauty. The newer types of table, luxuriously fitted with ash trays and other etceteras, and covered with rich shades of velvet, go well with modern furnishings, and look good in any setting.

Bridge gadgets are varied and original. You see some of them in the above photograph. (Automatic dealer, five shillings; card holder, one and threepence; 100 score sheets, in case, two shillings; trump indicator, two and sixpence; four glass ashtrays, with bridge motifs, two and threepence. All from Selfridges.)

There are certain preliminaries which require careful handling. First of all, the hostess must see that players of equal skill are arranged at the same table.

This is not so essential when the game is progressive, as individual ability is not of the same importance. Serious contract, however, can prove most embarrassing and nerve-racking to the mediocre player who is partnered for several hours with an expert. The expert suffers too.

If your guests are not all known to each other, make introductions before the game begins. The stakes should also be arranged beforehand. If a simple ruling is made at the outset, it will avoid any embarrassment later. Prizes, when necessary, are a matter of taste, but anything ostentatious is best left alone.

The feature of the afternoon is tea—a break about 4 o'clock should be made for this. It may be served at the card tables or in the dining-room, according to the arrangements of the household.

On such an occasion the china and silver must look their sparkling best and the tea table linen immaculate. A finger-bowl of perfumed water, with a flower petal floating on top, and towels should be in readiness on a salver for the convenience of the guests when tea is over.

Serve Indian and China tea, with milk or lemon. Delicate original sandwiches are the best eats to offer. Rolled bread is a pleasant idea too. This can be made more interesting by the addition of an asparagus tip or a little fresh green cress.

To roll bread, it must first of all be buttered and cut into very thin slices. Remove crusts and place each slice on a damp cloth for about half an hour. Insert the filling, roll the bread up neatly, placing it on the plate with the seam down. This will keep it in roll, but if you have any difficulty, use a cherry stick to fix it.

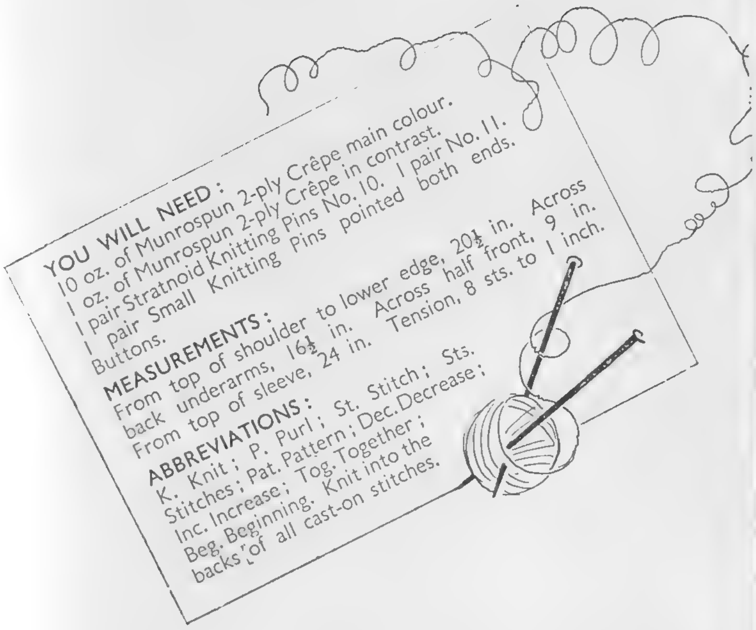
Sandwich butter is a nice filling. To prepare, beat butter to a cream in a warm basin and add a touch of celery or onion salt for flavour. Cress, anchovy essence or any tasty paste can be added. Olives, stoned and chopped, finely shredded celery, grated cheese or chopped egg may also be added to the butter and used as a spread.

Heavier fillings of fish and meat are not suitable for an afternoon tea. Fresh tomato, green salad and cream cheese with nuts are better.

The open-faced sandwich is gaining in popularity and can be made with rounds of bread, oval-shaped biscuits or fingers of pastry. A smooth seasoned butter is generally used, piped on with a rose tube and decorated on top with hard-boiled egg, chopped gherkin, nuts, olives or paprika.

An assortment of cakes nicely arranged on a platter looks attractive, but choose these for easy handling. A large variety can be made from a slab of Genoese pastry cut out with a sixpenny set of fancy cutters showing the card symbols.

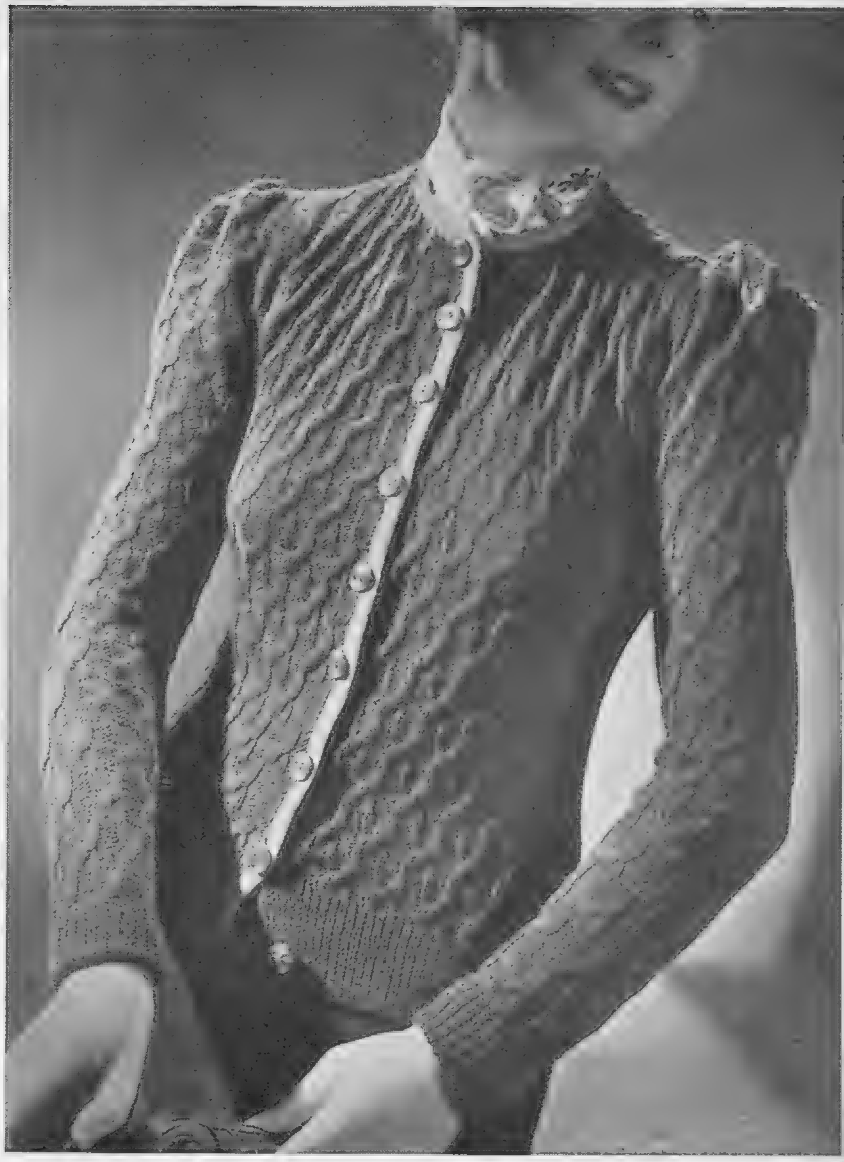
To make Genoese cakes, clarify three ounces of butter by heating it and straining it through muslin. Heat and sieve three ounces of flour. Whisk together four eggs and four ounces of castor (*Continued on page* 94)



YOU WILL NEED:
10 oz. of Munrospun 2-ply Crêpe main colour.
1 oz. of Munrospun 2-ply Crêpe in contrast.
1 pair Stratnoid Knitting Pins No. 10. 1 pair No. 11.
1 pair Small Knitting Pins pointed both ends.
Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:
From top of shoulder to lower edge, 20½ in. Across back underarms, 16½ in. Across half front, 9 in. From top of sleeve, 24 in. Tension, 8 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:
K. Knit; P. Purl; St. Stitch; Sts. Stitches; Pat. Pattern; Dec. Decrease; Inc. Increase; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning. Knit into the backs of all cast-on stitches.



A BRAND NEW STITCH

BACK:

With No. 11 pins cast on 120 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1, for 3 in. Knit 1 row, increasing in every 12th st. (130 sts. now). Purl back.

Change to No. 10 pins and following pattern:

1st row: * P. 4, K. 6; repeat from * to end.

2nd row: * P. 6, K. 4; repeat from * to end. Repeat rows 1 and 2 twice.

7th row: * P. 4, slip next 3 sts. on to double-pointed pin and drop to back of work. Knit next 3 sts., K. 3 sts. from double-pointed pin (to form cable). Repeat from * to end.

8th row: As 2nd. Repeat rows 1 and 2 twice.

13th row: K. 5, * P. 4, K. 6; repeat from * to last 5 sts., P. 5.

14th row: K. 5, * P. 6, K. 4; repeat from * to last 5 sts., P. 5. Repeat rows 13 and 14 twice.

19th row: K. 5, * P. 4, work cable, repeat from * to last 5 sts. P. 5.

20th row: As 14th. Repeat rows 13 and 14 twice.

These 24 rows form pat.

Work 10½ in.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Continue on remaining 110 sts. for 7 in.

SHAPE SHOULDER:

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 14 rows. Cast off remaining 40 sts.

RIGHT FRONT:

Cast on 80 sts. Work as for back until 13½ in.

SHAPE ARMHOLE:

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 5 armhole end rows. Work on remaining 70 sts. for 5 in.

SHAPE NECK:

Cast off 25 sts. at neck edge. Work 2 in., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 35 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER:

Cast off 5 sts. every armhole end row 7 times.

LEFT FRONT:

Cast on 90 sts. Work as for right front, keeping 10 sts. at front edge in garter st. and working armhole at opposite edge. Work 5 in. after armhole shaping.

SHAPE NECK:

Cast off 35 sts. at neck edge. Continue as for right front.

SLEEVES:

With No. 11 pins cast on 54 sts. Rib 3 in. in K. 1, P. 1, increasing on 1st and every 4th st. of last row only (68 sts.) Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of 1st row (70 sts.). Work one complete pattern. Then increase 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 100 sts. When sleeve measures 20 in. (including ribbing) decrease 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

BIND:

With No. 12 pins and red wool cast on 10 sts.

Work 35 in. stocking st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP:

Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves, lightly gathering at the top. Sew on bind and down right front, leaving spaces for buttons. Sew round neck and down left front. Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Sew on buttons.

The good-looking coat jumper above was knitted in the famous Munrospun 2-ply Crêpe wool, blue-green bound with red. Munro & Co. have a new knitting book, hot from the press, which no enthusiast should miss, it is so full of grand designs. Copies are available for "Britannia & Eve" readers on application to Munro & Co., Restalrig, Edinburgh, enclosing sixpence for packing and postage.

INTERESTING SWEETS

In spite of the fact that most English cooks have a very large repertory of Sweet dishes, there comes a day when you simply cannot think what to serve next. So, against that day, here are a few suggestions.

Banana Junket.

Two pints of milk.
Two teaspoonfuls of rennet.
Two bananas.
Sugar, nutmeg.

For the quantities of milk and rennet it is better to consult the label on the bottle of rennet you are using as they vary slightly, but for a junket for four people two bananas would be sufficient.

Peel and chop up the bananas, mash with a fork and go on beating them until you have a sort of thick cream. Put this at the bottom of the serving bowl and add the warm, sweetened milk in which you have put the rennet. Do this slowly, stirring very gently. Add grated nutmeg and put the junket to set in a cool place.

Chocolate Soufflé, without flour

Two tablespoonfuls of chocolate powder.
One tablespoonful of castor sugar.
One tablespoonful of cold water.
Three yolks of egg.
Six whites of egg.

A soufflé is not nearly so complicated to make as most people think, and this recipe is a particularly simple one, and rather unusual, as it contains no flour.

For four people take two tablespoonfuls of chocolate powder and melt it with a tablespoonful of water and a tablespoonful of castor sugar over the fire. Mix to a smooth paste, and while still hot stir in the yolks of three eggs. Allow to cool.

Meanwhile, beat to a very stiff froth the whites of six eggs. Add these little by little to the chocolate and yolks, mixing all well together. Pour this into a buttered soufflé dish and cook in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour. Five minutes before removing the soufflé sprinkle the top with castor sugar.

The flan or open tart is a most useful form of pastry as it can be made quickly, can be filled with all sorts of things, and is equally good as a luncheon sweet or for tea.

It has another advantage. If there is a lot of it left you can heat it up and serve it warm, with cream, as a dinner sweet. Here is a simple recipe for the pastry with a few suggestions for fillings.

The Paste

Four ounces of flour.
Three ounces of butter.
One yolk of egg.
A little milk.
A puddingspoonful of castor sugar.

Put the flour on a board, work in the butter (with your fingers) and add the sugar and the yolk of egg. Mix and add a little milk—just enough to make an ordinary dough. Shape this into a ball, flour the board and roll out the paste quite thin.

Now take a baking sheet, dust it well and put in the centre a plain tin ring which is always better to use for flan than a pastry tin. A ring of seven inches diameter is what you want for your proportions, and will make a good tart for six people.

Put the paste over the ring, pressing it in gently so that the circle all round is covered, and trim off the top. Prick the bottom here and there, and you are ready to put in your filling.

Pineapple Flan

One packet of Chivers' Milket.
A few pieces of pineapple.

Prepare the pineapple-flavoured milket according to directions and let it cool before pouring into the pastry. Bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes, and slide the flan into a dish.

Remove the ring, and when the flan is cool, but not quite cold, decorate the top with a few pieces of pineapple cut into triangles about one-eighth of an inch thick.

Apple Flan

One pound of eating apples.
Two ounces of sugar.
One ounce of butter.
A tablespoonful of apricot jam.
Flavouring of cinnamon or lemon rind.

Keep back one apple. Peel, core and cut up the rest, and boil them with the sugar, cinnamon, or a piece of lemon rind, and just enough water to cover, until soft.

Mash the apples to a rough purée; add the jam and then the butter, mixing well. Let this cool and put it in the pastry. Cover the top with the other apple which you have peeled, cut into quarters and cored, after which you cut it into really thin slices which you arrange neatly all over the top of the apple purée.

Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

Pistachio Nut Cake

Six ounces of castor sugar.
Five whites of egg.
Two ounces of butter.
Two ounces of Pistachio nuts.
Four ounces of potato flour.

Beat the whites of egg to a stiff froth and then work in lightly, first the sugar, then the potato flour. Add the butter (melted) and then the nuts grilled and crushed to a powder. Mix lightly and pour into a buttered mould. Bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour and let the cake get almost cold before turning it out. Can be served as a luncheon or dinner sweet with a hot jam sauce.

By A. H. ADAIR

A CHANGE FOR BREAKFAST

I suppose breakfast has changed more in the last few years than any other meal in the world. English people do not eat as much as they used to, though I was quite recently offered, in a small country inn, "a nice piece of steak."

Many of my French friends, on the other hand, continue to envy the English breakfast, and I have actually seen them attack with great relish porridge, kippers and eggs and bacon. But in Germany, and in spite of the stories I had been told about their bowls of soup, sausages and fried eggs, I have never met more than delicious coffee, several kinds of bread, and an assortment of jams and honey. In Holland where I have stayed, not in hotels but in friends' houses, there was always a collection of cold meats, cheeses boiled eggs and again a delicious variety of bread.

Although the English meal is lighter than it used to be, there are still people who like to start the day with something substantial, so I shall give a few specimens for breakfasts to suit all tastes.

First, two light breakfasts.

Orange Juice
Toast Melba—Toasted Swedish Bread
Honey
China Tea

Grape Fruit
Fresh Rolls, Toast, All Bran Prune Bread
Jam, Marmalade
Tea or Coffee

These two examples of a "Continental" breakfast require little explanation, excepting that I should like to give the recipe for All Bran Prune Bread (Kellogg's recipe), which is unusual.

One cup of All Bran.
One cup of sour milk.
½ cup of prunes (soaked several hours, stoned, drained and chopped).
One tablespoonful of molasses.
½ cup of sugar.
One cup of flour.
½ teaspoonful of soda.
One teaspoonful of baking powder.
¼ teaspoonful of salt.

Mix together the All Bran, sour milk, prunes and molasses. Add the sugar, then the flour which has been sifted with the soda, baking powder and salt. Put the batter into a greased can. Cover tightly and steam for three hours. Yield : one loaf, eight servings.

Now, something more substantial, but a little different from eggs-and-bacon.

Porridge
Devilled Kippers
Brown Bread and Butter, Rolls, Jam, etc.
Fresh Fruit

Prune Purée
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Spiced Eggs
Rolls, Toast, Marmalade, etc.

Devilled Kippers

Four kippers.
One teacupful of milk.
One teacupful of breadcrumbs.
Mustard, salt, pepper.
Butter.

Put the kippers overnight in a flat dish with the milk poured over them, and let them soak. In the morning have ready the breadcrumbs mixed with a little mustard powder and pepper. (This also could be prepared the night before.) Dry the kippers and dip them in the breadcrumbs or rub both sides with them.

Put the kippers on the grid of the grill, put here and there a few tiny pieces of butter, brown. Turn on the other side, add a few more tiny pieces of butter and brown also. Serve with very thin buttered brown bread.

Prune Purée

Left-over stewed prunes.

Serve this instead of grape-fruit or orange juice when you happen to have some cold stewed prunes left. You simply pass them through a sieve, mix with the juice and serve very cold in small individual pots or custard glasses.

(Continued on page 94

For addresses from which these articles can be obtained, send stamped addressed postcard to Editor, Woman's Department, Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

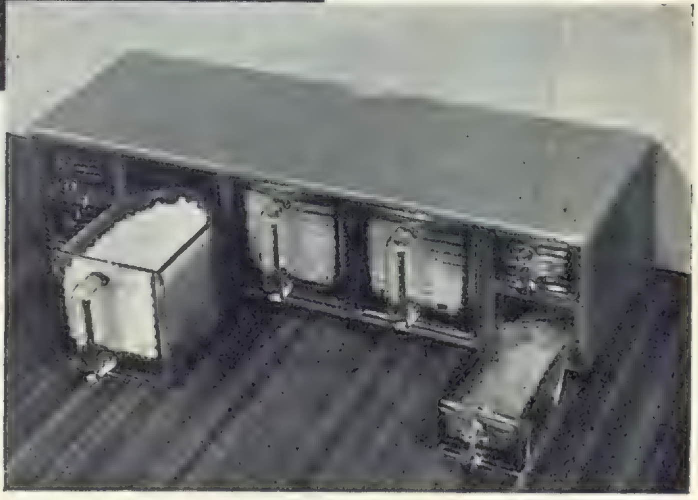
KITCHEN ACCESSORIES

A double saucepan, the top half of which is made of earthenware, is excellent for making porridge, boiling milk, cooking custards and sauces. 8/11

When ice shavings are required for serving oysters, grape-fruit, crushed ice drinks, the cubes from your refrigerator can be easily broken in a "Lightning" Ice Breaker. 6/-

A whole meal can be
oked on one gas ring
this Swan Brand alu-
inium steam cooker.
e boiler at the base is
led with water and each
er has a valve through
hich steam is admitted
each chamber as re-
ired. Full instructions
d a time table are
pplied with this cooker.
ice 14/3

The Kandya Kitchen Rack, a hygienic and simple method of storing spices, cereals and other groceries. It is obtainable in blue, green, white, cream or primrose, in five sizes, each model being supplied with glass plates so that the rack can be fitted to the wall. The smallest size, shown here, is 17/6



Food cooked and served in the same vessel saves labour and can be relied upon to be piping hot. These individual dishes of Cottage Blue Denby Stoneware make every course appetising. Stew-pot 1/4, petite marmite 1/4, egg poacher 10½d., ramekin 8d.

Fireproof glazed earthenware saucepans in blue, green or brown will grace any dining-table or sideboard when supplied on an attractive tray in walnut or oak. Price complete 16/6

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PRIME CUT
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Horse Power rating 25. Develops over 100. Price £425. Lavish equipment including extra low pressure Dunlops, Triplex glass and Jackall hydraulic jacks. Cared for by Wolseley “ Owner Contact.”

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THE PROTECTIVE FOOD

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9D PER ¼ LB.
FULL WEIGHT

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

Don't despair if you suffer from unhealthy nails. With a jar of Kerifort Cream and a little perseverance you can soon correct them.

This preparation replaces the natural oils which are deficient when nails are brittle. It also strengthens the nails, penetrating to the roots and promoting rapid and healthy growth, so that ridged, broken, split and brittle nails are soon replaced by smooth and healthy ones.

Kerifort Cream should be rubbed well in all over the nails, particularly round the sides and base. Do it last thing at night and leave it on while you sleep. A jar at 2s. 9d. will last you for a month.

VITA
Natural
GRAPE
JUICE

Fresh grape juice, rich in vitamins A and B, is a valuable source of energy, and has remarkable food value. Its iron content also makes it an excellent tonic, invaluable in cases of anaemia. It is a gentle, non-irritant aperient. The concentrated juice of 17½ lb. of vineyard grapes is contained in each bottle of Vita Live Natural Grape Juice, which, in addition to the qualities enumerated above, makes a delicious flavouring for trifles, fruit salads, ices and sundaes.

February is surely one of the most depressing months of the year. It may be cold, it is generally wet, and by the time it arrives Winter has done her worst to our tempers, livers and complexions.

Work, sleep, exercise, and perhaps a judicious dose of fruit salts, will soon mend tempers and rouse sluggish livers, but the complexion needs a little more personal attention.

A good protective cream is essential, and the most delicate skin can be guarded against the ravages of cold and wind by regular use of Jane Seymour's Special Protective Cream.

This new cream, of satin smooth texture, is readily absorbed by the skin, and can be used to advantage as a powder base by people with dry skins. It costs 3s. 6d.

A cream that will tighten up relaxed tissues and, in so doing, suppresses lines and wrinkles . . . this sounds almost too good to be true. But it is true. Moreover, it is good.

The new Leichner Hormone Cream stimulates the formation of new and perfect cellular tissue, revives the freshness of the complexion and brings back all the grace and elasticity of youth.

It is supplied in glass jars at 12s. 6d. and £1 1s., and should be applied at night after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed.

Amyl-Oxy-Toluene is the name of a new antiseptic which has the power to kill outright the germs of influenza, colds, laryngitis and tonsilitis, yet is quite harmless to human beings.

It has been incorporated in "Mac" Brand Antiseptic Throat Sweets, which are good to eat as well as curative.

During the winter months, when resistance is low and germs of colds and 'flu are prevalent, a packet of these sweets should always be kept in pocket or handbag, and sucked when in crowded tubes, buses, theatres, cinemas, for they fill the mouth and throat with a barrage of antiseptic vapour which the toughest germ won't dare to penetrate. Price 6d. and 1s. a box from all leading chemists.

Don't deny yourself the comfort and convenience of a gas fire because you think it might be an expense to fit one into an existing grate. Actually, there is a "Sunbeam" gas fire to fit every grate without alteration, and the various finishes in which "Sunbeams" are supplied will tone with any scheme of decoration.

If you have an arch surround of brick or tile, the special "Arch" Sunbeam is the model you want. This has been carefully designed and made in special sizes to fit standard arch surrounds without in any way obscuring or distracting from the beauty of the bricks or tiles.

Swing trivets and boiling burners are useful accessories which can be supplied with almost any type of "Sunbeam," and Radiation self-lighting gas taps can also be fitted if required.

Persistent irritability is always a sign that there is something wrong with the works. If you find that you snap everybody's head off and are unable to cope with work and situations that normally present no difficulties, you may be sure that you are run down and in need of a good tonic.

Phosferine is a safe bet on such occasions, for it may be relied upon to feed, tone and revitalise the whole nervous system. It is obtainable in liquid or tablet form at 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s.

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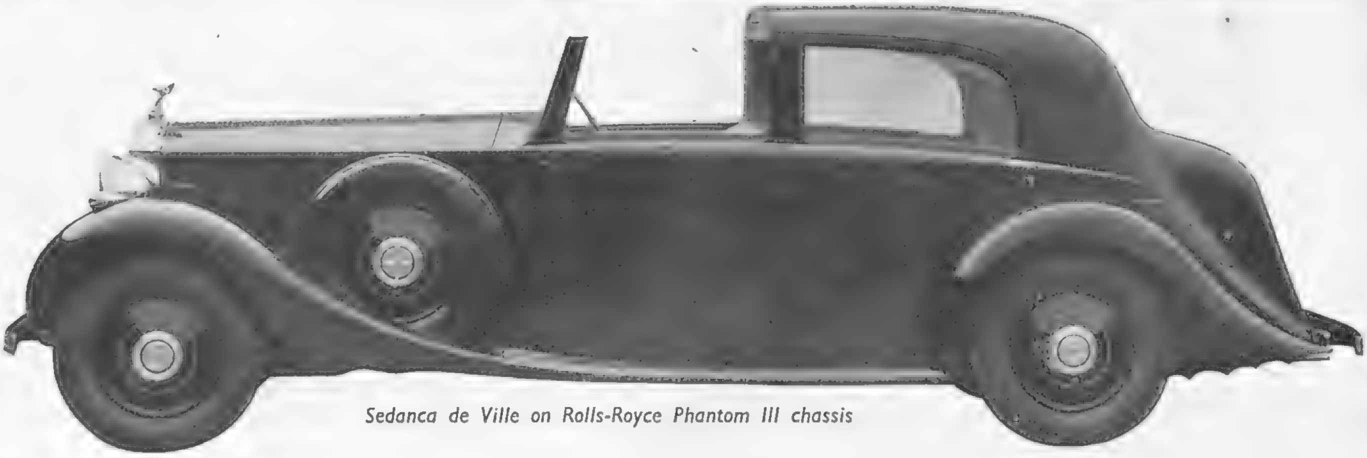

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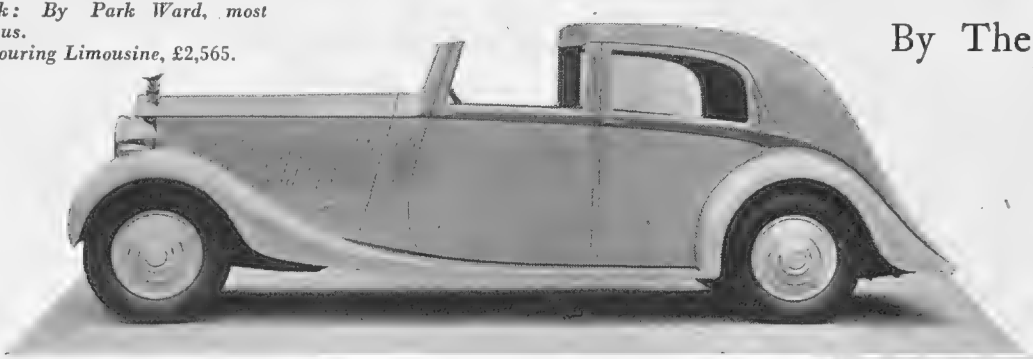
A Car *of* Superlative Quality

The "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce

By The Earl of Cardigan



PARK WARD Sedanca de Ville on a "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce chassis. The new chassis is more compact than formerly, but retains its familiar dignity of line. The temptation to carry the radiator right forward has happily been resisted

WHENEVER a new Rolls-Royce model makes its appearance one is tacitly invited—and, in fact, compelled—to judge it by the highest and the most exacting standards. Does it not label itself by public advertisement "The Best Car in the World"?

I do not know whether everyone reacts as I do when so proud a claim is made. As a small child, I used to be given books which were labelled "Untearable." (They were, I imagine, printed on calico or some such material.) As soon as I had learned to read that long and boastful word, I made it my business to tear all such books as soon as I received them. I did not tear them much: that would have been mere destructiveness. I just tore them enough to disprove, to my own entire satisfaction, their alleged untearability.

In the same spirit, I have never been disposed to worship slavishly the Best Car in the World simply because it has for so long borne that title. Is it *really* as good as all that? Is it really worth £2,500 or more? Does it really defy competition? These were questions which I asked myself in regard to the original "New Phautom," and again in regard to the "Phantom II." They were still in my mind when, a few days ago, I took the wheel of the latest 12-cylinder "Phantom III" car.

The British climate provided me with a really wonderful day for putting such matters to the test. The roads were wet with the thawing of early morning ice, and the country was blanketed with a thick fog. There was not much opportunity for a 100 m.p.h. car to give an unduly flattering account of itself!

Nevertheless, this Rolls-Royce did more than impress me. It astonished me—and that not once, but several times. To begin with, it was a striking experience to find oneself handling 51 h.p. and more than two tons of machinery with just the same degree of ease as might be expected from a 10 h.p. light car. Perfect steering—no sense of unwieldy size—every control functioning perfectly at a touch.

A MOST excellent new feature is that both hand brake and gear lever are so placed that the offside door is in no way obstructed. The "Stubby" gear lever is very handy to manipulate

THE engine is a magnificent piece of workmanship. Its twelve cylinders make for amazing smoothness and flexibility, while its 51 h.p. makes it easily possible for a genuine 100 m.p.h. to be attained

THE provision for luggage is unusual and good. Small articles can be placed in the boot and completely enclosed, while a solid platform remains available for heavy trunks

In a car of this sort one naturally tends to glide, rather than bustle, through the intricacies of London traffic. Presently, however, there came a moment when, with an open street ahead, it occurred to me to make use of some of the 51 horses in overtaking a taxi. At 20 m.p.h. in top gear, I put the accelerator pedal right down. The next instant I found myself looking round guiltily to see if the police force had observed me. The speedometer needle had shot up by magic to 45 m.p.h.!

The "Phantom III" is that sort of car. The engine is utterly silent and unobtrusive. It never gives the slightest indication that it is exerting itself. None the less, if the throttle is fully opened for more than a second or so at a time, there can be no defence against a prosecution for speeding. Speeds of 40 m.p.h. or more "just happen."

It is just the same—only more so—on the open road. I drove out of London, as I say, in a decided fog and on a greasy surface, grumbling the while

(Continued on page 83)

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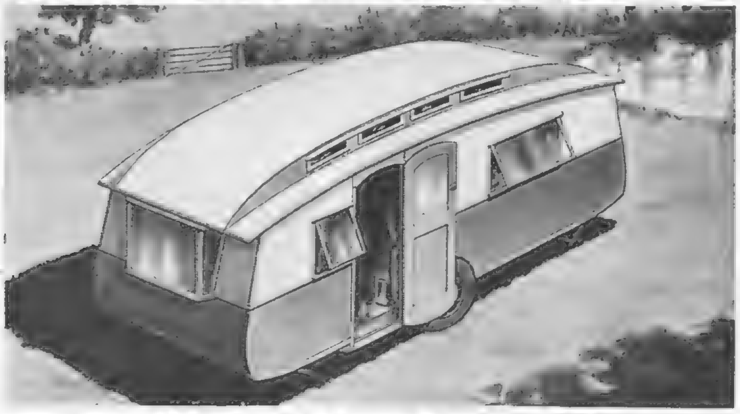

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Separating *the* Sheep From *the* Goats

Where the Motoring Law still fails

By The Earl of Cardigan

Photo: G. Leslie Horn

ON a Dorset road. A 4¼ litre Bentley, the property of Mr. Jack Barclay, who designed the body. Mr. Barclay is the well-known retailer of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars

ONE is, I think, fully entitled to describe as a failure that section of the law by which the motorist is governed. It stands condemned, in the first place, by the fact that no class of the community is content with it. If it merely annoyed the motorist, while giving general satisfaction to everybody else, there might be a good deal to be said for it—non-motorists being presumably still in the majority.

In a non-motoring community, however, one constantly hears the complaint that the law is not strict enough. There is talk of "those —— road-hogs" who annually kill or maim many thousands of their fellow citizens, and who, for the most part, appear to "get away with it." There are plenty of prosecutions and fines and endorsements—and still the appalling casualty list remains.

We all know what the motorist himself has to say. Nine times out of ten, he is a decent and inoffensive fellow—and he genuinely feels that he is being unfairly harried. He contravenes some regulation, probably quite unintentionally and without causing any specific hurt or danger to anybody, and he is at once treated—or feels that he is treated—as if he had committed some odious crime.

From all this we can draw but one conclusion. There must be—and all sensible people admit that there are—two distinct classes of motorists. There are the few who drive dangerously and without regard for their neighbours, and there are the many who drive decently and sanely, even though they may not always abide precisely by the multifarious regulations.

We must conclude also—and this is really the hub of the whole matter—that the law is highly efficient in enabling the police to bring charges against the many, in exacting fines and dealing out endorsements; but that it is grossly inefficient in checking the vicious activities of the few.

Lord Nuffield, who is not much given to public utterances, touched upon this point a short time ago. I must be careful not to misquote him; but the gist of what he said was this: "You will never succeed in making people drive more safely, simply by severity in regard to petty breaches of the law." Obvious good sense; but what a commentary on the present state of affairs that it should still require—and require very badly—to be said!

The great and crying need, as I see it, is for some clear distinction between what may be described as the sheep and the goats. In the mind of any intelligent person, having some experience of motoring, this distinction already exists. You cannot compare the alleged "criminal" who does his 32 m.p.h. on the fringe of a built-up area with the heedless fool who emerges at a steady 20 m.p.h. from a side street into a "major" road.

From the practical motoring point of view, the former has merely gone 2 m.p.h. beyond the regulation speed; whereas the latter has taken a disgraceful risk which might have resulted in a disastrous accident. It is nothing less than tragedy that, to the police and to the local magistrates, there has in either case merely been another breach of the current motoring law. In either case a £2 fine may be thought appropriate—and either person's licence may be unthinkingly endorsed.

In my opinion, two such offences as these should never even be thought of in the same category. There is one vital question which can be asked—and which should be asked—in every case: "Did the offence arise from the recklessness of the accused, and did such recklessness give rise to a genuinely dangerous situation?"

If the answer is "Yes," then I think that the law should indeed be applied severely. The offender is clearly a menace to other road users, and it is in the public interest that he should be discouraged as strongly as possible from any repetition of his wrongdoing. Even the harshest penalty, if it serves this end, must be considered justifiable.

On the other hand, if the answer is "No," the whole position is entirely different. We are dealing then with the infringement of a regulation, and no longer with the crime of having trifled with the life and safety of other people. The fault, by comparison, is almost a trivial one, and can surely be treated quite safely with leniency.

The distinction seems to be such an obvious and unanswerable one. We have the heedless road-hog on the one hand, and on the other a person who has merely strayed by a small margin beyond some arbitrary ruling such as the speed limit. Both have done wrong; but the whole nature of the one offence is different from that of the other. That both should be dealt with similarly is a clear negation of plain common sense, without which as a basis no law can be permanently useful.

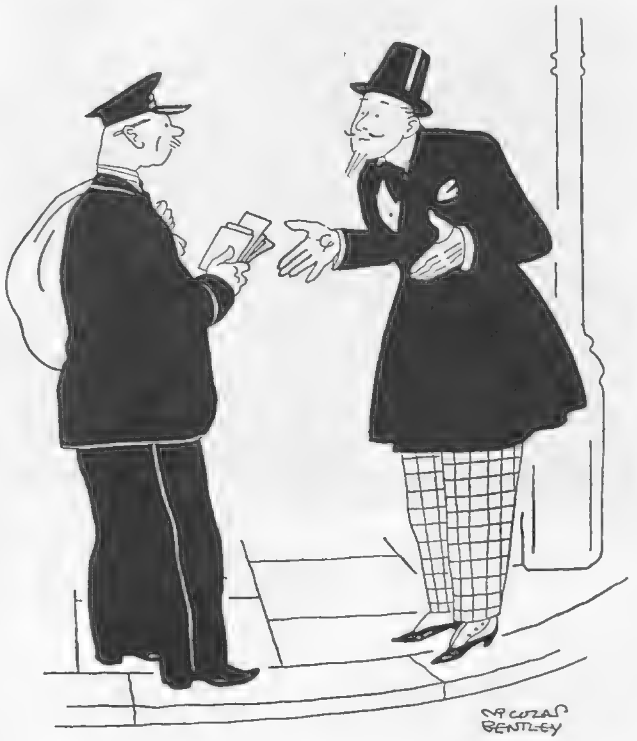
NO MORE BURST RADIATORS

IT has become a rare thing now to hear of car radiators being burst, or water jackets cracked, as a result of frosty weather. Most of us add some anti-freeze mixture at the beginning of winter—and this generally proves effective in keeping the water from being frozen.

It is not wise, however, to be too casual about this, and to use just any quantity of any anti-freeze solution. I have just been adding to my knowledge of the matter by studying some facts and figures which have been compiled by Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, the manufacturers of the excellent "Bluecol" anti-freeze.

There is quite a lot to know about it. For instance, car radiators vary in capacity from 13 to 24 pints. The maximum frost to be expected in different parts of the British Isles varies from 15 to about 35 degrees. Also, obviously, not all anti-freeze mixtures are of equal efficiency. Without doubt, it is highly important to see that one uses good stuff, and the right quantity of it.

"Oui, mon cher, j'adore vos 'policemen' . . . . but what I really want to see is your M.G. cars"



And this time we will talk to those who have no inhibitions about speed. They just want to go fast. Well, fashions are changing now. For instance, the strap round the bonnet is no longer worn. The deafening open exhaust is quite demode. (A healthy crackle is really much nicer for all concerned.) In fact the sports car, as typified by M.G.'s, has become quiet, demure, unobtrusive. If you think this means that present-day M.G.'s are losing their sparkle and vivacity—just try conclusions with the M.G. Midget Series 'T.' Or the M.G. 1½ and Two-Litre. But remember—you have been warned!

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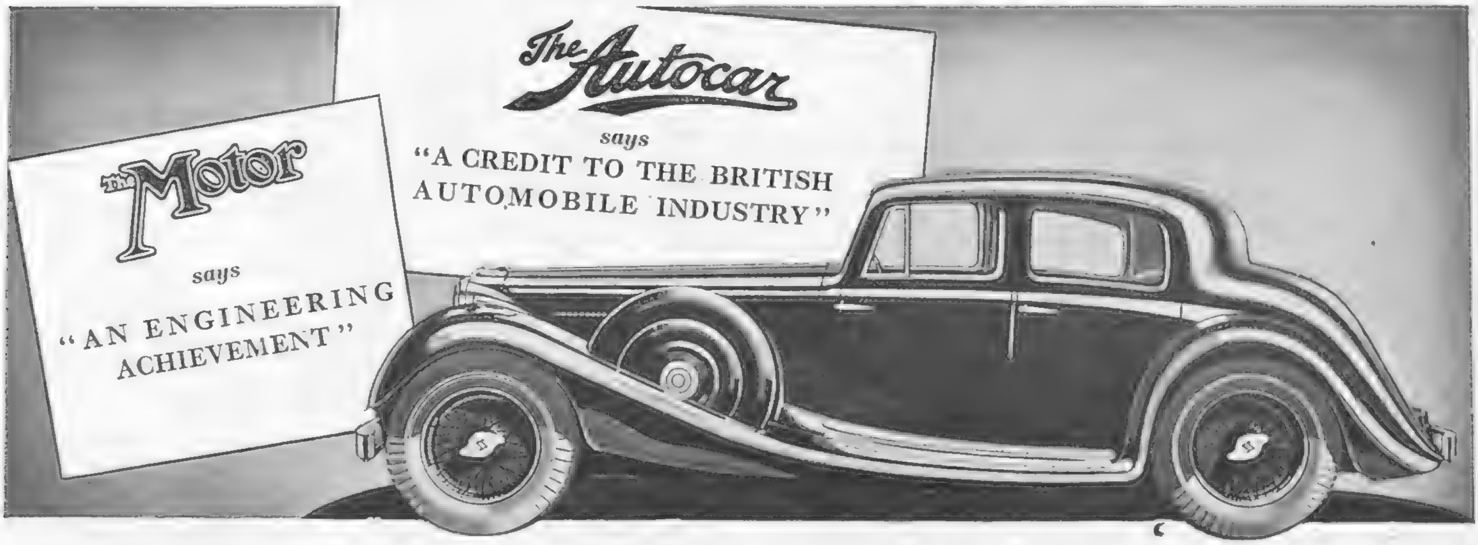
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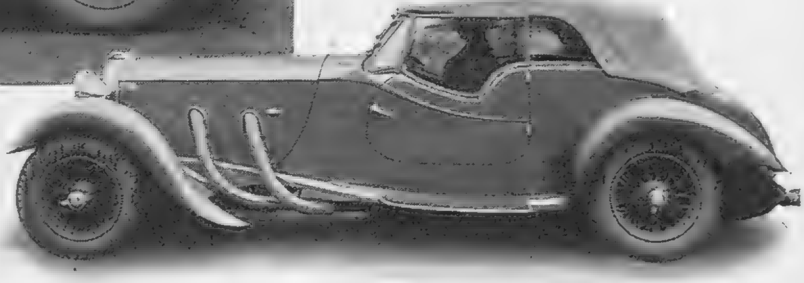
The Lagonda "Rapide" in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, overhead valves; twin carburettors; twin magnetos. Rated 29·13; develops 150 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, synchro-mesh third and top. Final drive 3·31 to 1.
Performance: Third gear 80 m.p.h.; top gear a clear 108 m.p.h.
Steering: Geared high, but with light action.
Brakes: Efficient Girling type.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, firm, giving excellent road-holding.
Coachwork: Very comfortable in front; reasonably so behind.
Price: Sports Tourer, £1,050.

IN appearance, the latest Lagonda "Rapide" is magnificent—and in performance it is no less so. The impressive outside exhaust pipes produce just a pleasant volume of sound but never too much of it



UNLIKE some open cars, the Lagonda is still a good-looker when the hood is raised. The side screens are of efficient pattern and are capable of resisting really bad weather

A 100 % Sports Car

The 4½ *Litre* Lagonda "Rapide"

By The Earl of Cardigan

WHAT is a sports car? Nowadays it may be defined in various ways. It may be, for instance, a very comfortable saloon or coupé, built on a chassis which has been slightly modified —or "hotted up"—from the ordinary standard product.

It may, on the other hand, be built primarily *as* a speed model, with either open or closed coachwork available. In this case it will be capable of really high performance, only tempered by the need for retaining such refinement in running and luxury in equipment as will commend it to a fairly wide section of the motoring public.

Or again, it may be a sports car of the most full-blooded variety. In this event, it will be very nearly akin to a pure road-racing car, and will make its appeal quite frankly to the sports enthusiasts. Its purpose will be to delight the few, rather than to give a milder satisfaction to the many.

It is in this final class—and 'way up in the forefront of the class—that we find the Lagonda "Rapide." In all its essentials, it *is* a racing car. It is the same 4½ litre Lagonda which we have seen tearing round the course in the big racing events!

One is inclined to say, "It can't be quite the same car"; but in fact it is. No doubt a few little coachwork refinements have been added for touring purposes; but there has been no important alteration whatsoever. The maximum speed alone is evidence of this. You do not get 108 m.p.h. (a figure officially recorded!) with a car that is very far removed from a genuine racer.

This being so, it can be imagined that the Lagonda is really exciting to drive. There is a thrill even for the most blasé in the tremendous acceleration which is available, and in the sense of almost unlimited speed capacity. To be able to go *really* fast, and yet to have the throttle hardly more than half open—this is a rare and satisfying experience.

THE engine is of tremendous power, developing no less than 150 h.p. Although built to give a very high performance, it will also run at low speeds with remarkable smoothness

THE driving position is excellent, and all the controls operate very lightly. The two large, clearly marked dials are those of the speedometer and revolution counter

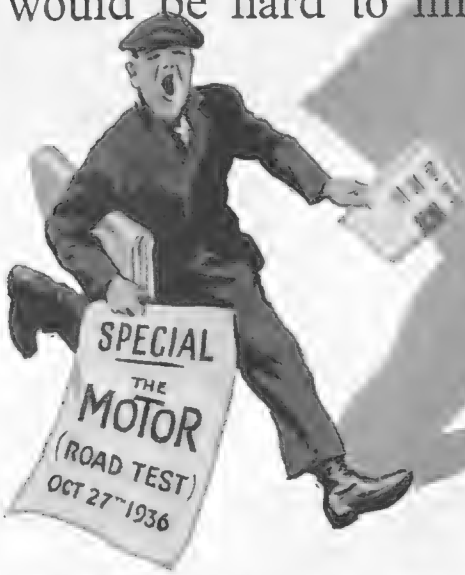
IT is a remarkable fact, however, that, although the "Rapide" has been frankly built for high-speed purposes, it is very far from being difficult to drive. For anyone except an absolute novice, I would even describe it as easy. The engine is wonderfully flexible, so that even the 3·3 to 1 top gear can be used for pottering quietly through traffic.

It naturally pays to use third gear a fair amount, and second gear occasionally. The former is a synchro-mesh ratio (4·3 to 1) and has a range of speed from walking pace to 80 m.p.h. The latter

(*Continued on page* 83)

"FROM OTHER LIPS"

"There are few cars under £500 which give the same feeling of confidence and security arising from a deep-rooted sense of control in difficult circumstances, and it would be hard to find a car which was so versatile in its appeal, both to the novice and the hard bitten enthusiast. It is so easy to drive and gives so much pleasure in handling."



AND WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE

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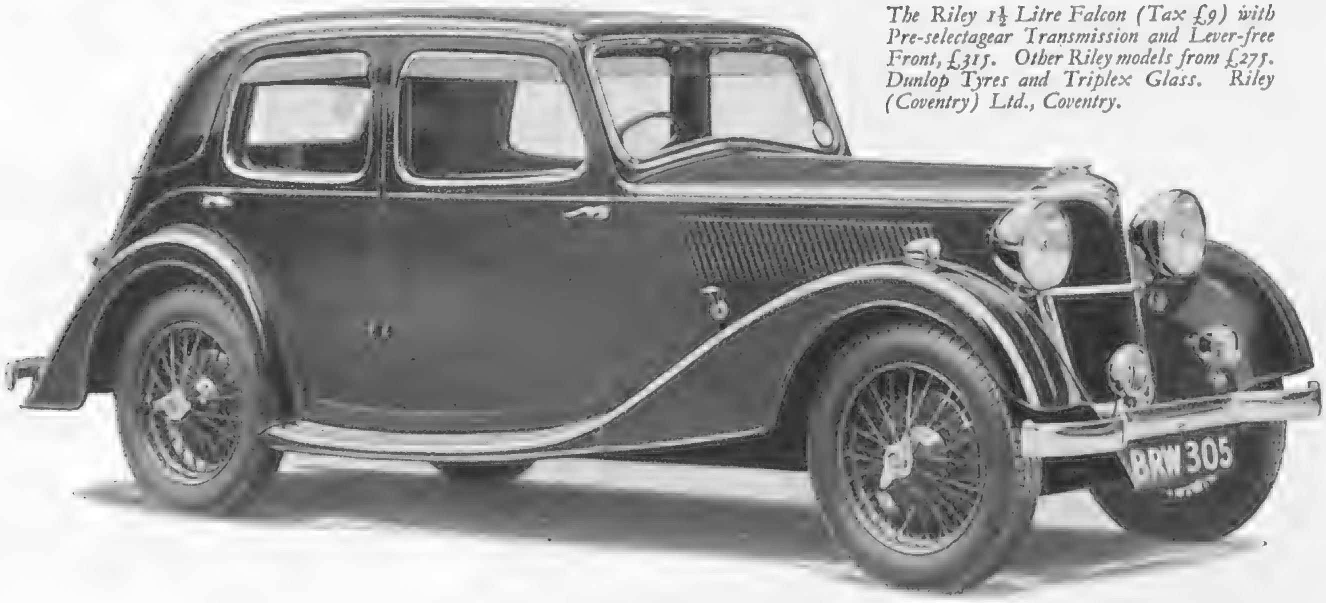
The Riley 1½ Litre Falcon (Tax £9) with Pre-selectagear Transmission and Lever-free Front, £315. Other Riley models from £275. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Coventry.



A 100% Sports Car

(Continued from page 81)

has the "ordinary" form of engagement but is quite simple when one remembers that it also is a high ratio—5·56 to 1. It is rather amusing to reflect that this second gear is about equal to the top gear of an ordinary small saloon, and gives the engine about the same amount of work to do!

The controls are very light, and the clutch deserves special praise. It has to transmit enormous power, but is always smooth and never becomes tiring. The steering also is most remarkable. It is geared high in order to secure—as it does—extreme accuracy at speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h., and yet there is never any heaviness about it. It completely knocks out the lamentable theory of some manufacturers that light steering must necessarily be low geared.

Lightness of action also characterises the brakes, which naturally are of the most powerful type. The springing may be fairly described as sports-car suspension at its best. By that I mean that it is moderately "hard," but not to the extent of being at all unpleasant at the very low speeds. It varies from moderately good at 10 m.p.h. to very good at 50, and superlative at 80 to 100 m.p.h.

It follows that this Lagonda holds the road magnificently. This, indeed, is perhaps the chief joy of driving an out-and-out sports car of the Lagonda calibre. However hard it is driven, it is always as steady as a rock and never gives its owner the slightest cause for anxiety. It inspires him, on the contrary, with perfect and unfailing confidence.

The open coachwork of the "Rapide" gives a very comfortable driving position, with plenty of leg-room. The back seat rather naturally is less good, since, as I have explained, the whole car is closely akin to its road-racing prototype. The side screens, however, are entirely efficient and the hood gives genuine protection from the elements.

To add yet one more to its many virtues, the Lagonda "Rapide" at 1,000 guineas (£1,050) is not only not expensive; it is really wonderfully good value. A supremely fine example of sports-car engineering, it is worth every penny of that price to the owner who has a true appreciation of what high-speed motoring should be.

A Car of Superlative Quality

(Continued from page 77)

over the impossibility of recording any high speeds under such disagreeable conditions. It was astonishing to hear my companion say, "I don't know what you're worrying about. You haven't been below 60 m.p.h. for the last five miles!" Sure enough, I was "pottering along" at about 65 m.p.h. at that very moment!

As for *real* speed, I can only say that I found one isolated patch where the visibility was a little better, and thus for a brief moment was able to give the car its head. With the same smooth, effortless acceleration, a speed of 90 m.p.h. was almost immediately recorded. There is no doubt in my mind at all that, had I dared to keep my foot down for a few seconds longer, I could have enjoyed a very easy 100 m.p.h.!

The most amazing feature of all this was that, with conditions so adverse, I not only drove 30 per cent. faster than I should have believed possible; but I did so with a sense (which was real and not fictitious) of complete security. The new Rolls-Royce springing is quite admirable. Miraculously soft on a bad surface, it gives a degree of stability at speed which, in the ordinary way, one would look for in a sports car only.

The brakes are likewise well worthy to be fitted to one of the world's fastest cars, and of the steering nothing can be said except in praise. There is perfect control at the highest speed; yet the steering action is ideally light when the car is moving slowly and, for a big car, the turning circle is exceptionally small.

I have not mentioned interior comfort; for it can surely be assumed that any Rolls-Royce is superlatively comfortable. It is indeed necessary to be hypercritical to find some feature which can be catalogued with mere indifference. I would perhaps not credit this chassis with the world's best clutch (I am now being deliberately captious!), but in its combination of virtues I honestly believe that the "Phantom III" does stand alone. It may make its claim to be supreme among cars. Once again I am convinced that I cannot gainsay it.

The Bible in Germany

(Continued from page 11)

It will be seen that most of the above has already been accomplished. By the force of the written word. Then what? To absorb Hitler's book in the original with one hand, and periodically to raise field-glasses with the other, and survey the unfolding contemporary scene, is to-day's most enlightening process. It is all there: written. What has been happening from day to day in Europe. Why send diplomatic Notes? Protests? Why not send the German departments of Foreign Offices on indefinite holiday? Everything has happened, according to the Hitlerian Word, everything—until now. What awaits fulfilment is this:—

Germany, having rendered herself worth while as an ally, must at all costs keep in with England in order that she may be free to engage upon vast Continental expansion, the regaining of territories lost in the War being a side-issue. Germany's job: the unification of all European Germanics in a Greater Reich, the absorption of all Germans the world over into the national movement; next, the carving of new and wondrous territory from Russia and the Baltic States; finally, the simple destruction of France, "the implacable, deadly enemy of the German people."

Yes, how enlightening it all is! "Recognise in the creation of a second military power on Germany's borders an attack on Germany. Prevent the creation of such a power with all means, even the use of armed force."

But how to obtain all this? Here is where we get really warm. This is where the old sly Fritz of yore pops his head up again, the head now being considerably that of one Herr von Ribbentrop.

Diddle them! There are three methods, writes Hitler, by which the gospel of "Mein Kampf" can result in German world supremacy. Propaganda. Diplomacy. Force. Yet one of these has already failed, the second. Germany has failed to get the allies she wished. Infernal nuisance, yet what Diplomacy has failed to achieve may be won yet by a wildly reinforced propaganda against Jewish Communism. Thus may it be possible to line up many nations beside Germany.

Hence the Nüremberg explosion, and the attempt to rope other States into the laughable German-Japanese anti-Communist campaign, two countries that have less to fear from that menace, in their present dragooned condition, than any others upon earth. Now let me turn back, having attempted to give the essence of the Bible in Germany. Yet that reminds——

Lest you think I have used the word Bible lightly, in easy borrowing from Borrow, consider this, from Baldur von Schirach, Youth Leader: "Our religion is Germany"; and Germany is being forged on "Mein Kampf" alone. Again, this: That on Hitler's forty-seventh birthday his Government officials presented him with a handwritten edition of his work: half a dozen graphologists took a year to transcribe it word for word on to just short of a thousand parchment pages in the script of the Bible of the Middle Ages. The binding was in iron, and the whole weighed five stone.

Consider this magic book from the angle of what it has accomplished in fields other than the political. Hitler is a one-book man, and no author in all time has come within hailing distance of him in so far as practical accomplishment out of the proceeds of a book is concerned. "Mein Kampf" gave him the funds to set the Nazi movement in motion once more after it had fallen to its lowest ebb a decade ago. Initial sales were small. Hitler lived on a pittance, or with believers, and put every pfennig into the movement. Steadily sales rose as this strange, transfixed mortal toured the country, roaring raucously. Sales reached 600,000 six months before the author took power, by which time —late 1932—"Mein Kampf" had saved the Nazi cause. Its profits had enabled the pioneers to carry on until they were big enough to attract the support of men with money who saw the value of the movement to themselves, men such as Hugo Wolff, Krupp von Bohlen, Hugenberg, Thyssen.

Sales jumped by over a million in 1933. To-day they hover on the three million mark, and it has been computed that Hitler must have made out of royalties a minimum of £200,000 in Germany alone (sales go leaping ahead there; every German of to-morrow must have his copy). Hitler could be a rich man from his solitary pen incursion, yet what he does is to renounce his salary as Chancellor and take the little that he needs for intimate personal expenditure from the proceeds of "Mein Kampf." Practically all the latter's earnings he puts straight back into the business, in this case the Franz Eher Publishing Company, located in Munich and in reality Hitler, Ltd. It is this company, born uniquely of "My Struggle" gains, that launched and conducts the official Nazi organ, the *Voelkische Beobachter*.

Foreign editions are a dozen in number, including Chinese, but sales have been nothing like in proportion to domestic ones. One reason is that the author's language, its flavour, its full implications, simply cannot be rendered in any language other than German. Another explanation is that in one or two countries translations have been "edited." Awkward spots deleted, though why the English rendering should be among the worst sinners in this respect it is difficult to discern. Usually we are able to face up to most things written, at least we have that reputation. Why much of what was said about France cannot be handed on to the British public beats me. Why the opening justification of war has also been mucked about is also a puzzle. Or isn't it?

Hitler has himself limited his sales in one direction by refusing absolutely to allow of a French translation. When one was pirated in Paris he immediately took successful action via the Quai d'Orsay. The author has been asked again and again, and by distinguished Frenchmen, to remove, or at any rate to moderate, his appalling threat to "negroid" France. He refuses to do so. He will expurgate for his own Germans, such as when he called them a gullible crowd—that wouldn't do at all—but as regards foreigners, he stands firm by every written word. Let them take it or leave it. Which is not to say, though, that he

(Continued on page 85)

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The Bible in Germany

really is trying to carry out all he wrote. Dear me, no! Here our author has ingenuous explanation. He puts it roughly like this: "The passages you object to were written at a time when Germany was suffering from grievous stresses such as black troops in the Rhineland and the Ruhr Occupation. These passages give what I felt then. But there has been a reorientation of sentiment in Germany since that time, as there has been in other countries. Frenchmen and Germans no longer glower in hatred at one another as then they did. So if you want to know my present views, look to my speeches. I need not and shall not alter a syllable of what was valid in its time."

To the young French correspondent, Bertrand de Jouvenel, he elaborated on a notable occasion: "You would have me correct my book like an author who issues new editions of his works. I am no author. I am a politician. I make my corrections in my foreign policy, which aims at an understanding with France. I enter my corrections in the great book of history."

Believe it or not.

In refusing to suppress or even to revise, the Führer differs from Mussolini, who has long since banned all his earlier Socialistic works, which are to-day available only in libraries frequented by research workers of proven harmlessness. Yet the Duce's fiery "Left" outpourings of an earlier day would only have done him domestic hurt, at the worst. It is different with "Mein Kampf," which has definitely begun to do Hitler much harm—that is to say, has begun to impede him in the foreign field. As the official doctrine of the Third Reich he proclaims his book to be, and Foreign Offices standing on guard against him are agreeing with him. He proclaimed what he would do on the home front. He did it. He also proclaimed what he would do on the foreign front. He intends to try. Is the book that was a worker of miracles becoming a millstone round its author's neck?

That provokes reflection. How far has Hitler up to now departed from the gospel according to "Mein Kampf," and how far may he conceivably depart from it in the future? On the whole he has been very consistent. One could cite in negation of this his ten years' agreement with the Poles, which would imply that he recognised the loss of Dantzig and Upper Silesia, but as few mortals save Colonel Beck ever had an atom of faith in such agreement, which is only temporary, anyway, it can safely be said the Führer was not in this case disavowing his fateful book in any way: he was just finessing. One could cite, again, his rapprochement with dusky Latins in Rome, such contaminating stuff for pure and noble Nordics. Here, again, "the occasion obliges." What one could cite with greater emphasis is his current claim for colonies, inasmuch as he cast aside colonies as useless encumbrances in the pages of "Mein Kampf." (Many people think that the claim is made more to develop bargaining power with Britain than in positive pursuit of colonial expansion.)

Alas, we must wait some time longer before knowing if the Führer really is ready to depart from what was writ in German script. Logically, a clash between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, to several of whose richest territories "Mein Kampf" lays claim, would appear inescapable. "If the Urals with their immeasurable raw materials, if Siberia with its rich forests, and the Ukraine with its immeasurable grain fields lay within Germany," sighed the Führer before 100,000 at Nüremberg. He said that last September and startled the world. He wrote it in his fortress quarters a dozen years ago. It is all in "Mein Kampf."

And so much more, so very much. If one could go on probing for gems—but it might obscure the picture here attempted: the story of the world's wonder book.

"Success is the only earthly judge of right or wrong." The boldness of it. All morality cast aside. A world-dominant Germany as the only goal, the only ultimate good, in this world or any other. This author surely writes—and acts—as *un grand blessé de la guerre*? Who else but a "big wounded" in his soul could espouse in utter clasp such tenets of hardness, hardness, moral imperviousness?

Mein Kampf! Let us hope it is not going to be all our struggles.

END

Books (*Continued from page 31*)

has already appeared in English as the author of an admirable analysis of the origins of the world war. In his new book he examines the characters of the men who, like Ludendorff and Bethmann-Hollweg, were the leaders of German thought and action. At this time of day, such a book may sound out of date. But writing as lucid as Herr Wolff's, eyes as keen as his, are far too rare to date. Any reader who can recall events of twenty years ago, any reader who can enjoy the pages of a keenly analytical, yet essentially simple-hearted, writer will find Herr Wolff's an absorbing book. In style, as in penetration, it is a model of its kind, and a joy to encounter. The job of translation has been well done by E. W. Dickes.

IN *Bernadotte* (Jarrolds, 18s.) the German biographer Friedrich Wencker-Wildberg retells the story of the strange career of the man who began life as the son of a small lawyer at Pau and ended as Charles XIV of Sweden (great-grandfather of the present King). Although he was Napoleon's brother-in-law, and created by him a Marshal of France and Prince of Pontecorvo, he was never liked or trusted by the Corsican; and when the Swedes, lacking a suitable heir to the throne, began to look about them for a successor to the ageing Charles XIII, Napoleon was at first glad to recommend Bernadotte for the post. Europe was full of his French kinglets of humble birth, and he thought he saw a means of getting Sweden under French influence and ridding himself of a man he feared. Subsequently, his doubts of Bernadotte made him nearly but not quite withdraw his consent. Second thoughts were best. Although his wife admitted, years later, that she had not known where to look for Sweden on the map, and thought of it "like Pontecorvo, some place from which in future we should take our names," Bernadotte from the first showed himself a loyal and wholehearted servant of his new country; and, in the interests of the Scandinavian kingdom, he did not hesitate to oppose the French. Bernadotte is a magnificent subject for a biographer. Herr Wildberg is not quite equal to all the possibilities, but he has written an interesting book.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, the author of *India Recalled* (Nisbet, 12s. 6d.), is "an Indian by birth, a Persian by descent, and an Englishwoman by adoption." In this book she makes known to us Orthodox Hindu India—that is to say, the great unchanged mass of the people, untouched by and potentially opposed to the tiny minority of their educated and westernised fellow-countrymen. She is peculiarly well qualified to write such a book—and she has done it steadily, unsensationally, beautifully. She has produced a work of unusual value and unusual charm.

Each of the thirty-nine chapters in *Searchlight on Animals* (Hale, 7s. 6d.) deals with some surprising habit or characteristic of animals or insects, wild or in captivity. The author, Mr. E. G. Boulenger, is the Director of the Aquarium in the Zoological Gardens; but his knowledge and his interests are by no means confined to fish. He writes of snails and bison, pheasants and toads, snakes and spiders, tigers and the grey squirrel, and many other creatures known and unknown.

As most of the chapters are not longer than five pages, it might be thought that Mr. Boulenger is frightened of boring his readers. He need have no such fear. His fascinating book will delight any grown-up reader of either sex; it will produce also, I think, a feeling of humiliation in the presence of the wonders, varieties, ingenuities, devices and shamelessness of Nature, and a doubt as to whether one will ever feel justified again in passing judgment on another living creature. Mr. Boulenger has no more ambitious purpose than to entertain and interest us; perhaps for that very reason, he gives us a glimpse of immensities. With its thirty-two full-page photographic reproductions, it is a remarkably cheap book.

Hunting Big Game of Other Days

(*Continued from page 17*)

their finds, while not a few worked independently, selling their strange wares in the highest market. Sometimes a party spends two or three seasons in the field before striking anything of value.

It took a gang of experienced men a whole season to excavate the massive skeleton which Mr. Granger had accidentally stumbled across. Not till then was it possible to obtain a correct idea of the immensity of the brontosaurus.

Later, the bones were sorted out and preparations made for mounting them. Some idea of the length of time that work of this kind takes may be gathered from the fact that it took two men two years to restore the missing parts, and almost three years to mount them! The fact is, the collection, preparation, and mounting of this gigantic fossil proved a task of extraordinary difficulty.

No museum had ever before attempted to mount so large a skeleton, and the great weight and fragile character of the bones made it necessary to devise special methods to give each bone a rigid and complete support, as otherwise it would soon break in pieces from its own weight.

The proper articulating of the bones and posing of the limbs were equally difficult problems, for the scientists had nothing whatever to guide them. A powerful scaffolding, twenty-five feet high, with tackles and steel chains, had to be erected to lift the ponderous bones into position. This scaffolding was essential, the thigh-bones, for instance, turning the scale at five hundred and seventy pounds. From the time the remains were found until they were on view in the museum close upon six years elapsed.

This giant skeleton—the first of its kind to be erected in any museum—measures sixty-seven feet in length and towers over fifteen feet in height. It is computed that, when alive, the monster must have weighed sixty to eighty tons. It flourished during the Jurassic or Middle Period of the Age of Reptiles, many million years ago by the modern estimate of geological time.

To give a list of the men who have earned fame as fossil-hunters would be to quote many of the leading naturalists of the day and the curators of our natural history museums. They are all men animated by an intense love of the subject, and are ready to undergo great hardships and privations when on the track of some important extinct form.

A few, like Mr. Charles H. Sternberg, have spent a lifetime in the field hunting for these prized bones, for his sons now follow this strange profession. (*Continued on page 87*)

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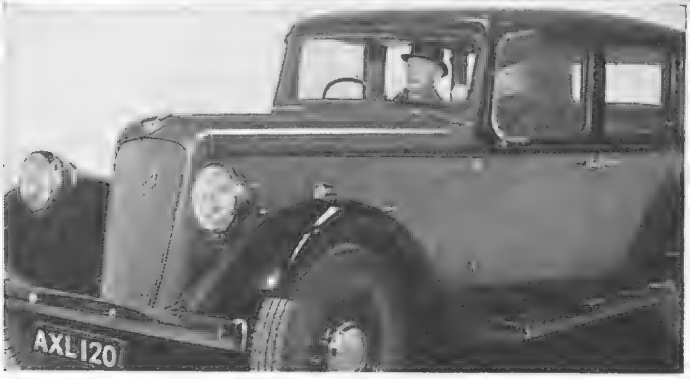

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In the "Bad Lands" of Kansas, Texas, Wyoming, and in other parts of America, he discovered and opened up many important fossil deposits, and in the museums of the world there are huge skeletons and bones collected by him.

In the pursuit of his calling Mr. Sternberg has met with many remarkable adventures and over and over again has narrowly escaped with his life. For the most part, fossil-bones are found in dried-up river beds, rocky gorges, and in desert or sterile land devoid of vegetation and water.

The way in which these hunters of extinct animals work is interesting. Their weapons are chiefly the pick, shovel, and spade, but some of the places containing the skeletons are so large that they use ploughs and scrapers drawn by horses to remove the earth covering.

When the fossil-hunter reaches a spot where he believes bones are to be found, he examines the kind of rock, if any exists. He looks carefully at the composition of the soil, and notices the direction and rise of the hills, if there are any. For Nature buried these animals in a curious way—in certain layers of earth and rock. Sometimes a part of the layer lies close to the surface of the plain or forms the hillside. The other end of the layer may be thousands of feet below the top. Thus the coveted fossil may be near the surface or hundreds of feet below it.

The prospector first looks carefully about for any objects that may be lying on the top. Frequently he comes across bones of a sheep, sometimes of a hare, but recognises them at once by their whiteness and freshness. Any shape that has a dull-brown appearance is closely studied, though it may not resemble a bone, for where anything has existed for millions of years, Time may have crumbled it away.

If the prospector finds nothing, the shovel comes into service. He digs down here and there, making test holes. Perhaps he may go day after day in fruitless search, until the weeks have turned into months, and he has gone over miles of the region without making a find. Then, when he is about to give up in despair and depart to some more likely place, the shovel may reach a deposit, the grave of perhaps a dozen animals.

One of the most valuable of recent finds was the complete skeleton of the tyrannosaurus, the largest flesh-eating animal that ever lived. The one aim of this beast when alive was to battle with every other animal that came in his way. He was the fighting animal of his age. When erect he stood eighteen feet high, possessed talons fit to hold an ox, and double-edged dagger-like teeth two and three inches long set in a mouth a yard wide in gape.

His skeleton was discovered in the sandstone hills. The area over which the bones were scattered, and the almost vertical slope of the hill, necessitated the removal of a vast amount of material. It took two seasons to dig out the bones and dynamite had to be used to blow away the rocks.

The excavation necessary to remove this single skeleton resulted in a pit in the hillside thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. Some of the sandstone blocks containing the bones were of huge weight and size; that holding the thigh-bones weighed nearly two tons and required four horses to transport it to the railway.

The heaviest single specimen ever taken out of the rocks was the head of a triceratops, a prehistoric rhinoceros. It weighed, when boxed, just over three tons. Complete skeletons of this extraordinary beast have now been found, and the rhinoceros of that early period was a veritable giant compared with his brother of to-day.

When the hunter has successfully located a skeleton, the next step is to secure the bones. While some of the larger ones are unbroken, frequently the skeleton may be in a thousand pieces, some a hundred feet or so from the rest. To pick out the right ones and separate them from the others may mean weeks of patient toiling, day after day, in the burning sun.

The hunter must also know how the bones were put together by Nature. As fast as he identifies the parts he numbers each one, then packs it off for its long journey to the museum.

The unearthing of the bones of these strange beasts of the past enabled the scientists to construct their skeletons, and was ample proof of the existence of these strange beasts. But there is something unreal and shadowy in a mounted heap of dried bones. A mummified dinosaur was found sprawling on his back and covered with shrunken skin—a real specimen which told the exact form of the beast and what its skin was like. It was certainly a unique find and probably netted a fortune to the lucky prospector.

Another extraordinary find, though belonging to a somewhat different category, was the jaws of a prehistoric shark of the Eocene period in the phosphate beds of South Carolina. It had two hundred teeth, and the fish was estimated to have had a length of 80 feet, quite large enough to satisfy the most ambitious of tuna or tarpon fishers, and to have made bathing in the ocean unpopular!

Some of the latest fossil-deposits to be opened up are those of Red Deer Canyon, in Alberta, Canada. One of the first finds there was an almost complete skeleton of a new crested dinosaur, the monoclonius. It was certainly no mean creature, seeing that when in life it was 17 feet in length, possessed an enormous head adorned with horns above the eyes and nose, a beak like a turtle's, and formidable rows of double-rooted teeth.

Evidently this creature was continually renewing its teeth, so that as fast as one tooth was worn out it was replaced by another, a point wherein it had a decided advantage over ourselves.

The remains of many other extinct animals have been unearthed in Deer Canyon, the majority of them entirely new to science. In fact, it is a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground to the fossil-hunter. Years will probably elapse before it is thoroughly explored. Here it should be stated that skeletons are still being dug out of Bone Cabin Quarry and from the Como Bluffs in Wyoming, the first of the more important fossil-fields to be opened. Geologists say that this ground of prehistoric animals is nearly 300 feet deep, and as yet the hunters have dug only a few feet down in it.

In far-away Mongolia an explorer has found the actual eggs of the dinosaur, estimated to have been laid from five to eight million years ago. There were six of these eggs in one place, nine in another, and over a score in another place. They had been laid by their parent in order to hatch out in the warmth of the sun, as reptiles' eggs do.

Just by them lay the great dinosaur mother herself, where she was overwhelmed by a sandstorm before man had appeared upon the earth. And then, year by year, century by century, age by age, the sand settled down on her, covering up her body and her eggs. The drying eggs had cracked and the sand had percolated within them, filling up the space as the liquid evaporated, thus preserving them, stuffing them, and so supporting them against the pressure of the rocks. In addition to these five-million-year-old eggs, the expedition also discovered the remains of twelve complete dinosaurs as well as other giant creatures of the past.

Hitherto these monsters of prehistoric days were believed not to have exceeded 80 or 90 feet in length. But out in East Africa, at a place called Tendagaru, on a plateau 900 feet above sea level, one had been found measuring over 150 feet in length!

END

Crustaceans for Cabmen

(*Continued from page 27*)

the edge of a sofa with her cloak slipped to her waist. M. du Pape sat on, but not on the edge of, the same sofa.

"Monsieur," said Henri, placing the sandwiches on a table.

"And the champagne?" asked M. du Pape.

"Tout de suite, monsieur," said Henri.

He bustled out, went down in the lift noisily, reascended immediately, took out his master-key and entered room No. 104.

"I have placed the Evian in mademoiselle's room," said Henri.

"The champagne!" said M. du Pape. "The champagne!"

"Tout de suite, monsieur," said Henri smartly, and went down in the lift. This time he approached the rows of pigeon-holes behind the *caisse*, and searched for that labelled No. 104. In it were some travel folders. "Visitez Suisse," "Deux jours en Ecosse." He took them, ascended in the lift, pulled out his master-key, and entered Room No. 104.

"Il y a des lettres pour monsieur," said Henri politely, handing them on a tray.

M. du Pape made tut-tutting noises.

"The champagne follows immediately, sir," said Henri, and departed once again, going earthwards in the lift. This time he visited the kitchen, selected a bucket, filled it with ice, took a fresh napkin, entered the lift, ascended, took out his master-key and entered room No. 104. M. du Pape was slightly further down the sofa. Henri spread the napkin on another table, placed the bucket upon it, said "Tout de suite, monsieur!" smartly, and withdrew.

He approached the room of Mme. la Patronne, took up the telephone, switched himself through to No. 104, and cranked the handle vigorously.

M. du Pape answered.

"Allo, allo, allo!" said Henri. "Monsieur has ordered some champagne?"

M. du Pape sounded explosive.

"Tout de suite, m'sieur," said Henri, replacing the receiver.

Once again he repaired to the kitchen, to the cellars, and grasped a bottle of sauterne fiercely by the neck. Like a chicken for market. He wrapped it neatly in a fresh napkin, entered the lift, ascended, took out his master-key, and entered room No. 104. Looking neither to right nor to left he advanced upon the bucket, pretended to remove the wire from the cork, drew the cork with as loud a bang as possible, and placed the bottle in the ice.

"La champagne, m'sieur!" said Henri, and withdrew.

Even as he descended in the lift he could hear the telephone bell ringing furiously in Mme. la Patronne's office. A little mournfully he lifted the receiver.

"Allo, allo, allo!" he said. "Service?"

This time M. du Pape was quite definitely explosive.

Sadly Henri cut him off in mid-sentence, entered the lift, ascended, took out his master-key, but thought better of it, re-descended in the lift, entered Mme. la Patronne's office and rang through to No. 104.

M. du Pape answered.

"Allo, allo, allo!" said Henri. "Monsieur a sonné?"

Mme. la Patronne's office resounded with the reedy diminutive of M. du Pape's voice roaring to Heaven.

"Tout de suite, m'sieur!" said Henri, went up in the lift, took out his master-key, and entered room No. 104. He bowed stiffly in the doorway. M. du Pape was not upon the sofa at all.

"Sauterne!" shouted M. du Pape. "Imbecile! I order champagne and you bring me a species of syrup! Take it away at once and bring me some champagne. At the instant—you hear me?"

"It is heard, m'sieur," said Henri, who took the offending bottle and went away with it. He took it down in the lift, placed it on the *caisse*, counted a hundred and twenty, entered the lift, ascended, and knocked tentatively on the door of No. 104.

"Well," shouted M. du Pape, "who is it? Who is it?"

(*Continued on page 88*)

Henri produced his master-key and went in. "Pardon, m'sieur," said Henri. "The management presents its compliments, and it is the instruction of the management to the staff that when M. du Pape commands the champagne, owing to the fact that it is for several months that—— "

"Silence!" shouted M. du Pape, but only just in time to arrest the awful disclosure.

Henri bowed.

"You will send me the management at once, if you please!"

Henri bowed. "Tout de suite, m'sieur!"

He closed the door carefully, went down in the lift, entered the office of Mme. la Patronne, and rang up No. 104.

"Allo, allo, allo!" said Henri. "Numéro 104?"

A loud cry escaped M. du Pape.

"The management," said Henri, "presents its respectful hommages to M. du Pape, and suggests that, in view of the painful nature of the discussion, M. du Pape might himself prefer to interview the management in the office. In the meantime no champagne may be served."

"Je descends!" said M. du Pape.

"Bon!" said Henri, hanging up.

He waited. He heard the click of the lift as it went up, the click and the crash of its gates as it came down again.

M. du Pape entered. "Where is the management?" he demanded.

"Unfortunately, monsieur," said Henri, "it is for some hours that the management sleeps."

M. du Pape bridled. That is to say, he distended his nostrils and inflated himself.

"Monsieur," said Henri, "I have the honour to address you, not as a waiter, but as a man." He was very pale.

Suddenly M. du Pape laughed. It had an ugly sound.

"My dear little Henri," he cried, "is it possible that you are enamoured of the chicken yourself, my little one?"

"C'est vrai," said Henri shortly.

M. du Pape was vastly amused. He held his sides with laughter. He produced a large coloured handkerchief from somewhere behind him and blew his nose into it, and then flapped it before him as though to wipe away the absurd hallucinations of the white-faced Henri standing there. He became quite weak with laughter and disbelief. Then suddenly he thrust out his lower lip and snapped his finger offensively just in front of Henri's eyes.

"Nevertheless," said M. du Pape, "it is I who will spend the pleasant moments, champagne or no champagne!" Then he laughed again and, still laughing, made his way towards the lift.

"*Dites!*" shouted Henri.

M. du Pape stopped.

"How much," asked Henri timidly, "will it cost to purchase a redecision?"

M. du Pape was astounded, but only for an instant.

"Five thousand francs?" suggested M. du Pape.

"It is arranged then," said Henri, diving into the recesses of his coat, pulling out a wallet, removing the elastic, and disentangling from a litter of *cartes d'identité* and photographs of his mother a five thousand franc note.

M. du Pape was astonished. "You are richer than I am, my friend."

"How am I to know," Henri demanded, "that the pact has been kept?"

"Oh, ça sera tout-a-fait simple!" declared M. du Pape. "You will wait in the ascenseur and listen."

Henri handed over the note politely. "Merci, m'sieur," he said. He opened the lift gates. M. du Pape entered. In silence they ascended. Henri opened the gates and M. du Pape walked pompously along the passage. Then Henri closed the gates, extinguished the light, and listened.

He heard M. du Pape enter No. 104 and close the door. Ten minutes later he heard the door open, and a shaft of light came out into the darkened corridor.

"Well, good night, and thanks enormously!" he heard her voice say. "You can't think how I've enjoyed seeing a piece of life!"

"It is nothing, mademoiselle," replied M. du Pape gravely. "For the gift of youth, mademoiselle, I have to thank yourself. It is not often that an old gentleman like myself is so honoured by a beautiful young woman!"

She laughed. "Well, good night," said she.

"Good night," he replied.

"Good night," she said again and came down the passage humming.

Two doors closed.

In the darkness and the silence Henri came out of his hiding. Then he started back into the shadows. A shaft of light shone across the passage, and a pair of shoes appeared on the carpet before the door closed again, and all was quiet.

He indulged in no heroics. He was a little thoughtful, for example. He went down in the lift, turned all the lights out, bolted the door into the street, and stumbled towards his own dungeon of repose.

IN the morning there was a telegram for her. He took it up with her cup of chocolate, the roll, the crescent, the two pats of butter and the *marmelade d'oranges*.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," he said. "Un chocolat complet. Merci, mademoiselle." He placed it on the table near her bed.

She tore open the telegram and cried with delight. "My bag, Henri!" she ordered. "Quickly, Henri, on the table near the mirror!"

Henri could see from her dancing eyes that if he had not been present she would have leapt out of bed and gambolled about the room.

He darted to the dressing-table and gave her the bag. She received it with trembling hands.

"Is it permissible to enquire," he cried, "if mademoiselle has received good news?"

She took out of the bag a plain gold circlet and placed it on the third finger of her left hand.

"I'm going," she told him. "Going this morning to Marseilles to join my— Henri, look up a train, get me a ticket, book a wagon-lit, ask for the account and—" she hesitated—"Henri, do you remember what you said about having an ideal?"

"I remember perfectly," murmured Henri.

She fumbled in the bag. "Mine's all right anyway," she said. "Henri, in case I don't see you again"— she produced a hundred-franc note—"here's something towards yours. That's for the crustaceans for cabmen."

He took it, with a little bow. "I thank you infinitely, *madame*," said Henri the waiter.

END

Camouflage

(*Continued from page* 45)

sell—might get Howeson's to sell big in a hurry then . . . I know it's unorthodox; yes, I'll be careful. Right, in ten minutes, then."

Julian hung up and left his office. He walked over to the Royal Exchange to wait for Morgan, Terry's jute manager. The large clock at the north end of the hall showed eight minutes past ten as he strolled in; he looked along the rows of newspaper reading stands, found an empty one and stood by it, flipping over the pages of the *Times* to mask his quick survey of the floor.

Knots of brokers stood about talking; others were reading the papers on the news-stands, waiting to button-hole a client or for something more indefinable; a young exchange broker rushed in, crossed the floor, and buried himself excitedly in a telephone booth with an air of great importance; a little man about five feet high walked endlessly up and down, up and down the hall with his thumbs hitched in his braces and his eyes mooning on the floor. Julian spotted the man he was looking for reading the *Telegraph*. He lowered his eyes quickly, pretending to read his *Times*, while he kept a look out for Morgan's arrival . . .

Brian Mitchell, junior assistant in Murray and Mablethorpe, jute brokers to Howeson's among other firms, looked up from the *Daily Telegraph* to the Exchange clock. Ten past ten—another five minutes yet before his first call. This was a simple affair of meeting his client every morning on the floor of the Exchange at a quarter past ten, giving him the quotations and, occasionally, getting a small order. None of Brian's clients were very big: being the junior member of his firm, he had to be content with the sweepings.

He rifled the pages of his paper irritably. His daily work with its petty transactions had lately become unusually monotonous, and life seemed increasingly flat recently. He asked himself for the hundredth time why Georgina had taken up with a swine like Julian Wales. He had tried to warn her: everyone in Calcutta knew the man's reputation with women; but it was no good—in fact, it seemed to have had the reverse effect on her. Yet he could have sworn she cared at first, until she had met Wales, watching the squash that day . . . The man didn't even play squash sportingly—camouflage indeed! Technically, he might have been right, but anyone else would have agreed to a let after a fall like that. He wished he hadn't lost his rag though, with Georgina sitting in the balcony. Still, the fellow was outside the pale, deliberately provoking him in front of her and everything . . .

Brian looked towards the door for his client, saw Morgan—Terry's jute man—coming in. Bit early for him, he thought; usually he doesn't come until about half-past twelve for a snifter in the bar . . . He watched him cross the floor, saw him make for a man reading a paper—it was Wales, Terry's broker. He thought: "Perhaps Terry's have something big on; wish I knew what it was." He looked for his client again—not quite time yet.

Brian turned over the *Telegraph* to the cricket. He was half-way through it when two men strolled close by him, deep in their conversation. He heard Wales saying as he passed: "All right, Bill, tell Sir Marcus I'll begin buying in about half an hour. I want the market to ease a bit before touching a big order like that . . . "

Brian did not catch Morgan's answer: he picked up his topee from the top of the paper stand, made a dive for the door, signalled frantically to his driver.

He arrived panting with excitement at the jute market, saw one of Murray and Mablethorpe's peons running out with a chit, called to him, "Burra sahib, where's the burra sahib?" The man said, "Burra Sahib Chartered Benk hai." Brian ran back to his car. "Chartered Bank, and get a move on," he shouted to his driver.

He saw his chief coming down the steps out of the bank as the car drove up, jumped out, nearly tripping over a sacred bull lying on the pavement.

"Marriott, I've just heard Terry's are going to start buying in about half an hour—buying big, too."

The older man stopped, one foot on the running board of his car, and shot a quizzical look at his young assistant.

"What's all this, Brian? How could you know a thing like that?"

Brian told him what had happened, and Marriott began to look interested. "Do you mean to tell me Wales said that in a loud voice to Morgan on the floor of the Exchange just as he was passing you?"

Brian failed to see the implication.

"Yes, and I thought I'd let you know quick—you can report to Howeson's so that they can buy

(*Continued on page* 90)

FINE
FOR LUNCH . .
Paris is jealous because they're British made

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first. Once Terry's start buying, the market will rocket."

Marriott said, "Well I'm darned! That fellow Julian Wales takes the bun! Of all the blazing impertinence, thinking he can swing a thing like that over on me."

Brian stared. "What do you mean, Marriott? You don't think——"

Marriott cut him short. "Yes, I mean Julian is trying to put a fast one over on us—he meant you to hear, knowing you would do just what you did; get me to make Howeson's buy at once. Then Terry's will *sell* very nicely. What d'you suppose Bill Morgan was doing in the Exchange so early—the whole thing was obviously staged. Out of my way, boy, I must tell Howeson's to sell at once before Terry's start." He pushed Brian aside and got into his car.

"But, Marriott——" Brian bit off his sentence as his chief's car moved out into Clive Street. He swore to himself: "Darn sure Wales didn't see me. Marriott's being too clever for once." He shrugged, and turned towards the Royal Exchange across the road, walking round the old Brahmini bull, which had got up now and was munching a cigarette end out of the gutter. Brian pushed back his topee and mopped his forehead: even in the cold weather running the shortest distance about Clive Street was not a cool occupation, with the sun high overhead . . .

A story is told on Clive Street of a jute broker, retired after twenty years' service, who received a parcel of jute as a farewell memento from a friend. He wrote back: "Very decent of you to send me the asparagus, old man, but I'm afraid it was rather tough."

King Jute himself may well have laughed at the jest. For all his invisibility he towered, majestic, over the puppets in his market place, knowing them futile against his power to make or break them as his fancy took him. Men had tried to control him on several occasions and drive him into a corner, but always he had proved invincible, breaking them for their impertinence, until by now his whims were respected by all who played with him.

When Julian got on the jute market after seeing Morgan he found the price to forty-nine eight and buyers over. He lit a cigarette, his hand trembling ever so slightly. He thought: "If it goes on up like this and I'm wrong about a shake-out, I'll never get in at all." . . . It went up to forty-nine twelve. For a moment he toyed with the idea of buying some of Terry's order at once, but he as quickly abandoned it. He would only send it up out of all proportion. If only it would turn, he thought, if only Marriott would start selling. . .

The next quotation was forty-nine twelve again—Julian knew it must have been a big order to absorb all buyers, wondered if Marriott was selling for Howeson's. . . . Forty-nine ten. . . . A murmer went round: "Howeson's are selling, the market is overbought." Still it was not weak enough for Julian.

Quickly he cried: "Sell five hundred." . . . "Terry's are selling, Howeson's are selling, the market's overbought." The murmur became a roar, the place a stampede, a madhouse. Forty-nine six . . . Forty-nine rupees. It was rushing down.

Quietly and unostentatiously, Julian started to buy. At first he had things all his own way, buying on a falling market right down to forty-eight rupees. But he knew perfectly well that once it started on its upward swing again it would rush up far quicker than ever it went down. Basically the market was bull, and with the overbought speculators shaken out there would be little resistance. He bought at forty-seven twelve, then found he could not buy enough—sellers had become scarce.

At once the market was off up again, with hardly a hesitation, and Julian had only got a third of Sir Marcus's order. If the market had seemed mad before, it was now in a positive drunken frenzy, ugly and menacing in its scramble to buy. Julian scrambled with the rest. It went up a rupee at a time. And by the time he had bought all he wanted, the market stood, firm as the rock of Gibraltar, at fifty-five rupees.

He went, sweating, into a corner to add up his different purchases, set off his one camouflage sale, and work out his average. He had had to guess towards the end, the thing had gone too quickly even for him to keep count, and if he had bought above the price Sir Marcus had given him—fifty-one—he had to pay the difference himself, having accepted the order.

He sighed with relief as his pencil figured the final average; he had made it at fifty rupees twelve annas—he had four annas to spare. He had four annas, Sir Marcus had his jute, and—he grinned to himself—Marriott and Howeson's had probably got a good thick headache. He caught sight of a harassed, perspiring Marriott coming off the floor, and nodded to him gravely.

"Pretty active to-day, ain't it, Marriott? Been doin' any good?"

Marriott controlled his voice with a visible effort.

"Hullo, Wales, old man; yes—one of the best mornings I've had for years." After which valiant riposte he hurried off into his car.

BRIAN had enough knowledge of human nature to keep out of his chief's way for as long as he could. It was obvious to him now that Julian had not seen him when talking to Morgan, but Marriott had not believed that. The fact that Brian had been right and Marriott wrong would only add to the older man's annoyance, which Brian had no desire to meet by running into him before he had had time to cool down. Taking refuge in a pre-tiffin John Collins at the Exchange bar, Brian kept a wary eye on the door, ready to disappear tactfully if Marriott showed. He looked away quickly as Julian Wales came in, but Wales came up to him and said genially: "Have another of those on me, Brian—you deserve something for the good turn you did me this morning."

Brian stared. "What the dickens d'you mean? I never even spoke to you this morning!"

Julian grinned. "No, but you rushed off to Marriott with my message, didn't you? And Marriott took it just as I thought he would—good old Marriott. . . . What are you having, John Collins?"

Brian gulped the remainder of his drink and put his glass down. "No, thanks," he said curtly, and picked up his topee.

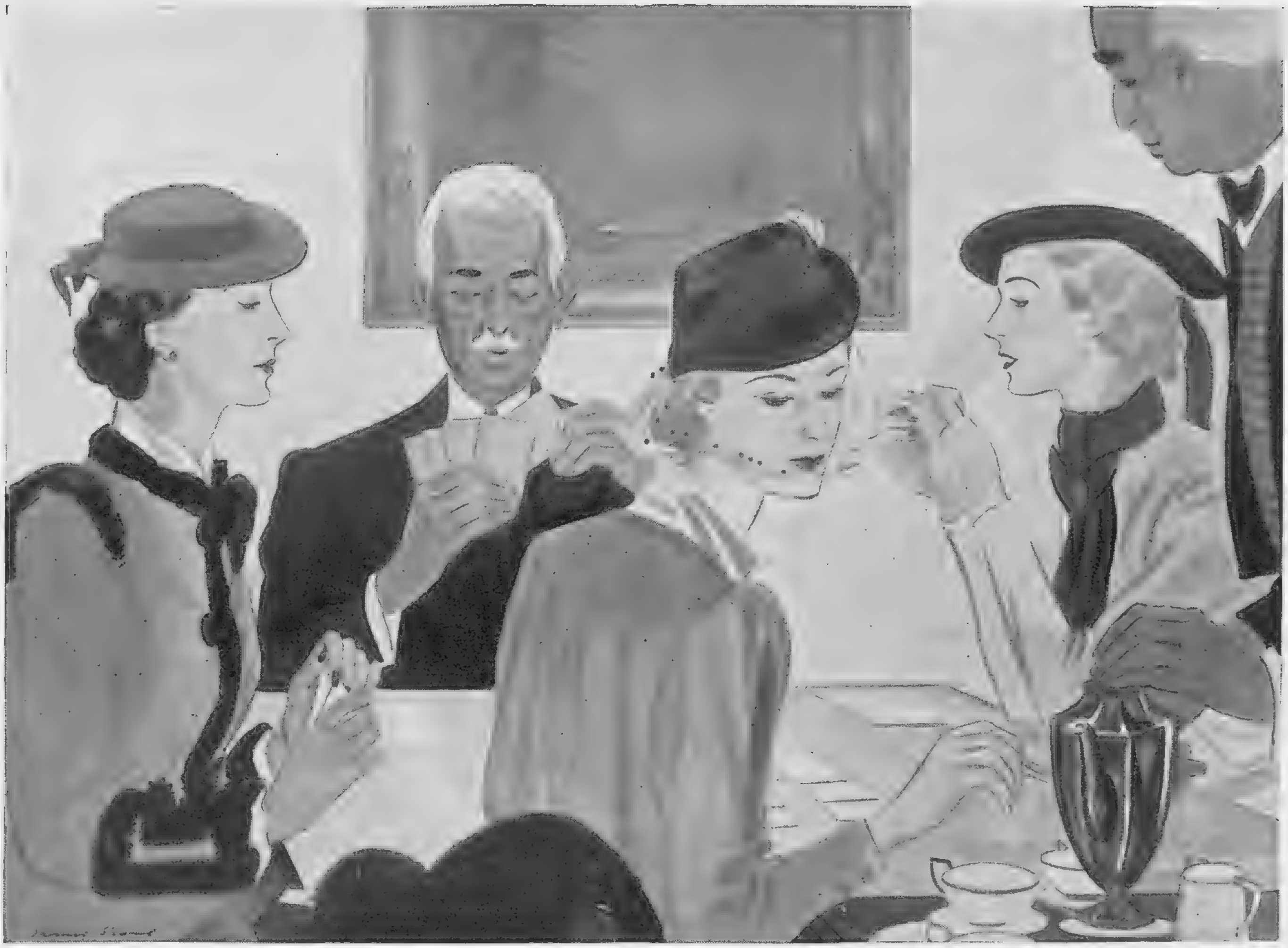
Julian said: "Don't take it like that, old boy; all in the game—legitimate camouflage, y'know."

But Brian walked out without speaking, his young eyes near to smarting, rushed down the stairs two at a time and nearly cannoned into an astonished Marriott waiting for the lift at the bottom. He flung a "Sorry, Marriott," over his shoulder as he whirled out of the swing doors into Clive Street, called his car and told the driver to go to Firpo's restaurant. . . . A hell of a lunch and damn the expense was the best safety valve he could think of. Camouflage indeed!—everything the man did was camouflage; he had a camouflage complex. "He'll come a nasty cracker one day, and I hope I can have a hand in it." . . .

Sobered a little by the drive, Brian walked up the stairs to the restaurant and made his way on to the balcony to find someone to lunch with. A girl, sitting alone at a cocktail table, called out to him, "Hullo there, Brian. You haven't seen Julian anywhere, have you?—he's supposed to be lunching with me."

Instinctively Brian assumed geniality—the geniality of one old friend, but nothing more, greeting another. He knew it was the only cloak to wear against the presentation, on a silver salver, of Fate's last straw.

He said: "Hullo, Georgina; why, yes, I left him just now swilling gin at the Royal Exchange bar—he's had a busy morning, but he's sure to be here soon if he's lunching with you. . . . Ah, there are the people I'm lunching with— (*Continued on page 92*)



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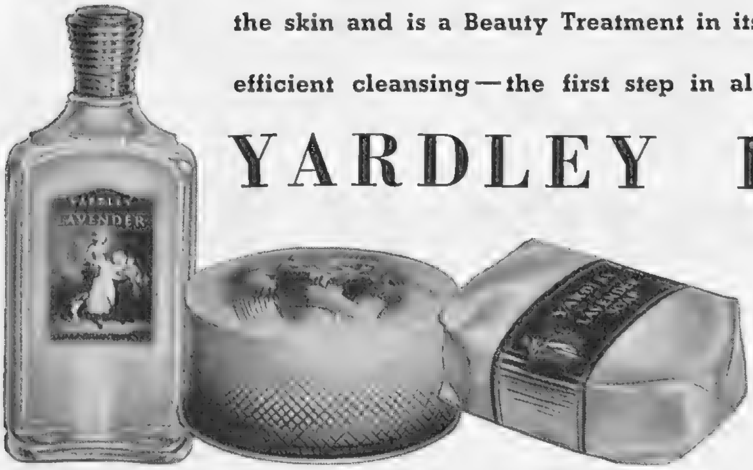

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perhaps I shall see you at the Slap dance to-night."

He noticed her eyes widened a little at his remarks and manner. "Swilling," he thought, as he strolled down the balcony, was a pardonable piece of embroidery, a happy thought—highly commendable in fact. He felt much better, found two friends and sat down with them with a "Hullo, cads; mind if I join you for lunch?"

To Brian's delight Julian Wales did not arrive for quite a time. As he arrived, one of the men with whom Brian was lunching said, "Hullo, there's Wales with the Fear *bint* again—he's certainly running after her, isn't he!"

The other said: "Queer bloke, Wales—you know about ten days ago I had the impression he might be getting keen on Lady Terry; seemed to be with her quite a bit. But I suppose he was only sucking up to Sir Marcus for Business—the old chap hates having to go to parties, I believe, and only goes to take her. Anyway, it's pretty obvious now I was wrong, isn't it?" He gazed admiringly across the room at Georgina. "She has certainly got what she's got, hasn't she?"

Brian didn't answer. He was thinking about Julian and Lady Terry, remembering a night about three weeks previously when he had seen them dancing together, Julian's dark head bent close to her honey-coloured hair as they moved rhythmically through complex tango steps with an almost professional unity. He remembered thinking at the time that they must have practised a lot together, then dismissing it from his mind, accepting it as natural that Sir Marcus's chief broker would of necessity know Lady Terry well. But now he found himself wondering, knowing the lady's reputation, whether perhaps Julian did not know her better than was generally supposed. Simultaneously Julian's voice still sounded in his ears saying before lunch, "Camouflage, old boy; all in the game—legitimate camouflage." Camouflage in business, and at squash—why not in love too? he thought. The more he thought about it, the clearer it all seemed.

But what could he do about it even so? Speaking to Georgina would be worse than useless. . . . Gradually he formed a plan in his head. It meant taking a big chance, but he was in the mood for a gamble—he had little to lose and everything to win. . . .

LADY TERRY did not take as much convincing as Brian had feared. She was only too ready to believe Brian's story that Julian had fallen for Georgina: she knew Julian.

"But why," she said, "do you come to tell me this, Mr. Metcalfe?" Anxiety sharpened her tone—how much did this young man know about her?

"Mitchell," corrected Brian. "Because Mr. Wales is your husband's broker and I am in love with Miss Fear. I thought she was in love with me until this happened—in fact, I think she still would be if she weren't temporarily fascinated by Julian Wales. Now I thought that, Julian Wales being your husband's broker, perhaps you and he might be able to influence him to give up Miss Fear. Of course I know this is frightfully unorthodox, but—when a man's badly in love he'll go to any lengths."

She thought: "He *must* have found out somehow about Julian and me or he wouldn't have come to me." She said: "And why do you come to me instead of my husband?"

There was a little pause before Brian answered, each pair of eyes measuring the other. He said: "I had the idea that you might give me a more sympathetic hearing than your husband." He paused again; she realised he did know. Brian for his part saw in her eyes that he had gambled on a winner. He went on, confidence lending him new assurance. "Besides, with *you* on my side the battle is half won already—" he gave her a brilliant smile, while she thought that at least he was being tactful—"since you not only know Mr. Wales, but also, being a woman, you will also know my best tactics towards Miss Fear—whether to pursue her, ignore her, or"—here he looked studiously out of the window—"whether possibly to try to make her jealous in some way . . ." His voice trailed off with apparent purposelessness.

She understood now why he had come and what he wanted of her. Really, she thought, this was a remarkable young man, coming to her with a ready-made plan for getting back his Georgina, and her Julian.

She laughed. "Well, let's have some tea while we talk, shall we?" she said, and rang the bell. . . .

LADY TERRY'S dance was not a crush, just one of her carefully selected *chokra* parties which she held periodically throughout each cold weather as an antidote to the stodgy banquety affairs given for Sir Marcus. The word *chokra*, when used in connection with this type of party—which Lady Terry had made fashionable—was somewhat elastic, since the parties were not solely composed of youngsters in their twenties, Julian Wales for one being well into his thirties.

Georgina was not particularly surprised to get an invitation, although she only recently met Lady Terry, for invitations to everything had become by now a matter of course; but she *was* surprised to see Brian Mitchell at the party—he had never spoken of Lady Terry as though he knew her. She was even more surprised when she saw how very well they seemed to know each other, and that Brian was dancing with her most of the evening.

Her reaction to Brian's coolness in Firpo's, which had momentarily jolted her from her usual tolerant orientation towards him, was sharply intensified into real discomfort at Brian's obvious intimacy with his fascinating hostess. Georgina knew that Lady Terry, with her brittle beauty and her caustic wit, was not given to suffering fools gladly: could Brian be so dull after all if he could interest Lady Terry—and there was no doubt he did interest her a great deal, she thought, watching them break off in the middle of a dance and walk out arm-in-arm into the garden.

She felt a wave of resentment, as sudden as it was inexplicable, against her hostess, and when Julian, who was dancing with her, suggested they should go out for a little she agreed out of real eagerness to follow the other couple. She missed entirely that Julian's suggestion arose from the same motive.

The moon was riding high and clear in the deep Indian sky and the air was drenched with the scent of lilies. Near the bottom of the garden giant cannas and clumps of feathery pampas formed a partial screen through which they could see the moonlit shimmer of Viola's dress.

They moved nearer, each momentarily forgetting the other in their anxiety to *know*.

Through the uprearing stems came a soft laugh, the sudden flicker of a handkerchief, the words "— darling . . . . lipstick."

Simultaneously, as though moved by one mind, Julian and Georgina turned in silence. They did not speak as they walked slowly back to the house.

Julian was very angry. He went home at once, leaving a childish message for Viola that he had a touch of fever.

The next morning he went straight round to see her, still bitterly angry.

Viola was looking her best—fresh from the hairdressers and wearing a new frock. She was determined to put up the fight of her life to get him back from Georgina. But she noticed almost at once that he was feeling genuinely injured, and began to wonder if he had really fallen for Georgina after all. And his reaction of last night now strengthened the supposition: if he really cared about Georgina, he would not have left the girl stranded at the party or been so disturbed by her *tête-à-tête* with Brian. It seemed as if reconquest would be easier than she had expected. She felt a sense of power over him, something she had never experienced before.

Julian became aware of the change in her attitude, and found it added to her desirability. He thought she had (*Continued on page* 94)

Marriage wont turn _me_ into a stay at home

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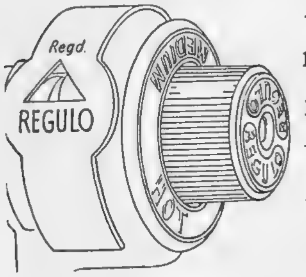

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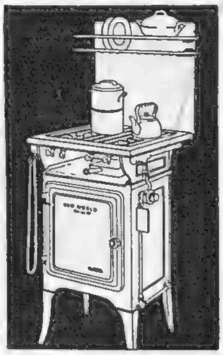

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never seemed quite so lovely as she did now, and his mood softened when he saw that his resentment was not having the effect he had expected.

Wavering, he suddenly made up his mind to be magnanimous and to forgive her. She seemed to take his forgiveness for granted, almost making him feel the guilty party. He kissed her, uncertainly.

Viola's victory was complete, and suddenly it dawned on her with a little shock that she was no longer in love with Julian after all. He had changed, he was no longer sure of her, and that masterful way he had of kissing, which was part of his great charm, had gone. She drew away, found herself thinking of Brian and remembering his urgent kiss the previous evening. They had both acted their parts well, knowing Georgina and Julian were watching, and Brian had kissed her forcefully, determined to see the whole thing through properly. This done, he had looked carefully after Georgina to see how she had taken it. And even then, Viola remembered, she had felt a qualm of disappointment—disappointment that the net of her charm was not close enough to catch every fish in the sea. Thinking of Brian, she looked now at Julian, closely, as though she were looking at him for the first time. She saw how very carefully his hair was brushed on top, realised he was barely fifteen years younger than Marcus. Soon he would be old, and instinctively she craved for youth. Youth . . . .

She said to Julian, "Do you mind ?—I've got an appointment," adding that she would telephone him. She saw that he knew it was all over. She looked away almost before he left the room: his exit was so painfully dignified. It hurt her for quite a few minutes after he had gone. . . .

BRIAN, sticking to his plan, was determined not to make the first advance to Georgina. Doggedly, he went about his work—and this was going well, for Marriott had by now come round to feeling that Brian had been right over the market episode and was affability itself, his first annoyance forgotten. Brian, realising this, did not disillusion Marriott by telling him they had both been wrong, and worked with a zest Marriott had not noticed in him for some time. But then Marriott did not know that, as day after day went by, Brian was working the harder in order to still the whisperings of his imagination which told him that he was an ass to suppose Georgina cared in the least about him, that even if she did she would have far too much pride—especially after the Lady Terry episode—to ring him up unless he did something about it first.

By the end of a week, however, he could not stand the wearing effect of his negative policy any longer, and rang her up. Miss Fear was out, and would he leave his name and a message ? Brian would leave neither, put down the receiver miserably, with vivid visions of Georgina out with one of the many young men who swarmed in Calcutta—not Julian Wales, he consoled himself, for he had heard that she and Julian were no longer seen about together. But this piece of news was now three days old and no longer much consolation—there were so many other men about, and affairs grew so quickly. . . .

The office telephone rang and he picked up the receiver.

"Hullo!" came Georgina's clear young voice. "Can I speak to Mr. Mitchell, please ?"

Brian's heart jumped, and he spoke more warmly than he had planned. "Hullo, Georgina, my dear, how *are* you ?—I haven't seen you for ages."

She laughed—a little shakily, Brian thought—and said: "That's hardly my fault, you busy broker man. I rang up to tell you Mummy and I are going to Singapore for a trip by the next boat—why don't you come along too ? You must need a holiday or you'll burst!"

Brian said: "That's a real brain-wave—Marriott asked the other day if I wanted some leave. Singapore it is—are you speaking from the Club ? . . . Right, I'll come round for a drink."

He put down the receiver, and a wave of gratitude for Lady Terry's help swept over him. He picked up the phone again and asked for her number. "You were right, Lady Terry," he said, when her suave voice came over the wire, "Georgina has just asked me to go to Singapore—she's going with her mother on the next boat. Thought I'd phone to thank you for your helpful advice and whatnot."

Viola laughed as she answered. "Whatnot," she thought, was good.

Brian rushed into Marriott's office to get his leave. Marriott granted it at once, and began a genial discourse on the beauties of Singapore which was interrupted by the ringing of his desk telephone.

"Marriott this end . . . Oh, good evening, Sir Marcus . . . Well, that's good hearing, sir . . . Right, I'll call on you first thing to-morrow, and very glad to, sir." Still laughing genially, Marriott turned to Brian as he put down the receiver.

"What do you know about that, my boy ? We are to take over Terry's business from Wales—apparently that young man has caught a crab at last. Can't say I'm surprised either; always thought he would over-reach himself one day. This'll mean a lot to us, by gad! Now get along and book your passage, and come back ready for extra work. Have to hand over some of the bigger clients to you now."

Brian tore off to book his passage, his thoughts in a chaos of excitement . . . "Ten days with Georgina, ten whole days. My plan worked after all, thanks to Lady Terry . . . I wonder if Sir Marcus has found out about her and Julian Wales and that's why he switched his business to us . . . Of *course*, that's it. Well, that's finished Wales" . . .

"THAT'S finished Wales," Sir Marcus was thinking as he hung up after talking to Marriott . . . "Thank God that affair of Vi's is over now—they haven't seen each other for a week. But I had to wait that long to make sure. Wouldn't have done to sack him before I was certain; that would have got Vi up in arms and made no end of a mess . . . By gad, now he's getting his medicine!"

The old man chuckled as he took up his topee and went downstairs to his car. It appealed to him—Julian never knowing why he had done it. Pity to lose him from a business point of view, but Marriott was sound and there were limits, even to business. He wondered, as his car rolled home to Alipore, if he would have thought that fifteen years ago—business came first, last, and all the time then. Ah well, he had to face it; you couldn't keep young for ever. And he still had Vi. Now that affair was finished she really might turn over a new leaf. He didn't despair; he still hoped.

Hope grew when he got home and found her waiting for him. She had done her hair the way he liked it best, and she had mixed his drink ready for him. She curled up at his feet as he sipped it, put her head on his lap and sighed comfortably. "Yes," he thought, "she does love me really; the other was only a passing infatuation."

She looked tenderly up at him, and said "You know, darling, your're looking a bit done up. Why not take a holiday for a bit ?"

He patted her hand with real affection.

"You're very sweet to me to-night, me dear. That's not a bad plan either. I think I could do with a change . . . All right. Now where shall we go—Darjeeling ?"

Viola made a little *moue*.

"I'm rather sick of Darjeeling," she said. "I'll tell you what. Let's take a nice sea trip—what about the next boat to Singapore ?"

END

Bridge Party

(*Continued from page* 68)

sugar in a bowl over hot water until light and thick. Remove from the heat and whisk until slightly cooled. Add the sieved flour and the cooled melted butter to the mixture, stirring very lightly. Turn into a greased and papered flat baking tin and bake in a steady oven for about twenty minutes, until firm and lightly browned. Turn on to a wire tray and cool before cutting out.

This can also be made into little cakes sandwiched together with jam, lemon curd or almond paste, or, again, brushed over with a little apricot marmalade and dipped in nuts. Decorate with icing and pistachio nuts.

If the slab is cut across in halves and sandwiched together with butter icing, cream or jam, it makes a delightful sponge, further improved if covered with American icing.

To make this icing, put into a pan nine ounces of sugar and one gill of boiling water and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Bring slowly to boiling point without stirring. Skim thoroughly and have ready the white of an egg stiffly beaten.

Boil the sugar and water without stirring until it will make a thread when dropped from the end of a skewer, 232° F. for those who have a thermometer. Cool slightly, then pour gradually over the stiffly beaten white, whisking until it is of a spreading consistency. This can be done over hot water until the icing becomes slightly granular round the sides of the bowl.

Whisk in a few drops of lemon juice, being careful to catch the icing at the right coating consistency. Spread it quickly over and round the cake, pulling it while still soft into rough points with the handle of a teaspoon.

END

A Change for Breakfast

(*Continued from page* 71)

SPICED EGGS FOR FOUR PEOPLE

Eight eggs.
One ounce of butter.
Salt; a pinch of saffron powder.
A teaspoonful of curry powder.

Break the eggs in a bowl, add salt and beat them well. Meanwhile, melt the butter in a small thick saucepan, add the curry powder and saffron and cook for a minute.

Pour in the eggs and then cook very slowly, stirring all the time until they are thick and have begun to set like buttered eggs.

For people with large appetites, a slice of cold, cooked ham goes very well with this dish.

BREAKFAST COFFEE FOR FOUR PEOPLE

Four heaped tablespoonfuls of coffee (freshly ground).
Four cupfuls of boiling water.
One teaspoonful of chicory.

Put the coffee in the top of an ordinary earthenware or china coffee percolator. Bring the water to the boil in a saucepan, and when boiling throw in the chicory. Boil for two minutes and pour the water little by little over the coffee until it has all gone through, the coffee pot being kept hot, of course, meanwhile.

This will give you enough fresh and strongly flavoured coffee to serve "half and half" with hot milk so that each person will have almost two cups of delicious coffee. Never use chicory for after-dinner black coffee.

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

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PLAYER'S PLEASE
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED - IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS - 25 FOR 1'3
N.C.C.558A

Fashions

(*Continued from page* 59)

A new neckline is in, good on dresses and coats. In a dress it is formed by the bodice coming an inch above the throat, with a centre seam. That inch is split down to the throat, and the points (which sometimes are rounded) melt away to nothing at the side and back.

In a suit the centre seam is the opening of the coat, and is link-fastened together from throat to waist or hips, leaving the points or rounded edges standing up.

Jaeger use it a lot. In little jackets and in dressy jumper blouses, for dinner or cocktails, fitting to waist, then shaped out, tailored in furnishing fabrics.

They have nice variations of their neat little classic line; dark suits with short, fitting jackets, their wide revers and patch pockets outlined with braid.

They show the good effect of contrast in a tomato jersey frock under a dusty navy coat, with three-quarter sleeves, worn with a funny tomato hat and bag. In a pink tweed waisted jacket worn with a maroon skirt.

So far my Ogpu reports there is no indication that there is going to be any wild outburst of red-white-and-blue. But you never know. Red, white and blue is for flags and bunting and drapes. Women ought not to be made to go around looking like Britannia. Though it is a grand compliment to this fashion section if you go around looking like "Britannia and Eve."

This Girl may be Queen Elizabeth II of England

(*Continued from page* 9)

"Hello, Uncle David."

"Hear you've got a new sister. What about showing her to me?"

And the Duke of Kent: "Do you think I could see this new sister of yours, Lilibet?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle George."

Hand in hand, they inspected the Princess Margaret Rose. "She's got a funny face, hasn't she? Almost as funny as yours."

A giggle from Elizabeth, quickly suppressed: "We mustn't wake her up, 'Ala' says."

Queen Mary said: "You'll take good care of her, won't you, Lilibet? She's so small. . . ."

Her mother has always encouraged her in those make-believe games which had been a source of great happiness in her own childhood, spent between the old feudal castle of Glamis, in Scotland, and the mellow country place, St. Paul's Waldenbury, in South England. Elizabeth liked to play "riding the night express"—on a divan in the sitting-room. She had a dozen games. One of the later ones, linked to her deportment lessons, was "Court presentations." It made curtsey practice an amusing pastime instead of dull routine exercise.

Queen Mary came along to the nursery one teatime, and they insisted on enthroning her and enacting the "daisy chain," the line of presentees who file before the Throne at a Court at Buckingham Palace. The Duchess was roped in to play the Lord Chamberlain, who stands beside the Throne and reads the names. As they ran back from the "exit door" to the starting point again, Elizabeth whispered urgently to her mother: "Ask us who we are next time."

So as they advanced sedately across the "drawing-room" into the "Throne Room," and approached their Grandmamma, sitting upright on a nursery chair with her daughter-in-law standing beside her, very grand with a piece of cardboard to simulate the name card, the Duchess bent forward and murmured: "Whom have we the honour of receiving?"

"Lord Bathtub and Lady Plug," responded Elizabeth instantly, and she and Margaret Rose burst into shrieks of laughter. Their Grandmamma looked at their mother, who murmured: "I'm afraid that must be Uncle David. He was playing 'Courts' with them yesterday."

Queen Mary rose to the occasion. "Lord Bathtub may withdraw," said she. "We do not like his name, and in any case he should know by now that gentlemen are not presented at this Court. We receive only ladies. Lady Plug may remain. But we shall change her name, which is very ugly."

"Lord Bathtub and Lady Plug" disappeared forthwith from the Princesses' world of make-believe personages; and Uncle David, remonstrated with, curbed his sense of humour with the children thereafter.

Mr. Winston Churchill surprised the Princess once by appearing in a Privy Councillor's uniform, with cocked hat, and all his medals. She had no idea that the plump parliamentarian had been a soldier.

At lunch, she tackled him about this. Obliged to explain to the child princess why he gave up being a soldier, he began: "It was after the war in South Africa—you know about that?"

"Yes—you wore red coats"—her history books had left that high light on her mind.

"We did," said Churchill grimly. "And fine targets we made. But, no matter. When I came home from the war, I was young—oh, as young as your father was when he married your mother. And I found out something important."

"Oo, yes?" said Princess Elizabeth, all eyes and ears.

"Yes. The pen is mightier than the sword."

Elizabeth received that in reflective silence, while Mr. Churchill and the Duke and Duchess exchanged smiles, all thinking that the child had been presented with excellent food for thought—besides being adroitly silenced. But a few moments later she evidently remembered something else she had seen in those history book pictures, for she piped up: "But didn't you have a gun?"

Said Churchill to the Duke: "That, sir, is what one gets for talking platitudes to children!"

If Princess Elizabeth has sometimes embarrassed her parents by a certain outspokenness and a passion for information, she has on many occasions been a very considerable social asset. Both she and her sister learnt early to make visitors, small or grown-up, feel at their ease. It is a technique which their maternal grandmother taught their mother as a child.

"Don't think about yourself: think about other people," is the basis of the technique which was instilled into Queen Elizabeth, and which she in turn has instilled into her two daughters. The result is that both girls, Elizabeth especially, are completely without self-consciousness. Their mother works hard to keep them that way.

There was an occasion when an important Indian potentate was in England. It was the time of the vital Round Table Conference. The India Office was anxious to be nice to the potentate, an important influence in the Chamber of Princes, representing the native States comprising a third of British India. He was invited to lunch with the Duke and Duchess of York.

He arrived in his dress of ceremony, an impressive figure. The luncheon party had been chosen to do him honour. The members of the party hoped they had shown him that he was appreciated, but as he retained an Oriental impassiveness, they could not be sure.

As coffee was served, Princess Elizabeth was brought in. She saw that he had left his coffee spoon in his cup, and, leaning across his knee after they had shaken hands, she started to stir his coffee. Then she let go the question that had evidently been weighing on her ever since she had been told about the visitor, and shown, in the books and on the map, the glamorous land whence he came.

"Have you—has your highness" (she gave him, as instructed, the correct title due to a Prince entitled to a salute of 11 guns or more) "—got any elephants?"

For the first time the potentate relaxed. "I have many elephants, your Royal Highness," he informed her.

Princess Elizabeth looked at him with genuine awe and respect. She forgot the company. They were alone, the breathless English child and the turbaned Prince from the enchanted Land of the Elephants.

"What do they eat, your highness?" she demanded.

The potentate settled down for a cosy chat. He took a personal interest and pride in his elephants. The Viceroy (British Viceroys have white aeroplanes now, but no elephants) on State occasions often borrowed his best gilded tuskers.

"Your Royal Highness," he began; but the small Princess squeezed his knee. The time for ceremony had gone. They were about to have a fireside talk. "You call me Lilibet," she suggested, "and I'll call you sir."

She learnt a good deal about elephants during the next hour, while the grown-ups sat around and tried to look interested. At length the potentate departed. During the rest of his stay he talked continually of the child Princess, and before he left he sent his respectful salutations to the Duke and Duchess and begged them that if in the future they should visit India, they would bring the Princess Elizabeth and visit his State, for, said he, "her Royal Highness has captured my heart."

The Princess is not always so accommodating. Her mother has noted that the only time she becomes restive, ill at ease, or naughty, is in the presence of pompous persons. They were staying at Windsor Castle when a bishop, who had not previously met her, patted her on the head. "What a pretty child!" Princess Elizabeth immediately said. It had happened to her before, and she didn't like it. The bishop, who had opened his mouth to say just that, swallowed, and with an effort went on beaming.

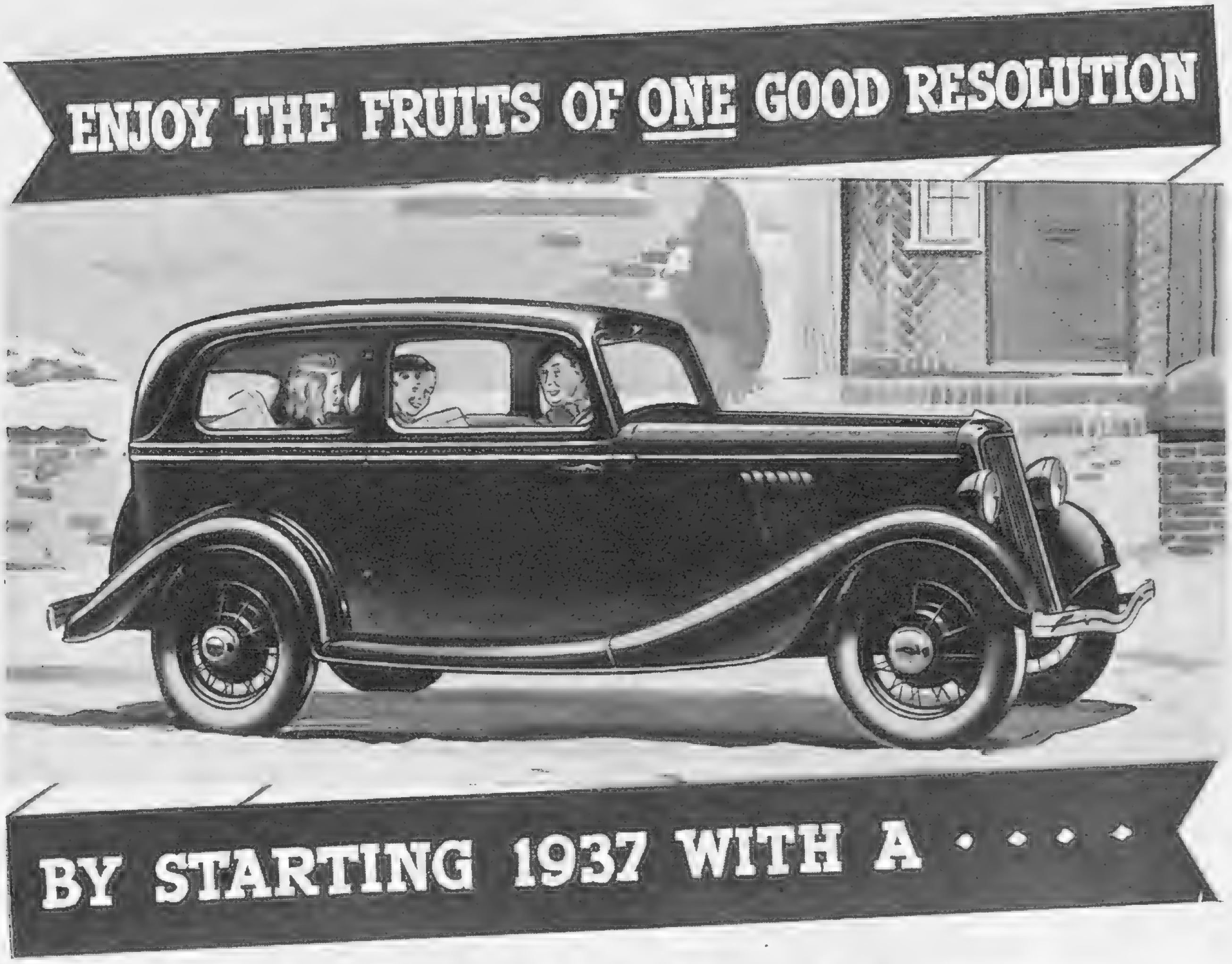
Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was presented. The Princess craned her head up as the tall, gangling Scots socialist-statesman bent down. "I know you. I see your picture in the papers!"

Mr. Hore-Belisha had lately inaugurated his pedestrian lanes. There are several around the house-and-railed-garden island where the Princesses live in town, and they promptly imported the idea into their play in the Hamilton Place garden behind their house—the private miniature park where they play. Elizabeth would ride her bicycle along one of the gravel paths, and Margaret Rose would step out from a shrubbery, hold up a commanding hand, and slowly cross, while Elizabeth braked, and then went on.

Mr. Hore-Belisha came to lunch, and Elizabeth shook hands with him. "We know all about your crossings," she told him. The Transport Minister was much gratified. He thought the Duchess had been telling her children what great work he and his department had been doing. "Yes," went on Elizabeth, "it makes a lovely game! I nearly ran over Margaret Rose yesterday."

Sir James Barrie says that it was a chance remark of Princess Margaret Rose's that gave him the idea for his play, *The Boy David*, which he did for Elisabeth Bergner. This may or may not be just another Barrie whimsicality; but, anyway, when he got home from "145" he wrote to the Princess, thanked her for his tea, and the idea, and said that if he made anything of it, the idea, he would pay twopence as royalty.

Back came a letter in the Princess Elizabeth's careful handwriting. She said she was writing on behalf (*Continued on page* 98)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This Girl may be Queen Elizabeth II of England

of her sister, who was too young to write yet. As her sister's literary agent, she wished to know whether the twopence was to be an outright payment for the idea for the play, or whether it would be paid for every performance of the play—which, she thought, would run for a long, long time.

Next time Barrie met Princess Elizabeth's mother, he said, accusingly: "I forgot I was dealing with a fellow Scot!"

When the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester —"Uncle Harry and Auntie Alice"—were married in the autumn of 1935, the wedding present which attracted most attention in the extensive layout in St. James's Palace was a silver cigarette lighter. A coroneted card beside it was inscribed: "From Lilibet and Margaret, 6.11.35." "From Lilibet and" was written in Princess Elizabeth's young hand, while the careful printing in block letters, a trifle uneven but gallantly standing up, of "Margaret" indicated that Lilibet's young sister thought her calligraphy not yet quite adequate. The date was in a mature hand; their mother had written it in.

At Christmas the Princesses went shopping, as usual, in the little general shop at Dersingham, the village near Sandringham—in whose great house the Royal Family has held its annual Christmas reunion since King Edward VII bought the estate, built the house, and made it "home." They bought stuff for dolls' dresses, small gifts for Mamma and Grandmamma—nothing spectacular, for they have a very modest weekly allowance of pocket money, and they have to count their bawbees before they can indulge their desires, and they are often left healthily longing, like other children.

"I want that tin of toffee, please."

"Certainly, your Royal Highness."

"Please, the duck—the woolly one," from Princess Margaret.

Elizabeth takes the money for both from her handbag, which bears the initial "E" under a coronet. She pays. They go out hand-in-hand. But Elizabeth says to "Ala," the nurse: "Keep Margaret. I'll be back," and dashes back into the shop. She has seen a doll she wants to buy for Margaret, as a surprise. But it is three shillings, which is a shilling more than she has in her bag.

"Wait a minute."

She pops out to Ala.

"Ala, can you lend me a shilling, please?" Ala can. She knows she'll get it back on Monday morning, when the Princesses get their pocket money. "Oh, hurry, Monday morning!" is an ejaculation of Elizabeth's with which the family is very familiar.

Princess Elizabeth's education is planned by her parents deliberately with a sense of the duties, burdens and responsibilities which one day may fall upon her shoulders. She is being instructed by private governesses and tutors, with her mother supervising. Languages, constitutional history, the duties of a hostess, specialised geography, social history, are among her important subjects. Lessons begin at 9 in the morning, and continue, with a break at 11, till nearly luncheon time. In the evenings there is "homework." Her afternoons are either free or devoted to some lesson which (like dancing) takes on a playtime aspect or involves an outing, perhaps to see where King John signed the Magna Carta, or William the Conqueror used to hunt.

She always has an hour's hard play in the mornings. "Touch" and "ball" are favourites in town—they fit the small private railed park. Both Princesses have ponies, and ride when they are at their Windsor country place. Dookie, Elizabeth's own Corgi terrier, a long, low tan dog, very active, spends a good deal of his life chasing or being chased.

"Home" to her for some time now has meant either Royal Lodge, Windsor Park, or 145, Piccadilly, the town mansion on the edge of Hyde Park. In the town house the Princesses have their own nursery suite. It has a cherry-red carpet, ivory woodwork, and green-blue walls. Each Princess has her own table china. Elizabeth's is blue and white, with a pattern of blackbirds, and the legend: "Two for joy." Margaret Rose's is pink and white with a love bird perched on a spray of Scotch heather. Soon, now, they will be exchanging their town home. Buckingham Palace has a fine playground—a walled garden a mile round.

Queen Elizabeth, herself one of 10 children, had a happy childhood. She sees to it that her own children are similarly blessed. She spends much of her time with Elizabeth. The probable next British sovereign is taught that life is a game, the real game of all games; but it is played to very strict rules, and it takes a lot of learning. You have to abide by the rules, or you hurt and disappoint people, and let everybody down, including yourself.

Her father is a model to be watched. Elizabeth is, indeed, cast more in her father's than in her mother's mould (Margaret Rose is more her mother's child). This represents another urge to duty for Papa. Church service at Balmoral is not exciting. Her mother was horrified to see Elizabeth apparently snoozing in her pew. A poke in the ribs awoke her. Later, her mother reproved her. "But," said Princess Elizabeth, hurt, "Papa closed his eyes!"

There is Scandinavian seriousness wedded to Norman humour in this girl. English blood in her—that means Saxon, Norman, and Roman colonist; Scotch blood—Celtic blood. Danish blood from her great-grandmother, Alexandra; strong Prussian-German blood from her great-great-grandmother, Victoria. She is growing up sturdy, self-reliant, unspoiled. And she is growing fast. The day is not far off when the Princess Margaret Rose will be listening alone to the fairy-tales her mother, the Queen, reads, while Princess Elizabeth moves out of the enchanted stream of dreaming childhood into a swifter current of life.

END

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Hollywood's Fitting Room Secrets

(Continued from page 47)

are set, but it is exquisite in workmanship and would pass for the real thing anywhere.

It was a Hollywood wardrobe department that used, for the first time, the combined clip-and-brooch that has since become so popular everywhere. Another brooch, that has a slip-in section of some synthetic stone in four or five different colours (emerald, sapphire, ruby, onyx, cornelian), was seen originally on the screen; it was worn by Carole Lombard, and the stone was changed to tone with the different costumes she wore throughout a film. This idea was bound to be copied, and now similar brooches belong to women who have never faced a film camera in their lives.

In "The Big Broadcast of 1937" Travis Banton suggested a new jewellery fashion for Gracie Allen which will rush round the world like a forest fire. He had the bright notion of using those elaborate jewelled clips that women have worn on their shoulders and at the necks of their gowns for some time, in a totally new way. He told Miss Allen to fix them at the extreme end of the tight-fitting sleeves of one of her evening dresses, with the mitred points going up her arm. Not a woman who saw that film failed to notice this clever innovation; not a woman failed to murmur: "I must try that, with my own clips."

What becomes of the hundreds of model gowns that are created for the stars every year? They have three lives, most of these gowns. First, they parade in front of the camera on the graceful shoulders of the actress for whom they were designed. Back they go to the wardrobe to be slightly remodelled and reissued looking completely different, all ready for a player who is *not* a star to wear them in some other picture. The way these frocks are cleaned, and sometimes dyed, and always "made over," is one of the many miracles of the studios. I was walking across a big ballroom set with Ida Lupino, not long ago, when a girl who was playing a small part stopped in front of Ida and said: "Miss Lupino, how do you think your dress looks now? Remember it? You wore it in such-and-such a film; it's been remade for me, and I think it's just swell."

Ida looked at the girl, and at the dress. "If I ever wore that garment, I'll buy you a couple of tickets for the tennis matches," she said. "I never saw it before in my life."

"Oh, yes, you did," persisted the small-part player. "Look, here's your name-tag, still left on this seam." She pulled up some of the floating drapery of the skirt, and there was Ida's name, sure enough, on the tag sewn against the seam. So clever was the transformation of that gown that Miss Lupino declared, sincerely, that it had never been on her back.

After its first renovation, a dress goes back once more and is changed all over again, to be ready for use when a big crowd of extras require frocks they are not expected to provide for themselves. One other use to which a screen model gown can be put is that it may become, by purchase, the property of the star for whom it was designed. Many times it happens that Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Madge Evans, or some other screen beauty, takes a great fancy to some dress she has worn in a film. Discussion follows between the wardrobe department and the star, and it is arranged that the gown shall be placed in the personal wardrobe of the actress, at a price.

IT was Norma Talmadge who gave Travis Banton courage and inspiration when he broke into the studio wardrobe game, in 1916, as a rather raw, certainly nervous, young art student. Alice Joyce gave him further encouragement; she was one of the first stars who did not mind how many weary hours she stood for fittings, provided the ultimate result gave her the kind of dress she wanted. Only last November (1936) Carole Lombard went into a fitting-room with Travis Banton and his chief fitter at 2 p.m., one nice afternoon. It was 9 p.m. that evening before she came out. The dresses she tried on, through one of the longest and most patient sessions even Travis can remember, will be seen when the new Lombard film "Swing High, Swing Low" reaches the screen.

Creating gowns for celebrities has become a comparatively simple matter to Mr. Banton since the day he designed a bridal dress for a well-known New York dressmaker in whose salon he was then employed. A sketch of the gown appeared in a magazine; the next day, amid much whispering and bustling, it was whisked from the workroom and carried swiftly to the near-by fitting-rooms. Mr. Banton could not resist the temptation to peep into the luxurious salon, where the customer who wanted to buy the dress was walking slowly up and down in front of long mirrors. As he looked at her golden curl-crowned head, her graceful walk, her smiling, lovely face, Mr. Banton knew that the one girl in the world he would have wished to be married in that dress was about to become its purchaser. The girl was Mary Pickford She wore the dress at her wedding to Douglas Fairbanks.

In 1924 Travis Banton's contract with Paramount began; it has never been broken in the twelve years that have elapsed. On the walls of his businesslike office in the wardrobe-building, Mr. Banton has signed photographs of Pola Negri, Florence Vidor, Bebe Daniels, Clara Bow, Marlene Dietrich, Ruth Chatterton, Leatrice Joy, Greta Nissen, Claudette Colbert, Ida Lupino, Carole Lombard. To design clothes for Claudette, of the exquisite figure, is a joyous task; but to get Miss Colbert to believe she looks nice in any costume is quite another matter.

(Continued on page 100)

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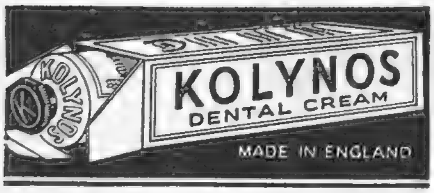

Carole Lombard is fun in a fitting-room. There is often a lot of noise whenever Carole is around. She leaps to a momentous fitting like a high diver into a deep swimming-pool; she is in, up to the eyes, before anyone has time for more than a passing gasp. Miss Lombard adores pretty frocks. She likes to sweep up and down the fitting-room in her new dresses, exclaiming with delight over each excitingly original touch. She darts into the big workroom, where model figures are kept of every star and featured player in the studio, from little Virginia Weidler, not yet ten years old, to Alison Skipworth, that gorgeous grande dame from the British Isles. On these models clothes can be fitted up to a high point of perfection; the star is saved, therefore, many weary hours of standing in the green-walled fitting-rooms while somebody kneels and tries to avoid swallowing mouthfuls of pins.

One great tribute Carole Lombard pays to the designer who has made her look so alluring in so many films. She never discusses in advance with him the new set of garments he has to create for each new film. She tells him to go right ahead—this with an airy wave of the slender Lombard hand. Only when the dresses are ready for fitting does she put them on, to dissolve into raving raptures at each fresh, startlingly clever creation. "Divine; just DIVINE!" is her usual expression. And she means it. Travis Banton has never made her look anything but *right*.

Marlene Dietrich cooks scrambled eggs in the Viennese manner for Travis Banton; and that says, without further words, that she thinks his clothes are excellent. I went to her dressing-room one day during the filming of "The Scarlet Empress"; her daughter Maria was there, and so was Mr. Banton. Marlene Dietrich was standing by a small gas cooking jet, conveniently installed above a long flat-topped cupboard that is reflected in her dressing-table mirror. One hand swayed up and down her slim figure, as she discussed the drapery of a certain dress with its designer; the other held a long wooden spoon with which she stirred a savoury mixture of eggs and butter and herbs. Mr. Banton, she learned, had been too rushed to eat any luncheon that day; so she was repairing the omission. For her, as for Carole Lombard, he has designed dresses that never see the eye of the camera; they are intended for personal use only.

THE episode of Marlene Dietrich and the eggs reminds me of another afternoon at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, and an

episode concerning Adrian, dress-designer, and Garbo, Swedish star. Adrian, who has created every dress Miss Garbo has worn on the screen, is one of the few people in Hollywood who can claim intimate personal friendship with this elusive actress. She is not shy with him; she is not afraid to be herself when she meets and talks to him. For him she relaxed her strict rule of refusing permission to anyone except a professional cameraman to take an informal snapshot of herself.

He looks absurdly young to occupy such a responsible post in a great studio; actually, he is nearly thirty-two, and has been doing sketches and designs of some kind or other since the age of three. He went to the New York branch of the School of Fine and Applied Arts, and from there to the Paris branch of the same school. In Paris, he took a girl to the Grand Prix Ball in a glamorous Persian costume of his own designing. Irving Berlin, then preparing his first "Music Box Revue" for Broadway production, was so struck with this dress that he offered Adrian an immediate contract to design all the costumes for his revue in New York. Following that first "Music Box" show, Adrian created costumes for many Broadway musical productions, and then found himself in the film game by accident.

He left some of his sketches on the table of a well-known costumier's on Fifth Avenue; Natacha Rambova, Rudolph Valentino's wife, picked one up, admired it enormously, asked for permission to show it to her famous husband. Valentino allowed no grass to grow under his feet; he knew good designing when he saw it, and Adrian departed to Hollywood with the Valentinos to do the costumes for "Cobra," "Son of the Sheik," "The Eagle" and several other films. Then came the opening of Charlie Chaplin's "Gold Rush" at Sid Grauman's Egyptian Theatre; there was an elaborate prologue, for which striking costumes were needed.

Adrian created them; and the day after the film opened he had to choose between six contracts to design dresses for the big studios. He chose the one offered by Cecil de Mille, because he argued that Mr. de Mille was doing more spectacular films than any of the others, and thus there would be more scope for picturesque costumes. When Cecil de Mille went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Adrian went with him; and so started, helping, through clothes, to build the personalities of Shearer, Crawford, Garbo, Harlow, and other actresses engaged at that studio.

END

Big Business in Silk

(*Continued from page* 41)

of the Aristoc organisation is one of triumphant progress from the start.

As consciousness of the beautifying properties of fine silk grew among women, the Aristoc factory adapted itself to the demand. There was not at that time in this country a type of machinery suitable for the production of fine-mesh silk stockings. The products of the English manufacturers of that time can only be described as robust, whereas America and the Continent were already producing fine silk stockings in large quantities.

It was obvious that machinery necessary to make the more delicate class of hosiery would have to be imported into this country. And it was.

Thus sheer silk stockings came to the women of this country. It is a history of steady progress, from the stockings of that time to the delicate finery that the Aristoc factory is producing to-day. Moreover, it is history which stands as proof of the irresistible appeal to women of quality.

From the first, the directors of Aristoc have set themselves a standard of perfection which has proved its worth. Nothing but pure silk has ever been used in the manufacture of Aristoc stockings; and nothing but the finest craftsmanship and the highest standards of perfection have ever been employed in their assemblance.

Touring this factory in which so many people are employed, and where progress and prosperity are written indelibly upon every feature, it occurred to me as odd that the directors had not seen fit to extend their success in the production of stockings into that of some other commodity.

Their explanation is this: specialisation is the very core of their success.

By concentrating all energies upon one problem, and by avoiding the dispersal of these energies in other directions, the directors of Aristoc consider that they attain a much higher standard of perfection in the production of stockings than would otherwise be feasible.

No other product, they explain, would require such a high standard as that demanded by the class of silk stocking they are so successful in producing. Sooner, then, than lower this agreed standard even in connection with a different branch of manufacture, they continue as in the past.

It is an interesting, in fact a stimulating, point of view and one which perhaps industrialists would be wise to ponder.

If they have doubts of the ultimate wisdom of such a policy, the unrivalled position of Aristoc in the estimation of women and the daily growth of the factory itself, to which another huge extension has lately been made, should silence all dissent.

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See them at the Gas Showrooms

Sanger's Elephants

(*Continued from page 29*)

and wake the keeper. Tiny soon discovered that her nightly liberty was short-lived. She must have reasoned the why-for of this out, for one night she picked up both chain and stake in her trunk and made a successful but silent get-away.

An elephant's intelligence should be as proverbial as is his memory!

Every elephant longs for an occasional night out on its own. This is well known, and there's not much harm in it, except for the damage which an elephant, unwittingly, does. To circumvent this craving, a keeper always sleeps with the elephants. But you can't keep an elephant out of mischief; the keeper never knows what trouble has happened during the night until he wakes up. I have even known a keeper's coat and trousers to have served as a meal during the night.

Tiny was one of the first of the Sanger elephants, and died only two years ago. She was with the show for seventy years before she was pensioned off and presented to the Belle Vue Zoo at Manchester, where she enjoyed a very long old age. She joined us in the days when father and Uncle George were partners, and the show was called "John and George Sanger's Circus." In those days Jamrach's, whose place was near the London Docks, provided all the circuses with animals. Tiny came to us from Jamrach's riding in a four-wheeled cab. Of course she was only a small baby elephant.

She made her first appearance in the ring at Astley's—of which Dickens wrote: "Dear, dear. What a place it looked, that Astley's!" She grew up to be a great sport. In the ring she played football and cricket, and boxed better than any circus elephant I've seen. She had an uncanny memory. On a circus one must have constant variety: the programme must be constantly changed. Tiny would go into the ring and perfectly perform a number of tricks which she had not even rehearsed for six or seven years. When we celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Sanger's Circus, Tiny was the oldest employee; she was presented with a gold medal to mark the occasion.

Sick elephants are difficult and trying patients. When they are sick they become like some humans, and give themselves entirely over to the enjoyment of being ill! Eat they will not; it is a battle of wits to persuade them to take sufficient nourishment. One of Tiny's tricks in the ring was to drink out of a bottle. When she went sick at Edinburgh that was the only way we could persuade her to take food. The word of command would be given for her to sit on a chair, just as if she were in the ring, and then she would go through her ring routine, taking up and drinking from a bottle given to her. But the contents of this bottle were brandy, eggs and milk.

One of the most intelligent elephants we had was Palm. He was a splendid animal, except during his periods of "must," when, like all male elephants at such times, he was dangerous. Then Palm would do the most outrageous things. No sooner had he found an outlet for his bad temper than he would look sheepish, apologetic, and become as tractable as a child. It was as if he were telling everybody how sorry he was.

At Spalding, one year, just before dawn, we were trying to move the show out of a field, but the ground was heavy from constant rain, and the wagon wheels had become firmly embedded in the mud. The only hope of getting out of the mess was to get the elephants to haul. It was only then that it was discovered that Palm was missing. Telegrams were sent to all the adjacent police stations. Palm's keeper went off to try to find him. You would hardly imagine that a large elephant could wander over the countryside and evade capture for any length of time, but Palm managed to do so for a week. When at last he was cornered he gazed at us with innocent eyes and a penitent stoop.

His little jaunt cost the circus a pretty figure. He had done a truly amazing amount of damage to gardens, stacks and crops—in fact, as much damage as only an elephant could accomplish in the time.

Palm was always going off on the loose. He achieved one of his get-aways one Sunday morning as we arrived at Kentish Town station. One of the females was chained to Palm; he had no great love for her, but willy-nilly she had to go with him. They went off at a jog-trot, everybody scattering to make way for them. But just down the road was a house in course of erection, with a cellar that had not been roofed; into this the two elephants crashed and became wedged!

It took us the best part of that day to dig them out. Finally we got them away by demolishing one end of the cellar and sloping the roadway down to it.

The next few weeks we worked our way towards Bakewell; during that time Palm had broken some horses' ribs, and at Padiham had killed a man who was temporarily looking after the elephants. Palm would have been shot there and then had it not been known that the man was in the habit of teasing him. Even in his maddest moments and moods, Palm had always implicitly obeyed his regular keeper. At Bakewell, Palm went too far.

He was in the ring with another elephant doing a ladder trick. Then, suddenly, his head went down, his trunk tightly curled and uncurled again with the velocity of a cannon ball. It smacked against the keeper's forehead, the blow sending him flying into the ring seats. In an instant there was pandemonium in the circus. Women shrieked; everybody got to their feet and started scrambling towards the exits. It was an ugly situation. I rushed into the ring and shouted at the top of my voice: "Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen. What you've seen is only part of the show." People stopped, grinned and began to sit down again. I grabbed Palm by his ear, and he allowed me to lead him out of the ring. But when we reached the tent entrance he turned on me, felled me with his trunk, and gored a hole in my thigh with his tusk.

That was and had to be his death sentence. Shortly after midnight a squad of soldiers arrived at the circus. It was an eerie scene, lit by lanterns and moonlight, the soldiers lined against the canvas tent; in the field a black shadow marked where the circus people had gathered. Poor Palm was chained down and a volley was discharged into his carcass. During the last few months Palm had turned into a veritable rogue; yet we were all sorry when he rolled over on his side and breathed his last.

But my regret was tempered with the pain his goring gave me; for twelve weeks I hobbled about on crutches.

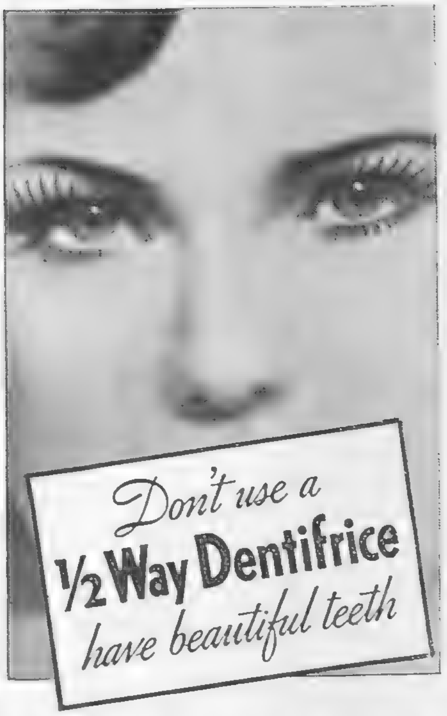
Palm was the father of the only elephant which has ever been born in this country. Elephants in captivity rarely breed—why, no one knows. At least, I have never heard any explanation. Even when a baby elephant does struggle into a zoo or a circus, it almost invariably dies. There is even little mating in captivity, the male elephants usually ignoring the females.

At one time, through deaths and various other reasons, our circus was reduced to four elephants; so four new ones were purchased from Hagenbeck, who succeeded Jamrach as the animal provider for zoos and circuses. When they arrived we were in our winter quarters at Horley, getting ready and rehearsing for the not very distant time when spring would be in the air and our circus once more on the road.

One morning the elephants, the old stagers and the new arrivals, were brought into the riding school—a small wooden building with a circus ring at one end, and trapezes and bars in the roof at the other—and lined up along the ring side. It was to be their first rehearsal together for the ring parade, their first lesson to learn to amble round the ring, one behind the other, one elephant holding the tail of the elephant in front in its trunk.

Without any

(*Continued on page 104*)



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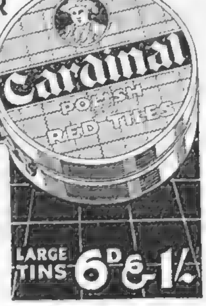

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warning, one of the new elephants suddenly charged at Tiny and knocked her over. Instantly the elephants took sides, old against new, and fought each other with tusk and trunk.

A general rehearsal had been called for that morning; the riding school was crowded with artists in practice costume, grooms, keepers and property men. The men shouted, the women screamed, the keepers rushed between the elephants and tried to separate them. The clamour and the din were appalling, all the more so as the tin roof of the school served as a sounding board. Soon the place was clouded with the dirt and dust which the elephants kicked up from the earth floor.

It was a frightening spectacle, and, to say the least of it, it was not particularly comfortable to be cooped up with eight elephants fighting each other in grim earnest.

It was a miracle that no one was hurt in that scrimmage. Someone surely would have been had not one of the elephants stampeded to the door, scattering men and women right and left in his progress, and butted it open with his head. The others followed him; the eight elephants rushed out into the fields. Perhaps it was the confined space which had frightened the newcomers, for no sooner were they out in the open air than they immediately quitened down.

But the Hagenbeck elephants never made friends with the old circus elephants, and the two groups always had to be kept away from each other.

Five thousand pounds was the price we paid to Hagenbeck for those four elephants; within two years three were dead. The manner of their dying is one of the many unsolved mysteries of the circus. There is no doubt that they were murdered, but the culprits were never traced.

The elephants were back at Horley for the winter when the tragedy was discovered. One morning it was noticed that they seemed distressed and wouldn't eat—an infallible sign that something was radically wrong with them. A vet was called in; he couldn't make head or tail of their symptoms, and was quite unable to diagnose. Professor Woolbridge, of University College, then the great expert on elephants, was wired for. He arrived, examined the elephants, but had to confess that he was as bewildered as his colleague had been.

Day by day the elephants became worse. They wouldn't eat; we could do nothing. We sat and helplessly watched three of them die. A post-mortem was held, at which it was discovered that the elephants had died as a result of arsenical poisoning. But the problem was how had the arsenic been introduced into their systems? Arsenic was never used on the farm; no trace of any had been discovered, nor has there been to this day.

From all over the country came letters of sympathy. A reward of £250 was offered, but we never discovered how or by whom the elephants were poisoned. Annie was the only one of the elephants to recover, which she did after going without food or drink for twenty-two days. Annie is still the star elephant performer on Sanger's Circus.

To pay £5,000 for four elephants and lose three within two years is typical of the financial risks a showman runs whenever he buys for his menagerie. But it is a risk which has to be faced; the menagerie must be kept up to standard and well stocked.

Young elephants have two passions—baby camels and bathing! Let them once get into water and it is a superhuman job to get them out again. One afternoon our younger elephants were having a wonderful time in a river, and would not come out. It was almost time for them to show in the ring; the keepers were at their wits' ends to know what to do. One went back to the circus and returned with a camel. Another keeper tugged at his halter; the camel squealed with annoyance. The elephants at once thought he was being badly treated, charged out of the water to his rescue, and crowded round, embracing him and fondling him with their trunks. The camel was led back to the circus and the elephants followed!

Afterwards that trick was always tried, and it always worked, when the elephants wouldn't come out of water.

But when elephants grow up they become more particular about their bathing. They like the water to be fairly warm; even then they have soon had enough.

In fact, the more I see of elephants, the more human I think they are!

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 37*)

of infuriated human beings had reached that psychological pitch when it wanted a victim at any cost. Here was collective blindness at its worst, and the people, who individually had humanity in their hearts, were now together bent on slaughter.

"Where is the Queen? Where is the Queen?" went forth the cry, but there was no need for it. She was there, standing pale before the octagonal throne, a figure of beauty and tragedy, and, above all, of majesty. She knew the end had come. She was ready to meet it with that same bravery as she had shown in life.

There was a weapon in every hand, but for a moment the foremost in the crowd hesitated, awed by the presence of the woman before them. Then those at the back pushed forward relentlessly. The group closed in, blades flashed, and, without a word, Queen Chand fell to the ground.

The people had wrought an insane vengeance; a great soul had passed on.

END

A New World to Conquer

(*Continued from page 23*)

without bursting the balloon or spilling through the safety valve. Picard obtained valuable information before descending skilfully on a glacier in the Alps. His instruments showed that he had attained a height of 9¾ miles. The little gondola in which he made this historic flight is on view to those interested at the South Kensington Museum.

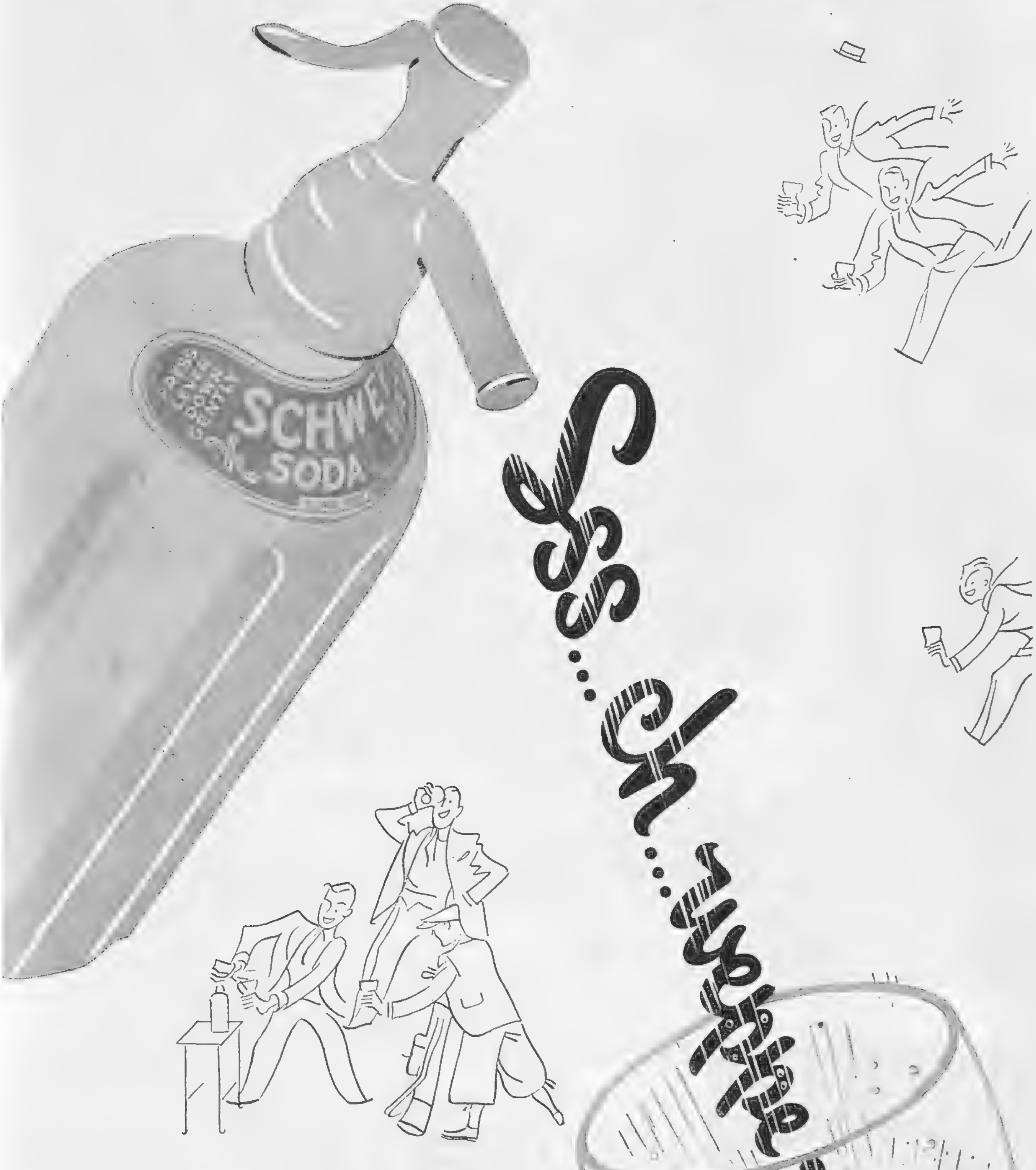
Picard, inspired by success, made a second flight a little over a year later, and on this one reached nearly 10½ miles, but by this time the fruits to be gained from high altitude exploration were being recognised by scientists in Russia and America. Simultaneously, aeronautical engineers were building aeroplanes that might explore the upper regions from a mechanical, as opposed to a purely scientific, point of view. They saw in the stratosphere a medium that would enable aeroplanes to fly faster owing to the rarefied atmosphere and consequent diminution of resistance. And they were concerned, as also were the scientists, in an endeavour to learn more about the behaviour of upper winds, which they believed would be of value in weather forecasting.

It is believed that there are continuous winds, similar to the familiar trade winds, blowing at various heights in the stratosphere. If this theory is correct, a pilot engaged on a long flight need only climb to the correct altitude always to have a tail wind of gale force to help him on his journey. Other advantages of high altitude flying would be the complete freedom from fog, mist and clouds, and very smooth flying.

Scientists are chiefly interested in the stratosphere because of their firm belief that the Cosmic Rays, which are carefully screened from us by the atmosphere, have a profound influence on life, and the only way to observe their characteristics is by climbing to those altitudes where the rays are really powerful.

A month after Picard's second flight, Flight-Lieutenant C. F. Uwins, test pilot to the famous Bristol (*Continued on page 106*)

Every day is Thirst-day *when the syphon says . . .*



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Aeroplane Company, makers of both aeroplanes and aero-engines, captured for this country the world's altitude record by flying to a height of 43,976 feet, and this record remained with us until April, 1934, when Donati, an Italian airman, flew to a height of over 47,000 feet. Great Britain played the main part in this record, too, for it was a Bristol engine that was fitted to the successful machine.

But to revert to balloon flights. Picard's record of 10½ miles was broken in October, 1933, by a Russian, M. Prokofief, who reached nearly 12 miles (62,320 feet), and in January, 1934, another attempt was made by Russians which tragically ended in disaster. The balloon, "Syrius," collapsed and all the occupants were killed.

The next attempt was made in America by Dr. Kepner in the balloon "Explorer I," and this effort failed too, but the lives of the occupants were miraculously spared. When a height of 58,000 feet had been reached, the stratonauts, looking up through the tiny window of their gondola, were horrified to see a slit appear in the fabric of the envelope. Anxiously they watched it widen into a great rent that spilled the gas so that the taut sphere of the envelope quickly collapsed into a flapping mass of fabric as the gondola rushed downward through space shorn of its lifting medium. On reaching an altitude when they could safely take to their parachutes, the men opened the air-tight door to their aluminium shell and jumped clear, and in this way they returned safely to earth.

Gerald Heard suggests that, in view of the fact that there was no essential difference in the equipment and method of Picard and the unsuccessful Russians and Americans, it is likely that the latter encountered some strain that Picard was lucky enough to miss. He suggests that radiation might be a possible cause of the disasters, or, in the case of "Syrius," even a meteoric stone.

In November, 1935, the new American balloon "Explorer II" was waiting for fine weather to set off on its flight into the stratosphere. This was the largest balloon ever constructed, the area of the bag being 2¾ acres. As usual, only a small percentage of the total capacity available was occupied by gas when the balloon started off at ground level pressure. It occupied, in fact, only 300,000 cubic feet, but this volume of gas would expand to take up the whole 3,700,000 cubic feet of the balloon when the highest altitude was reached.

Gently swaying in a soft breeze before its ascent, it seemed such a sloppy useless bag to which to entrust the lives of the two explorers, Captain Stevens and Captain Anderson, of the U.S. Army Air Corps, and the full-scale laboratory in which they were enclosed. But careful calculations had shown that the gas in this floppy bag would lift at least 8 tons.

The aluminium spherical cabin was 9 feet in diameter, and empty weighed more than a ¼ ton. Three ionization chambers were carried, each thickly sheathed in lead, to record the strength of cosmic radiation. Records recovered from "Explorer I" had shown that even at 40,000 feet the power of these curious rays was increasing. A dial thermometer, visible at all times to the occupants of the cabin, was fixed to the balloon. Arrangements were made to take samples of air at varying heights and, by means of slides exposed outside the cabin, to secure samples of spores and germs which might exist in the upper atmosphere. In addition to ordinary still cameras, cinematograph cameras were carried in order that events of which a moving picture record might be useful could be photographed.

From seven in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon the balloon rose through 74,000 feet, well over 14 miles. During the descent, which was accomplished without mishap, the explorers broadcast to the world remarks on their experiences.

Information that they obtained confirmed once more the strange fact that, far from getting colder as you go higher, in the stratosphere there is a fairly constant temperature of −55 degrees Centigrade. Cosmic radiation at 74,000 feet was found to be 150 times as strong as it is on earth. This seems to prove that outside the atmosphere there is not mere nothingness as we were taught in our youth, but an infinite ocean of infinite energy from which we are mercifully screened.

Squadron Leader F. R. D. Swain, R.A.F., is, at the time of writing, the holder of the world's altitude record for aeroplanes. I say "at the time of writing" advisedly, for the Air Ministry are making a continuous series of high flying experiments, and any day is likely to see Swain's record of just on 50,000 feet broken.

The Future? Undoubtedly the stratosphere will come into its own as a medium for swift transport machines, but what form these machines will ultimately take, and what their propulsive power will be, no one can say. The rarer the atmosphere, the more difficult it is to feed engines with oxygen and to get propellers to grip what little air there is; but it is in these very conditions that the rocket thrives, and exploration of the upper air now paves the way to the use of the rocket as a means of propelling the perfected vehicle for carrying freight and passengers. There is no reason at present known to presume that a rocket-propelled machine will not be able to fly out into space and skim the surface of the atmosphere where it will attain its highest efficiency. It would then be 100 miles above sea-level, which is a long way further than the 14 miles or so that has so far been reached by only two human beings in a balloon, or the 17 miles which has been attained by a pilotless balloon.

Looking still further ahead, many people like to toy with the idea of inter-planet travel. But have they ever considered the difficulties, hopelessly formidable to our mortal way of thinking, in the way of aiming a rocket machine at the planet to which it is required to journey? Not a few will admit to a certain difficulty in shooting at a pheasant flying at perhaps 25 miles an hour, but imagine the charm of trying to aim a rocket at planets, most of which travel at 30 *miles a second*. Even the moon flies along at 2,000 miles an hour!

END

Dog-Daze

(*Continued from page 21*)

of course, that my granddaughter will one day be very wealthy?"

"I didn't know it."

"Stuff and nonsense! That is all young men think of nowadays. We do not favour fortune-hunters here, young man, so if you have any——"

"Grandma! Oh, I'm not going to stay and listen to this!"

"Stay where you are, Laura! The young man has not answered my question."

"I have enough money of my own to go on with," Gaymer snapped. "And now, if you will excuse me——"

"What? Again? I am just telling you, young man, that Laura is shortly going to marry an old friend. That's all. And what are you going to do with your man now, Laura?"

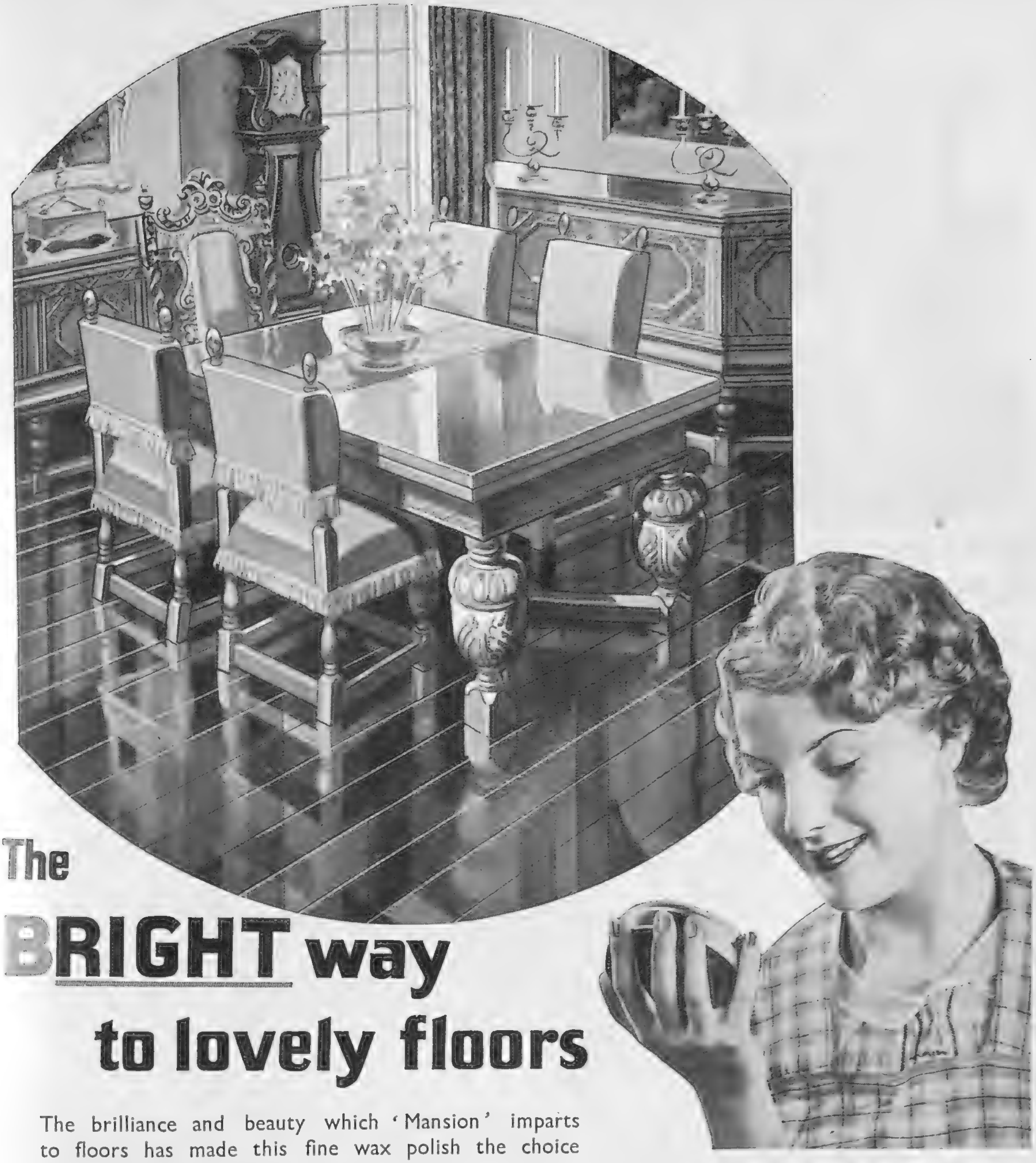
The girl was biting her lip. She faced the old lady squarely. "Give him some coffee, I suppose. Unless you are thinking he might steal some of the silver?"

Lady Harvieson ignored it. "Well, go and enjoy yourselves. Give him his coffee. Good night, young man!"

It was not until after the butler had brought them coffee in the room in which he had first found her that she spoke to him. "Grandma has never been as bad as that before, Mr. Flood," she said, nervously it seemed to him. "She has taken to insulting everyone lately—I don't know what you must think."

"It doesn't worry me. I expect old folks grow like that."

"She's 87. But (*Continued on page 108*)



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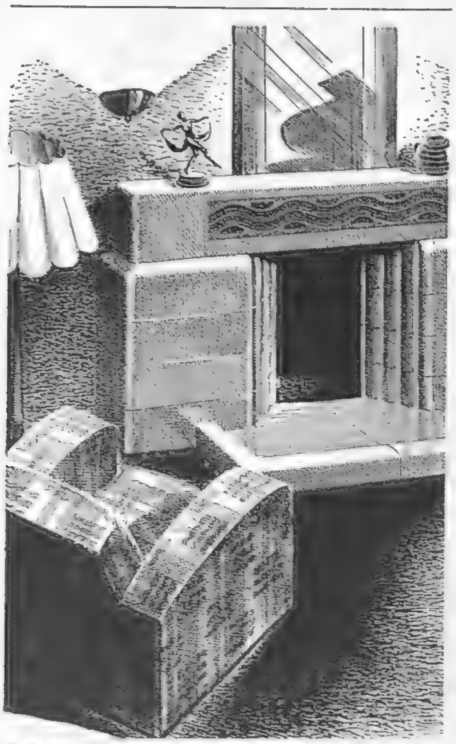

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it isn't that. She began insulting everyone I brought home before she arranged for me to marry Angus. Now she's getting worse. She's really very fond of me, I suppose, but you'd never guess it now."

Impulsive and temperamental, Gaymer decided; but he hadn't got yet beyond the misty, roseate point of telling himself that he had never even suspected anyone could be as beautiful as this.

"Let's forget her. I don't mind her insults a bit. Besides, surely you're old enough to——"

"I'm twenty-four, and this business has been going on ever since I began refusing to have anything to do with the men she kept wanting me to marry. I've always loathed Angus. He's a sort of cousin."

"Let's talk about the dog." A boyish confusion came over him. "I'll have to see you again—I mean, from time to time—to let you know about Mojer, and——"

"When I told Grandma he was stolen she rang up the police."

"Police? Then—what do I do if they ask me where I got the dog?"

"Oh, they won't do that! How can they tell one dog from another? Besides, you could keep him in your rooms for a bit. Every time I see that dog I think of Angus, and Grandma knows it. That's why she kept throwing the dog at my head as well as Angus. But I think you'd better be going now, or else Grandma will be coming in to see what's happening. Probably some insult about counting the spoons."

"But I'm going to see you again?" A feeling of desolation had captured him.

"Oh, in the Park, I suppose. Good night! Take care of Mojer!"

As the funereal butler let him out into the street, after jerking him expertly into his overcoat, he picked up a parcel and placed it in his hands. Gaymer examined it, puzzled.

"For you, sir," the voice boomed, and there was no answer to that. Under a street lamp Gaymer unwrapped it with care, to find a leg of mutton practically intact. For a while he stared at it dully; then it came to him that the butler must know about Mister Mojer, and he wrapped it up again hurriedly.

Mister Mojer was sleeping soundly in the chair up in his room, a gentle buzz-saw effect going with it. Gaymer roused him, and he stretched himself languorously. A look in his eye said clearly: "So you've got back, old cock? I'd like to know what you've been up to!"

"Mind your own business," Gaymer told him. "Anyway, she's the grandest girl I've ever seen. And the old dame isn't so bad. Oh, boy! We're going to live in that Park from now on. But—just a minute! The cops are after you. Did you know that?"

Mister Mojer's nose was delicately poised in the air. A sniff here, and penetrating noseful there. "What's that in the parcel?" he demanded shrewdly. "Bones! Or I'm a liar."

Gaymer gave him the leg of mutton and from the way it faded you might have thought it was blancmange. Then he exercised the dog and put him back to sleep in the chair. "Good night, and sweet dreams!" he said, and got into bed himself in the bedroom adjoining.

"If this is falling in love," he told himself, as he switched off the light, "I wasted ten good years of my life."

He could not have been asleep more than two hours before he woke with a nightmare start; he beat wildly about for a moment with his arms. The warm mud of a tropic swamp was just closing over his face, and the first thing he did was to draw a deep, sweet breath. His face was dripping as he stared at another within an inch of his own. Mister Mojer was just giving his boss's face a polish.

As he swilled his face Gaymer thought of the girl's words: "You don't know that dog like I do." Well, he was learning. He got back to bed, and slept through to morning. The only thing to trouble him was the remains of the shoe on the carpet in the next room. The greater part was eaten, but the metal eyelet holes, he noted, had been carefully spat back on the floor.

"Haven't you any decent habits?" Gaymer demanded. But it was clear from Mojer's expression that, as far as he was concerned, he had only just himself seen that shoe for the first time. He had no idea what had happened to it.

For a while after he had breakfasted Gaymer eyed the dog he had acquired in pensive silence. He was ready to do anything in the world for this girl, and it seemed to him that Mister Mojer was going to prove a searching test as the first job. It was not safe to be seen in public with the animal, so that it looked as though his exercise would have to be taken indoors, or late at night down the darker streets. But, unless he wanted the furniture of his room eaten, where was he to keep Mister Mojer? He rang down to Service, and of the youth who answered the telephone he asked: "Is there anywhere down there where you could keep my dog while I'm out?"

A conference at the other end ensued. Gaymer learned that on the strength of the lift boy's reports Mister Mojer was highly esteemed by the personnel of Service, and that he would be willingly accommodated in the kitchens. When the lift boy came to fetch the dog, for a moment Gaymer was tempted to confide in the youth, but instead he warned him not to take Mojer outside the building. "A bit wild," he hinted, and left it at that.

He spent the morning walking in the Park, but he saw no trace of the girl. He lunched in the restaurant downstairs in his own palatial block of flats.

That afternoon he walked the Park again, and, growing steadily lower in spirits, at length turned out of the Park into Charles Street, in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of the girl round her house. He knew then that there was no reason why a girl like Laura should have anything to do with him. Her grandmother insulted him, and she already had a fiancé. The more he thought about it, the more he hated this oaf, Angus. He walked up and down the street twice, glancing covertly at the house. But all was still as the grave . . .

It was as he was making his way miserably back to the Park that he saw something turn the corner ahead, and at the sight of it he stiffened. Nose to the ground like a bloodhound on the trail, Mister Mojer was ploughing steadily down the pavement. A length of rope dragged at his heels, and as Gaymer watched, twitching with apprehension, pedestrians stepped nimbly out of the dog's way. Like a rhinoceros charging through the forest glade, Mojer passed through the legs of a policeman, then, finding that the trail ended in some obstacle throwing off the same essential and eminently desirable fragrance as the trail itself, he uncoupled his nose to look up. With a strangled gasp of joy, he coiled himself back, launching himself in a standing high jump without a second thought.

The projectile took Gaymer in the chest, and instinctively his arms closed round it. "Nice dog!" remarked the policeman. "How old would he be?"

Sweating visibly, Gaymer shuffled his bundle further under the arm. "Just a pup," he explained. "I tied him up. Must have broken loose."

"Plenty of folk round here would pick a valuable dog like that up, sir," the constable warned him. "Better take care of him . . ."

Gaymer got him back to the hotel building almost at a run. A deputation waited on him up in his rooms. An incredibly fat citizen of porcine appearance, panting with his exertions, took up the tale. He was, it seemed, a chef. "He bit through a strap, sir," the chef explained, "so we shut him in the dry stores, but he scratched a panel out of the door, and they only caught him at the swing doors in front, sir. Not ten minutes ago we found he'd eaten the linoleum up off the floor in my little office and gnawed through the boards under the door. We've been out looking for him, and——"

"That's all right," Gaymer put in. "He found me in the street." He thought for a moment. "I'll have to take him out with me when I go out."

When they had all gone, he thought the business over again. It seemed the only way. He resisted the temptation of ringing the girl up that night, and later took the dog in a taxi to a chemist's shop in the West End. What he told that man represented a good, plausible bout of lying, but he returned to his rooms with a large bottle and a packet of powder. Removing his coat, he ran the water in his bathroom, filling the room with steam. "Now, my lad!" He motioned to Mister Mojer, an interested spectator. "Come on!" With a deft flick of the wrist he stripped the dog naked and, tossing aside the collar, immersed him in the strange brew.

That night Mister Mojer slept, chained to a clothes basket, in the bathroom, and in the morning Gaymer took him out for exercise in the Park. The dog was a brindled grey-brown, fast at that, for the powder had fixed the dye well. White or brindled, it was all the same to Mister Mojer. He would have enjoyed life just as much coloured green. He did not see the girl that morning—nor that afternoon. That night, desperate, he telephoned the house. Miss Laura, he learned, had left for the country. She was expected back in a day or two. Gaymer was about to replace the receiver listlessly on the hook when a new voice came from the other end. He would have known it a mile away.

"The you-know-what, sir," it boomed, like empty casks bouncing down stone steps of cellars hewn out of the rock. "Is he well? I've a parcel of you-know-what for him."

So this man was an accomplice? "He's all right," he said.

"Call on me at any time, sir," the butler assured him. "Weak spot for you-know-whats myself, sir."

"I won't forget," Gaymer promised, and hung up.

Three miserable days he spent walking the Park with Mojer; then one morning he saw her. His heart jumped at the sight of her, but almost in the same instant the line of his lip hardened. Laura was with a tall, blond Englishman. Gravel spurted back from Mister Mojer's paws as he strained at the lead to overtake the girl, and the dog was the first thing the girl saw. A startled glance rose to meet Gaymer's eye; then she stopped. "Angus," she said, "this is Mr. Flood. Mr. Harte-Ferrers."

The man had a small moustache brushed upward on the lip. He took Gaymer's hand as one might take a piece of fish, bracing oneself to the effort, and not too sure of its freshness. "How d'ye do?" he said.

Gaymer drew a deep breath, but the girl came to the rescue. "What a delightful dog!" she breathed, and snapped her fingers invitingly. "I'd like to pat him, but——" She looked at her gloves, and Gaymer understood. He could have told her the stuff would not come off the dog's coat, but a feeling of sheer misery had cut off his speech, anyway. "Grandma was asking me when you were coming round to see us again."

He wanted to tell her he had been living in the Park, hoping against hope to see her. He wanted to tell her she was the loveliest, most adorable girl in the world. But he noticed that Mr. Harte-Ferrers was looking rather fixedly at the dog. He had to get away . . .

Mister Mojer settled the business. A shattering jerk extended his arm, rocking him on his legs, and almost immediately some thirty yards away shattering sounds of carnage rose like steam whistles above the peace of the Park. Gaymer left without ceremony to mix himself into the dog-fight, but as he went he thought he caught a glance from the girl which meant something.

(*Continued on page* 110)

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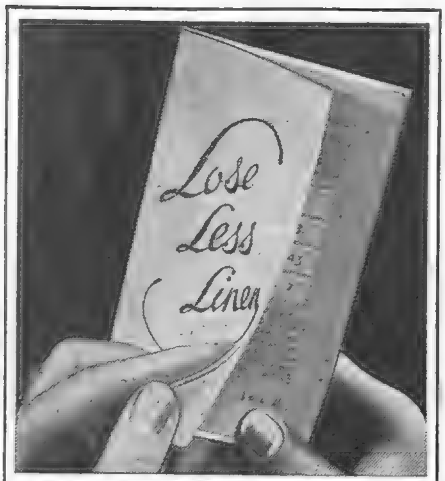

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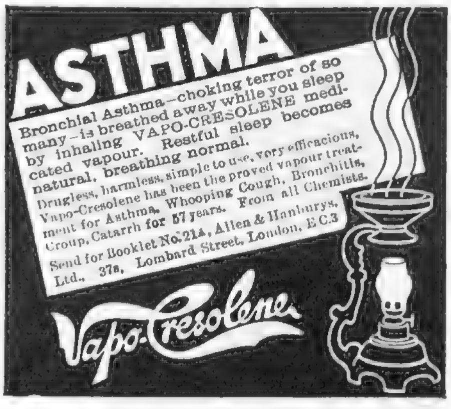

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He chained Mister Mojer to the plumbing in the bathroom that afternoon and went for a walk in the Park. That glance had not let him down, for she came out, alone, and towards five o'clock, when Kensington Gardens emptied for the sacred rite of tea-drinking, they sat together on a bench at the end of the Dutch Gardens.

"You don't have to marry that man," he argued. There was something in his voice that told her this was not an ordinary affair. "You don't have to marry anyone. Your grandmother——"

"Grandma married at seventeen a man they forced on her, and she lived a hell on earth with the old brute before she divorced him. She was twenty-four then. Seven years! And a *divorcée*—you know what that meant in her day."

"You've been staying with this man and his people in the country. How are you going to like life with him? For seven years—and longer? Isn't the old lady forcing him on you?" He kicked at the gravel. "I can't get any sense out of this!"

She was looking away over the trees, and he saw that her lip was trembling. "Oh, there isn't any sense in anything! I'm twenty-four. I've got to marry someone . . . some time. Grandma has told me often enough that I've left it a little late." She let it trail off into an obstinate silence. "You're awfully nice, Gaymer, saying all the things you've been saying to me this afternoon—all through that dog in the first place, but——"

"But nothing!" A sudden, rock-like decision had come out of the flood of emotion that had been drowning every thought outside the focus of this girl. "Marry me. Listen, Laura . . . Never mind what your grandma says. Your life's—life's your own. I've got enough, and plenty, for us to live on. Let her keep her money. Let her——"

Placing a hand on his arm, she rose from the bench. "You don't understand, my dear. I could never leave her. I know we always fight, but—we're very fond of each other, and—well, she brought me up from a child. It would break her heart if I ran away and left her. She pretends to be so young and fit. But she's old. And I've noticed things lately that . . . No, I couldn't leave her. There isn't much else in the world for her but me."

He turned her round to face him, almost roughly. "You've yourself to think of. If she's really fond of you——"

"When I was quite young she used to scare young men away from me. She took me all over Europe after I had come out, and I scarcely saw a soul I could talk to alone—men, I mean. These last few months—I think she must be getting old—she has filled the house with eligible men, only to insult them, like she insulted you. And Angus . . . I must really be getting in, Gaymer, before I get mixed up emotionally in a scene. See me home, dear, but don't come in."

He left her on the doorstep with the heavy London door framing a picture of the funereal butler.

"Come in after dinner," Laura said. "I think you're rather fine!"

HE walked back to his apartment on air. For the first time in his life he had told a girl he cared for her, and he found himself filled with a novel fighting spirit. Scotland Yard and the dog? He would soon deal with any detectives! This man, Harte-Ferrers? One good smack on the jaw and he would be out of the picture. Grandma Harvieson? There were one or two things he could think of to say to her. The service telephone called him and, tossing his hat on to the settee, he took up the receiver. A Mr. Harte-Ferrers had been calling him, he learnt. A message had been left about a dog.

"Dog?" Gaymer echoed. "What about the dog?"

"He didn't say, sir," the girl told him.

Reflectively he walked over to the bathroom. Either a dog is white or it is brindled. The same dog can't be both. The man couldn't have recognised the dog he gave Laura. As he opened the door he pulled up short. Half of the floor was still tiled with rubber lozenges: the other half was bare cement. Chained securely to the plumbing in the far corner, Mister Mojer slept, not, it seemed, in any way inconvenienced by his meal. For a while Gaymer surveyed the raid. "If he thinks you're the same dog," he told the sleeping heap, "he's making a big mistake. There's a lot more goes with you-know-what, Mojer. Just a few things like shoes and frying-pans and door panels and flooring. I'd like to see him try to get you back!"

Laura came running down the stairs when the aged butler admitted him to the house in Charles Street that evening. Her cheeks were dangerously flushed and the line of her lip was tight. "Oh, Gaymer!" she breathed, "I want to talk to you for a moment. This is awful. I'll never forgive myself for letting you in for all this."

Behind the door of the dining-room she gripped the lapel of his evening coat. "That man has told Grandma that you've got his dog. Stolen it and dyed it. He's upstairs with her now, and—and Grandma is going to telephone the police! She's mad! I know it. . . . I've seen it coming on for weeks."

He took her hand, thrilling at the touch. "Steady, now," he counselled. "There's nothing to get hot and bothered about. He has to prove I stole it. I don't have to say anything at all. Let him charge me——" He stopped short to look down at her wonderingly. "Why, Laura!" His arm encircled her shoulder, and her head sank against his chest. "Darling—don't get upset about this. It's nothing to weep about . . ."

Dumbly she shook her head, refusing to look up at him. He raised her chin gently with his trembling fingers and the room swam about him as he kissed her.

A harsh voice, perilously close at hand on the stairs, broke in on it: "Mr. Flood, did you say? High time he came to explain himself, I'm sure." It stopped short. "What, pray, are you doing in there with my granddaughter?"

Gaymer stepped out of the room to face the old lady at the foot of the broad staircase. She was standing with the long cane in her hand, chin thrown up. Unconsciously Gaymer's chin jutted to match. "Your granddaughter," he said very distinctly, "was telling me of this absurd charge that has been brought against me in your house. I've a right to hear about it, I take it?"

"Don't shout at me. I'm not deaf."

"I beg your pardon."

"Don't beg anything of me. I should not know how to respond to a dog thief."

"If you think I go about London stealing dogs——" he began, when she silenced him with a gesture. "You had better hear what Mr. Harte-Ferrers has to say about the matter. I like a man to be a man and face his accusers. Be so good as to follow me, but allow me at the same time to remind you that the front door lies at the end of the hall yonder. No one will stop you if you leave."

"I'll follow you, Lady Harriet."

The odd procession moved into the morning-room. Standing with his back to the fire and pulling at his dwarf moustache was the man Laura was going to marry. Gaymer set his teeth. "Well, Harte-Ferrers?" he enquired.

The other's face was sulky. He looked up quickly, then dropped his eyes to the hearth-rug again. "I know my own dog when I see it, I should hope," he said.

Gaymer stepped closer, conscious that the old lady was watching closely. He did not care who was watching. "I should hope so too. Well, Harte-Ferrers?"

"Well—what?"

"I hear you have been making accusations about me? But if you've thought better of repeating them to my face . . ."

The man with the moustache lifted his short nose to allow a nasty smile to flicker under the moustache. "I'm under no duty——" he began, when a sharp voice at Gaymer's elbow interrupted.

"Make your accusations, Angus. See what this creature has to say."

"You stole my dog," the other put in sulkily. "I

(*Continued on page 112*)

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recognised him this morning in the Park, in spite of your dye."

"Well, Mr. Flood? What have you got to say to that?"

Gaymer held the old lady's eye for a moment. "I suggest that this business is not the sort of thing you would care to be mixed up in. Perhaps——"

"Perhaps nothing! Do not imagine you are going to get rid of me like that. Here I'll stay until you've explained yourself and apologised to Mr. Harte-Ferrers."

"Apologise!" Illogically a burst of sheer rage shook him. He had forgotten that undeniably he had taken the dog: the strange emotions of the last few days were thrusting new experiences on him. He took two quick steps towards the man at the mantelpiece. "I'll knock his——"

"Gaymer!"

He jumped round on Laura now. "This is no place for you," he snapped.

"Oh!" The girl's face turned scarlet. "Who says so?"

"I do. This is my affair. You're better out of it. Run along!"

"I've never been spoken to——"

"RUN ALONG!"

He closed the door after her as she went, and was surprised to find the old lady still standing like a statue with a peculiar glint in her eye. "I'm asking you to leave this room," Gaymer said.

"May I ask why?"

"Because I'm going to knock hell out of this—this guest of yours who's been pestering a girl when he knows she hates the sight of him, and giving her dogs, and saying I stole them."

"He is her fiancé. That is no reason you've given me, Mr. Flood."

"I'm going to sock him because I want to sock him."

"That's a better reason."

"What?"

"Look here, Flood," sounded a voice from the mantelpiece. "If you think—think that . . . What are you doing?"

"Running you out of this room!" Gaymer told him. "To sock you outside."

He had wrenched the door open, one hand still gripping the other's neck, when with a sudden twist the man who certainly had right on his side broke loose. Touching the stairs only at the bends, he streaked across the hall and flung himself out of the front door into the night.

As the front door opened a peculiar yelp of surprise rose from the mat outside; a brindled streak leapt into life and, bolting over the hall, charged up the broad stairs to meet the figure flying down in pursuit of Angus Harte-Ferrers.

It was Laura who finally sorted Gaymer out of the heap of dog-man and man-dog at the foot of the staircase. Propping him against the wall, she hugged the dog. "Oh, you darling!" she was breathing.

A lump the size of a grape-fruit was working up on Gaymer's forehead. Teeth rocked gently to and fro under his tongue. "I thought you loathed that dog," he said.

"I love him now."

"He made me miss that pest."

"Never mind. He won't come back."

"So, Mr. Flood," sounded a voice on the stairs. "You have at least an original way of treating guests in my house. Are you going to tell me now? Did you steal that dog?"

"Yes. *Yes!* YES!"

"Once was sufficient. Besides, I knew all along."

"You knew?" echoed the girl. "Then why were you . . . Grandma! Why have you been so insulting to Gaymer—and everyone?"

The sigh of one who has seen good work well done at long last escaped from the Lady Harriet Harvieson as she drew herself up proudly on the stairs. "One has to look so hard for a little spirit in a man nowadays," she explained. "You look a little dazed, Mr. Flood. Might I perhaps, in bidding you good night, remind you that the—the dining-room door is still over there? Good night!"

"Never mind the dining-room door,"

Gaymer commanded a moment later. " Come here, Laura. There are one or two things I want to get quite straight this evening —about whom you're marrying and so on." He held out his arms, leaning back against the wall. " Come here."

There was a light in the girl's eyes a man may see once or twice in his life if he is lucky. But Mister Mojer beat her to the assignation, rising like a rocket into his arms.

" Let the butler take charge of the dog," suggested an exasperated voice from the landing above.

He dropped the dog and pulled the girl close to him. "' He has a weakness for you-know-whats," Gaymer recalled.

" *What ?* "

" Oh, never mind," he growled. " From now on you've got a man who's going to knock the stuffing out of anyone who—— "

" About time, too ! " commented the voice from above as it faded away. " Perhaps a body can have a little peace and leisure now. . . ."

Monsieur the Murderer

(*Continued from page* 51)

the guard's gun. The Paris papers say he's still at large."

Andrew Saxon waved his arms impatiently. " But that can't connect," he protested. " Anyway, Guiana's clear down in South America."

" In two months he could get to New York," Hogan said. " And if he had a grudge against somebody here, he might do it. Anyway, it's worth a check. So we'll photograph those fingerprints and send them to the Paris police. Any life-termer's prints are bound to be on record there. Also we'll ask Paris if this Brousseau has a wife or sweetheart named Colette."

Captain Hogan left, and it was ten days before the Saxons saw him again. This time the elder Saxon was telephoned and asked tersely to report at police headquarters. " It's about that Antoine Brousseau threat, Mr. Saxon."

Uneasily, Andrew drove to headquarters, taking Paul with him.

Hogan was there, and by him stood a gruff inspector named Chapin.

" You're the Andrew Saxon who received this letter, are you ? " Chapin asked. He displayed the Brousseau communication.

" I am," Andrew answered stiffly.

" Well, we got a complete report from Paris. And the fingerprints check. It means that the man who wrote you is an escaped lifer from St. Laurent."

" But I tell you it's crazy," exclaimed Andrew. " If this man really has it in for me, why should he mail me a warning ? "

" Hard to say," Chapin growled. " But he's a Frenchman, and those fellows like to dramatise their emotions. Or maybe all he wants is to give you a good scare."

Paul Saxon intruded to inquire. " This Brousseau's married to a woman named Colette, is he ? "

" Paris says no. Nor has he any known relative named Colette. She's just his girl, I guess."

" Have they located her ? "

" Not yet" Captain Hogan said. " And even if they do, chances are she won't admit any connection with a St. Laurent lifer."

" Let's get down to cases," Chapin intervened brusquely. Producing a photograph mailed him by the Paris Sûreté, he showed it to Andrew Saxon. " This is your man Brousseau. You'll do well to be frank, Mr. Saxon. You understand, of course, that entirely apart from his threat to you it's our duty to help the French authorities apprehend him. Now just what do you know about him and his girl Colette ? "

" Not one damned thing," exploded Andrew. " It simply means he has me confused with someone else."

" Possibly," Chapin admitted. But his eyes gleamed shrewdly. " On the other hand you might prefer to deny an affair with the moll of some Paris apache. In that case—"

" See here ! I didn't come to be insulted."

" We mean no (*Continued on page* 114)

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offence. We called you merely to get a line on this man, and to offer you protection."

"I don't need protection, and I don't want it," Andrew shouted.

He strode indignantly from the office with Paul at his heels. "Dammit, Paul, they actually think I'm tangled up with those people."

"You can't blame them too much for that, Uncle Andrew," Paul said. "After all, you've had plenty of good times in Paris."

The issue of whether or not to attempt the manufacture of an alibi engrossed Paul Saxon for the next ten days. He decided, finally, that any manufactured alibi would be perilous. For, after all, he himself would be an outstanding suspect. His motive would fairly jump at the police.

Boldness would serve him better, Paul decided. He would attempt no alibi at all. He would even admit being present at his uncle's murder. More, he would profess to describe the assailant. Why not? For truly there would be a second witness—the fingerprinted gun of Brousseau; and even a third, an endearing letter from Colette.

Coolly Paul chose the afternoon of Wednesday, August 28th, which was Riggsby's afternoon out. Andrew Saxon was always wanting an opponent at chess. So in mid-afternoon of that Wednesday Paul offered to play with him.

At an intricate stage of the game and when Andrew Saxon was absorbed with his next move, Paul said, "I'll run up to my room for a package of cigarettes."

He went out into the hall, looked cautiously from a window there, saw that the grounds were deserted. This house, set deep on its lawn, was in a section of broad estates. Paul Saxon could be reasonably sure that no one would hear the shots.

Now he hurried on up to his room and delved into his Gladstone bag. From it he first took a pair of gloves. Wearing these, he placed in his inner pocket the note in French written and signed by Colette. He also took a French revolver with "St. Laurent" engraved on its butt.

Descending to the lower floor he stepped out upon a porch.

He circled the porch to French windows which gave into the room now occupied by his uncle. This warm summer night, these windows were open for ventilation.

Gun in gloved hand, Paul Saxon stepped through them. His eyes were brightly malignant. Just so Antoine Brousseau, had he really borne a grudge, might have stalked into this room.

Andrew's back was to the intrusion, Paul having engineered the seating for the chess game with just that in mind. Now Paul advanced, calling out, "Look around, you!"

Andrew whirled in his chair. Shock and surprise overspread the ruddiness of his face. Paul aimed, pulled the trigger at point blank range. He shot his victim precisely between the eyes.

A half-scream came from Andrew. His arms flung out and, twisted there to face the intrusion, he grasped frantically at space. Then he collapsed. Already Paul was producing the letter from Colette. He took a bill-fold from his victim's pocket, placed the letter with it, restored the bill-fold to the pocket.

Then Paul Saxon fired a bullet through his own right forearm, using his left hand awkwardly. Pain made him dizzy, and blood spurted. But he managed to keep the blood from getting on his gloves.

He dropped the gun. Removing the gloves, he tossed them into a desk drawer. Then, his voice convincingly strained with agony and terror, he telephoned the police.

"COME, Mr. Saxon." Captain Hogan was urging twenty minutes later, "pull yourself together and tell me what happened."

Paul groaned. He was doubled up on the divan, writhing. The desperate pain in his arm made the part natural.

"Get a doctor quick," he moaned. "It's killing me."

"A doctor's on the way," Hogan said. "He'll be too late, though, to do anything for your uncle."

Across the room a coroner and two policemen were grouped around Andrew Saxon's body.

"Who did it?" urged Hogan.

"I don't know," Paul gasped. "He was a small man and he was talking French. He came in through those windows."

"You were here?"

"Yes, we were playing chess. When this man began shooting at Uncle Andrew I made a dive for him. Then he shot again and got me through the arm."

"Here's the doctor," Hogan said.

A medical examiner came in, and with him was Inspector Chapin. At the same moment one of the policemen spotted a revolver on the floor near the threshold of the French doors.

"Don't touch it," Hogan cautioned. "There may be prints."

After first aid was tendered to Paul's arm he was led to his room. The doctor came again to him there. Although Paul was still dizzy with pain, he was aware that a policeman now took a stand outside his own door.

It seemed hours before Hogan came in. When he did appear, he drew from Paul a more complete account of the intrusion.

"Does this look like him?" Hogan asked. He displayed a photograph of Antoine Brousseau.

"Yes," said Paul after a close inspection, "that's the guy. He came in and started throwing French at my uncle."

"What did he say?"

"Couldn't make it out. Don't know much French myself. But it was about a dame named Colette."

Hogan looked down at him long and searchingly. "Saxon, you may not realise it, but you're in a pretty tight spot. We have nothing but your word for all this. And your uncle was a rich man."

"Well?"

"His attorneys tell me you're his only heir. Look here, Saxon. Did you shoot him yourself?"

"Me? Are you crazy? Of course I didn't."

"Just the same, I'll have to hold you on suspicion of mur——"

A knock on the door interrupted.

Inspector Chapin came in and said, "Say, Hogan, this case is blowing itself wide open."

"What do you mean?" asked Hogan.

"I mean fingerprints. Fingerprints on the gun are Brousseau's. They match the prints on that threat he sent Saxon; also they check with the Brousseau prints we got from the Paris Sûreté."

"What about the bullets?"

"We dug 'em out of the walls. Yes, they were fired from that St. Laurent gun. Checked up and found that those prison guards down there use just that kind of a gun."

Hogan turned with an air of uncertain apology toward Paul. "It means a break for you," he said.

"More than that," Chapin added, "we went over the body and found a *billet-doux* from Colette in his bill-fold. I had a hunch all along he was mixed up with that girl. We've cabled Paris. They're trying to pick her up."

Chapin drew Hogan aside and they conferred in whispers. Then Hogan turned back toward Paul. "Your spot's not so tight now, Saxon. Still, we've got to keep you under observation. You can understand that, can't you?"

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"No, I can't," Paul answered peevishly. "You don't think I tried to shoot my own arm off, do you?"

Hogan stared at him stroking his sharp, spade chin. "A guy might, at that, for five million dollars. I guess it was this Frenchman, though. Everything points that way."

The officers withdrew. But when Riggsby came in with a tray, he told Paul that a detective had been posted on the front porch.

Later a doctor called and gave Paul a sedative. He slept; and in the morning news accounts brought him keen satisfaction.

There were pictures of his uncle, of himself, and of Antoine Brousseau. Under a caption, "Cherchez la femme," the letter from Colette was reproduced both in French and in English. There was published also the note of warning presumably sent by Brousseau to Andrew Saxon.

A determined search, the accounts said, was being made for Brousseau. This criminal's escape with a guard's gun from a French Guiana prison inspired sensational paragraphs. "Fingerprints definitely establish," Paul read, "that this avenging foreigner is now at large in New York."

One staff artist had drawn a pen-and-ink sketch from Brousseau's photograph. Here, giving his imagination full play, the artist had chosen to picture the felon's face more sinister than it had ever been in life. Brousseau was shown with a cocked gun, crouching, teeth bared and biting tightly over the snipe of a cigarette. Lettered under it was the title, "MONSIEUR the MURDERER."

The phrase came within the next several days into common reportorial use. Brousseau, man of mystery, became Monsieur the Murderer, and as such was sought desperately by the police in every urban Latin quarter from New York to New Orleans.

THE show was over at *Le Théâtre des Etoiles* in Paris. Cloaked for the street, Toinette Enderly emerged from her dressing-room and passed out by the backstage door. A group of eager gentlemen on the walk greeted her. One offered flowers; another suggested a midnight supper; several offered to take her home.

"But I cannot accept, messieurs," Toinette said gaily. "My husband is waiting up for me, and he is very, very jealous."

Her dark, narrow face, vividly expressive rather than pretty, registered an intense regret. Then she entered a cab by herself. Arriving shortly at her apartment in the Avenue du Bois, sure enough she found her husband waiting up.

"But, *mon cher* Archie, why so cross?" She laughed and kissed him. She saw at once that he was going to be unpleasant about something. Archibald Enderly had that stern look of outraged dignity worn so well by an English husband.

"I don't like it a bit," Archie said. His brow creased. He set his mouth in a tight line and began pacing the floor.

"Is it that you imagine a scandal?" Toinette pouted. "A *petite* indiscretion, perhaps? But I have been so well behaved!"

Archie, scion of an old Devonshire family, just now was representing a London broker in Paris. Toinette was well aware that his marriage to a French actress had outraged the entire Enderly clan.

"It's about Antoine," Archie said. He shook the blond hair back from his eyes, took a challenging stand before her and said, "He's out."

"Antoine out of prison! *Pas possible!*" Toinette caught her breath.

"Right. And the first thing he did was to go to New York and shoot up a chap named Saxon. Look!"

Archie handed her an evening journal. Of late, Toinette had been too much engaged to read the papers.

Now the headlines shocked her. She saw a picture of Antoine Brousseau.

"*C'est impossible!*" she cried.

"It's possible enough all right. Read what it says."

Toinette sat down and read the account until she came to the reproduction of a love-note signed "Colette."

"*Mon Dieu!*" she (*Continued on page* 116)

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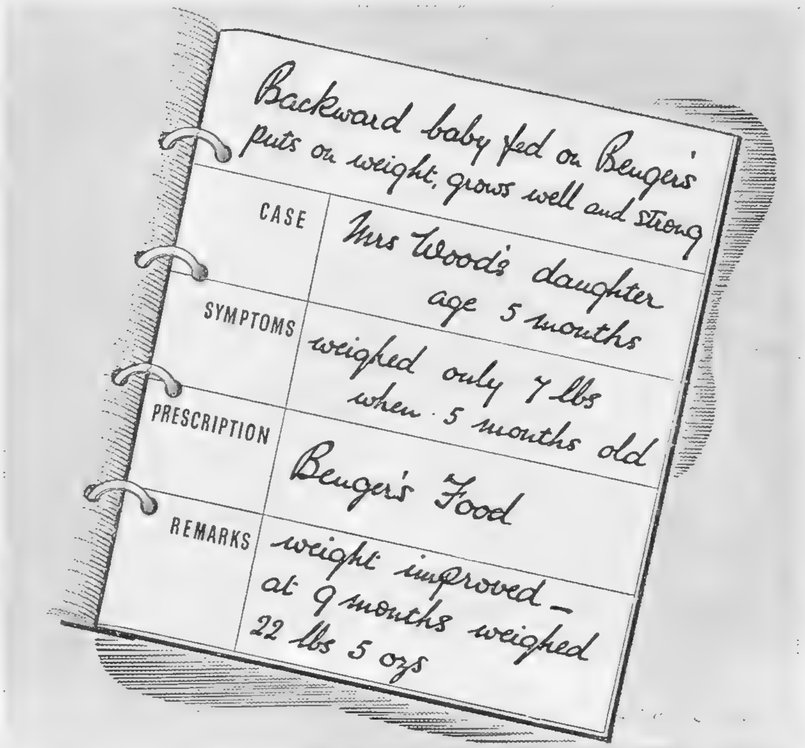

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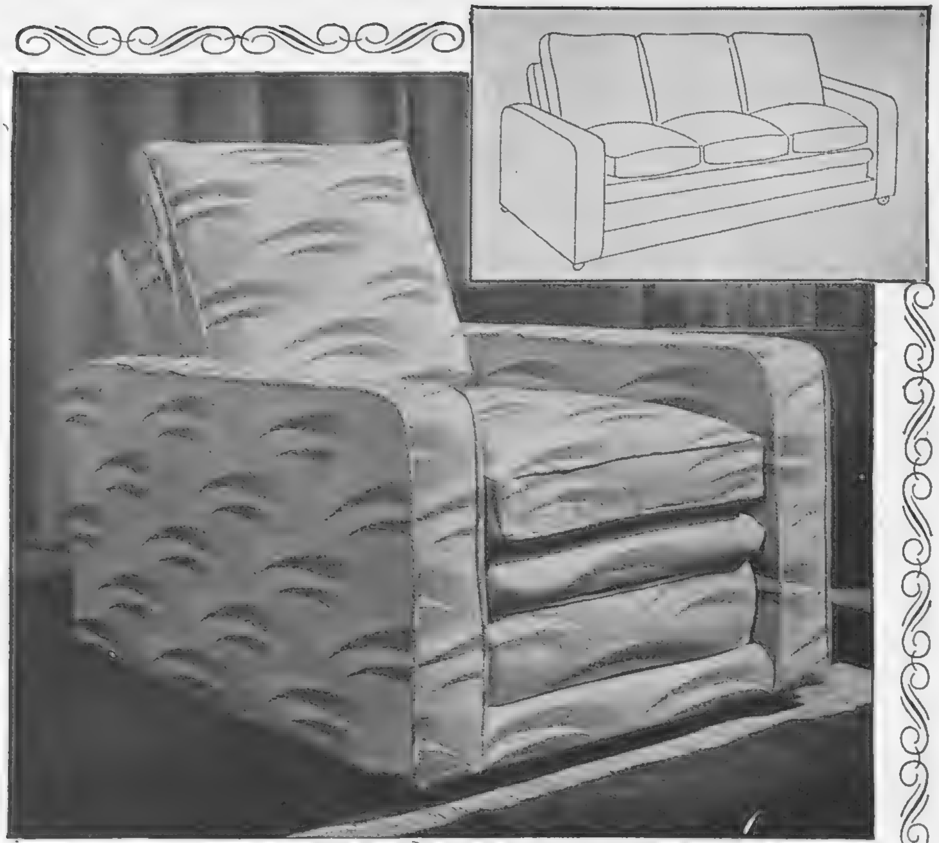

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exclaimed. "But, Archie, eet ees all so impossible! See, I have write these letter myself." When excited, Toinette always lost control of her English. They used English as a rule, because Archie's French was wretched.

"You wrote what letter?" He stared at her.

"These one." She put her finger on the note from Colette.

"You wrote that?" Archie was furious. "And you have the nerve to admit it! What do you mean by writing a letter like that to a Good-Time Charlie from New York?"

"Oh, but I have not write it to these Monsieur Saxon. I do not know ze man," she protested, "in all my life."

"But they found the letter in his pocket."

"I do not care. These letter I have write only to Antoine Brousseau."

Again he stared. "But your name's not Colette! If you wrote it to Antoine or anyone else, why did you sign 'Colette'?"

"Ah, but that ees so simple!" she explained. "The last time I see Antoine, I am play in my first success, *Les Folies de Colette*. Antoine come backstage to see me and he say: 'Toinette, you are so *charmante;* I would like always to remember you as you are to-night.' So later when I write him I have sign 'Colette.'"

"Well, anyway, I don't like it," Archie said. "Neither will the police. They won't believe you when you say you didn't write the letter to this Saxon."

Toinette flushed. "That ees true," she admitted. "They will not believe. Ze police, always zey are ready to think wrong of a woman."

"'*Cherchez la femme*' is their motto, here in Paris," Archie said. "This time it looks like you're it, Toinette."

"Ah, but I shall not tell them!"

"You won't?"

"*Non, mon* Archie. Why should I let them theenk I have ze affair with Monsieur Saxon of New York? Monsieur Saxon have already deny it, but zey will not believe."

"Right, and they jolly well wouldn't believe *you*, either," agreed Archie. "But see here! If you didn't write the letter, then the whole thing's balmy. And if you never heard of the chap Saxon, why should Antoine warn him to keep away from you. Look. Read what it says."

Toinette read on until she came to mention of the note assertedly sent by Brousseau to Andrew Saxon. Then her black eyes blazed. "Antoine has been framed!" she cried.

"In that case," Archie said, "then somebody else killed Saxon."

"The paper say he was ver' reech man," Toinette exclaimed. "And he have a nephew. A nephew who inherit! *Voilà! Le motif!*"

Archie poured himself a large drink. "Here's damnation to whoever did it," he said. "After all, you're my wife. And hanged if I like the idea of his making you a pawn."

Toinette liked even less this definite suggestion that a man had been murdered because of his attentions to herself, a married woman. True, she had not yet been identified as Colette; but the sting was there, just the same.

The more she considered it the more indignant she became.

Finally, Toinette made a decision. "I shall make voyage to New York!" she exclaimed. "And when I arrive in New York I shall go direct to see him."

Archie stared. "To see whom? You mean Antoine?"

"No. I mean monsieur the murderer."

PAUL SAXON was calling upon the attorneys for his uncle's estate. Mr. Andrew Kerr, of Kerr, Sanderson and Kerr, did not ask him to sit down. Mr. Kerr said without warmth:

"The will must pass through probate, of course. But its terms are clear, so I see no reason why you cannot be given moderate advances."

These words fell pleasantly upon the ears of Paul Saxon. However, he did not overlook the fact that Mr. Kerr had not invited him to sit down.

Officially he was clear. Two months had elapsed since the death of Andrew Saxon. And both a coroner's jury and a grand jury were on record with verdicts of death by the hand of a French assassin named Brousseau. The police case, except for the apprehension of Brousseau, was closed.

That same night Paul sat alone in the room where he had last played chess with his Uncle Andrew.

Later, Riggsby brought soda and whisky. The uncordial expression on his face reminded Paul not a little of Mr. Kerr. But damn Riggsby! If the man had ideas, what of it?

"That'll be all," Paul said harshly.

Paul drank a tall whisky. Then he crossed to the French windows, opened them, stared out into the night. A defiant grin formed on his lips. It was a big world out there, dark and full of secrets. All through it men were searching for Antoine Brousseau. Well, they'd never find him—not unless they dug deep on a Caribbean beach.

Paul closed the windows and returned to his table. It was the table at which he had last played chess with his uncle.

The clock now struck eleven. Paul could hear Riggsby coming down to lock the house. Then he seemed to hear another sound, a stealthy step on the terrace without.

The French windows seemed to rattle slightly. It must be the wind. But he could hear no wind. Paul shrugged nervously, then mixed another drink.

When he looked up from it he was shocked to see the French windows pushed brusquely inward. A vagabondish intruder, slim, dark and with a look of wild menace, stepped in upon him from the night.

The intruder was ragged and dirty, and wore coarse, baggy overalls. Paul Saxon heard words hurled at him in French. Pallor flooded Paul's face; panic froze him to his seat. For here, confronting him in this death room, he saw the living image of Antoine Brousseau.

"Where is Monsieur André Saxon?" the intruder cried shrilly in French. "I demand to see him."

What Paul did was inevitable. He rang for Riggsby.

He called out in a wild hysteria of fear; and Riggsby came running into the room.

"I demand to see Monsieur André Saxon!" came again sharply from the intruder.

"The Frenchman! You see him?" shrieked Paul.

Riggsby saw, and was no less shocked. He stared for a moment, then sprang courageously forward.

The intruder, losing boldness, stepped back through the French windows and disappeared into the night.

"Call the police!" Paul gasped.

Riggsby telephoned.

Captain Hogan, when he arrived with a patrolman, first took a statement from Riggsby. Riggsby, entirely sincere, testified:

"I was in the outer hall on the point of locking up for the night, sir, when I heard Mr. Saxon shout in alarm. I came in and saw the French criminal Antoine Brousseau. He——"

"Hold on," interrupted Hogan. "How do you know it was Brousseau?"

"I've seen pictures of him, sir."

"Here's an original from the files of the Paris police." Hogan produced from his pocket a genuine photograph of Antoine Brousseau. "Is this the man who came in here to-night?"

"Yes, sir. He was talking French."

"You understand French?"

"Moderately, sir. I served Mr. Andrew Saxon many seasons abroad."

"Well—and what did this man say in French?"

"He demanded to see Mr. Andrew Saxon."

"You mean Mr. Paul Saxon?"

"No, sir. 'André Saxon,' he said. He repeated it."

"Is that right?" Hogan turned brusquely to Paul.

Paul winced. He didn't dare say the man couldn't possibly be (*Continued on page* 118)

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Antoine Brousseau. For he, Paul, wasn't supposed to know that Brousseau was buried in French Guiana. Neither did he dare contradict the clear and sincere testimony of Riggsby.

" Yes, it was Brousseau," Paul admitted. " He came in demanding to see your uncle? "

Paul nodded fearfully, then covered his face with his hands. His wits were still in a riot.

When he looked up, both Hogan and the patrolman were gazing at him with profound suspicion.

" This makes it a horse of another colour," Hogan said. The coldness of his voice was like a sword to Paul.

" What do you mean ? "

" I mean that if Antoine Brousseau came in here two months ago and shot your uncle dead, he would not return to-night demanding to see him. Either one incident or the other is false. This last intrusion is supported by *two* witnesses; the first only by *one*—a man who himself had a motive for the murder."

Terror gripped Paul. This time logic was working the other way.

At the same moment Mrs. Archibald Enderly, slim and chic in her Parisian travelling suit, was arriving at a Hoboken pier. She ascended the gangplank of a steamer due to sail for Cherbourg at dawn.

Her husband was waiting for her in their stateroom.

" And now they shall catch him. *Certainement,*" she announced.

" Catch him ? " Archie groped. He could never think quickly like Toinette. " You mean Antoine ? "

" *Non, mon enfant.* I mean monsieur the murderer." She explained her call upon Saxon. The Englishman then grinned broadly.

" Bravo ! " he applauded. " It's the final curtain on ' The Follies of Colette ' ; and you took a nice bow."

He pinched the cheek of Antoinette, twin sister of Antoine Brousseau.

Somewhere in the Balkans

(*Continued from page* 15)

then the chains rattled and a horde of porters climbed, scrambled, stumbled on board shouting.

The secretary marched up to one of the two horse carriages drawn up on the quay and said :

" To the Grand Esplanade Hotel."

They got in. The coachman whipped up his horse and drove them three hundred yards farther along to where a ramshackle broken-down building stood, two storeys high, four windows wide, with the inscription in weather-beaten letters over the door :

GRAND HOTEL ESPLANADE.

There was an elderly gentleman in the doorway wearing a hall-porter's cap with gilt braid which did not fit in exactly with the national costume. Parker remembered having seen him among the porters who stormed the ship. Apparently he had just changed his cap for the purpose of this reception. It soon transpired that he was not only porter and boots and hall-porter but, having removed his cap, he was also the proprietor of the establishment, which apart from the two front rooms reserved by wire from Cherbourg contained another four guest-rooms at the back of the house. The girl looked a little disconcerted.

" I think I'll go upstairs and wash," she said, and then, turning round, " It's not exactly in accordance with the prospectus, is it ? "

" Not quite," Parker agreed.

" I hope we don't have to stay here very long."

" As a matter of fact," said Parker, " I was expecting some sort of official reception. I wired to the Minister of Finance from Cherbourg, but telegrams have a way of getting lost, I'm told, in these Eastern countries. I think I'd better ring up at once."

A few minutes later they met again at the top of the stairs, both looking slightly embarrassed.

" I hope you're O.K. now," Parker ventured to ask.

The girl apparently avoided a direct answer :

" Have you had a look at the ' modern conveniences ' ? " She didn't expect a reply, so went on, " Well, have you 'phoned him ? "

" There isn't a telephone," he said after a pause, " but I'm told that the Ministry isn't very far from here. I think I'll go along there right away and find out all about it. Will you stay in your room in the meantime?"

" No fear ! I've just had a look at it and—I'm afraid that I'll not be the only occupant. Domestic live stock ! " Then after a pause, " I think we'll go along together."

They walked along in deep silence accompanied by the onlookers who had crowded before the hotel door, where they were being regaled with a plastic description of the newcomers furnished by the hotel owner and porter, and of the newcomers' luggage and strange customs.

" She wanted to have a bath," he had just said. And someone retorted : " A bath ? Is she ill ? "

THEY were charming people at the Slavistanian Ministry of Finance.

" Oh yes," the receptionist said. He was a young man in extravagantly modern, impeccable, ultra-European dress. " We got your wire from Cherbourg. His Excellency the Minister is expecting you. Please, will you wait a moment ? He's playing cards in the coffee-house. I'll fetch him at once."

He took his hat, stick, gloves and overcoat to cross the street while the couple waited in a rather depressed silence. Finally the girl said :

" Ought we to take a cheque ? "

" I think that under the circumstances it would be better to take cash."

" But I don't want to have to store thirty-six and a half million in that awful joint with

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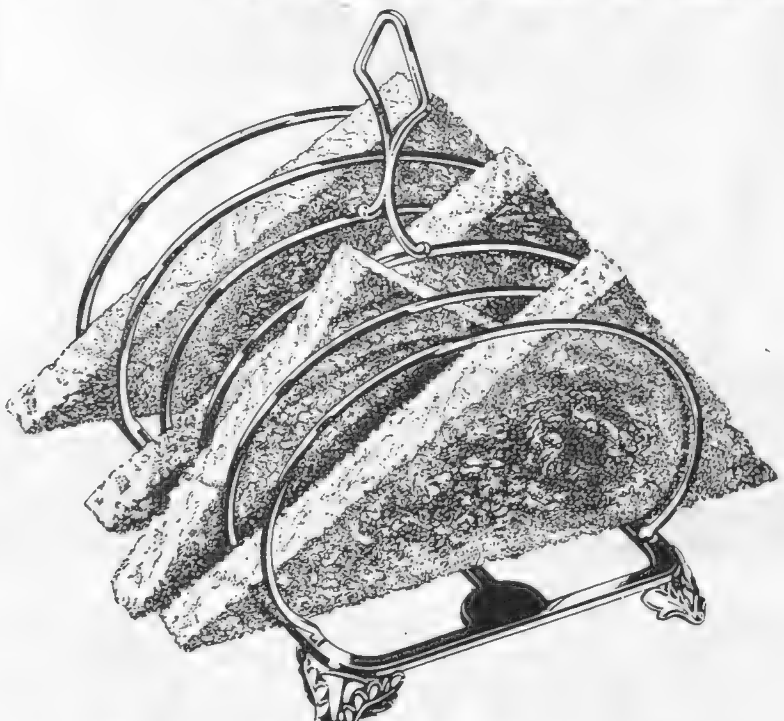


BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H. 269

its 'modern conveniences.' Do you think we could get a boat to-night?"

They were interrupted by the entrance of His Excellency. He came into the room followed by the young man who had fetched him.

"Oh," he cried gaily from the door, "Miss Ringrose, we were expecting you. May I greet you provisionally in this unofficial way on behalf of the government. You know, I suppose, that there is no one on the throne for the time being. His Majesty King Nicholas XXXVIII died last Christmas—God rest his soul—without a direct heir. But the Provisional Government will be honoured to receive you, Miss Ringrose." Then he turned towards the secretary.

"Charles Parker, private secretary to Mr. Cyrus W. Ringrose," he explained.

"—And your secretary to-morrow evening at the official reception," the Minister went on.

"That's very kind of you." She glanced at Parker for help.

"But," Parker interposed, "I'm afraid we shan't be staying so long as that. As a matter of fact we are in rather a hurry. We just came here to cash those——" He took some papers out of his pocket, including the letter from the Minister of Finance.

"Yes, oh yes," said His Excellency with a pleasant smile. "It's about those thirty-six and a half million dollars——"

"And four cents." Parker completed the amount with gravity, reading from the documents. "I hope you won't——"

He was interrupted: "Of course! What do you take us for? That's quite all right. You must get your thirty-six and a half million."

"Well," said the girl, "I think we'd better take them now. We would be grateful if you could let us have them in cash for——"

"May I apologise for interrupting you. I hadn't finished my sentence. You must get this money, Miss Ringrose. It is your due. We owe it to you. But I'm sorry to say we can't pay it. We are what one calls in this coarse world—absolutely broke."

"You don't mean to tell us," Parker exclaimed, "that this money is not in existence?"

His Excellency was almost offended. "What do you take us for?" he asked. "Of course it is in existence, though not exactly in cash. But we are quite prepared to hand over the equivalent."

"What sort of equivalent?" Parker became very businesslike and determined to get to grips with the situation.

"Whatever Miss Ringrose wants, whatever she chooses in this country is hers. Our monopolies, the income from post, telegraph, and telephone services——"

"Though there isn't a telephone in existence!" Parker again interrupted.

"You exaggerate, Mr. Parker," His Excellency retorted with wrath. "There are eighty-three telephone subscribers in this country. Furthermore there are our forests. There is this industrial town with its public buildings, its——"

"Hotels"—here the girl interrupted—"with all their modern conveniences."

"Yes!" His Excellency continued, waxing more and more enthusiastic, "and to show how fair we are we leave it all to you, Miss Ringrose, and to your family to take over everything, for we hate being indebted to anyone. Everything is yours!"

There was a long silence.

"In what form?" Parker asked, very cold and businesslike.

His Excellency replied with a vague gesture: "In any form Miss Ringrose may desire—say, as our Queen. No," he went on quickly, "please consider this as a serious proposition. I told you there was no direct heir. The family of Yogobrankovitch, from which Miss Ringrose springs, was one of the noblest families in the state—as perhaps you know. As far back as 1132 there was a Yogobrankovitch who, in the battle of Nincie Krlova——"

"You don't mean to say——"

"But I do mean to say. To put it bluntly, my proposition is that Miss Ringrose takes over the Royal throne in lieu of payment—and, believe me, it is a paying proposition. If she invests, say, another sixty or seventy million dollars in public development and so on."

The two young people stared at each other in speechless surprise.

"I think this will need some further consideration," Parker said in that detached manner which he had, on so many occasions, exercised as Mr. Cyrus W. Ringrose's secretary.

The Minister smiled.

"Of course it does. May I leave you here alone for a minute. You'll find me over there in my office." He smiled, he bowed, he left the room with a polite though sinister expression on his face.

Claire and Parker found themselves alone.

"Well," said the girl as, rather pale, she let herself fall into a chair, "What's that for a story! Shall we invest that sixty or seventy million dollars? As I've already told you. I am a bit short of ready cash," she couldn't help laughing. "If it were, say, a mere matter of fifty million, we might manage it, but——" she laughed again.

"There is only one thing to do, Miss Ringrose," Parker said, musing, "only one thing. These darned scoundrels! We'll tell them that we turn down their offer and take to-morrow's boat." He rose. "I'll just go to that horse-thief of a Finance Minister and tell him——"

At that moment the door opened and His Excellency reappeared.

"Made up your minds?" he asked smiling.

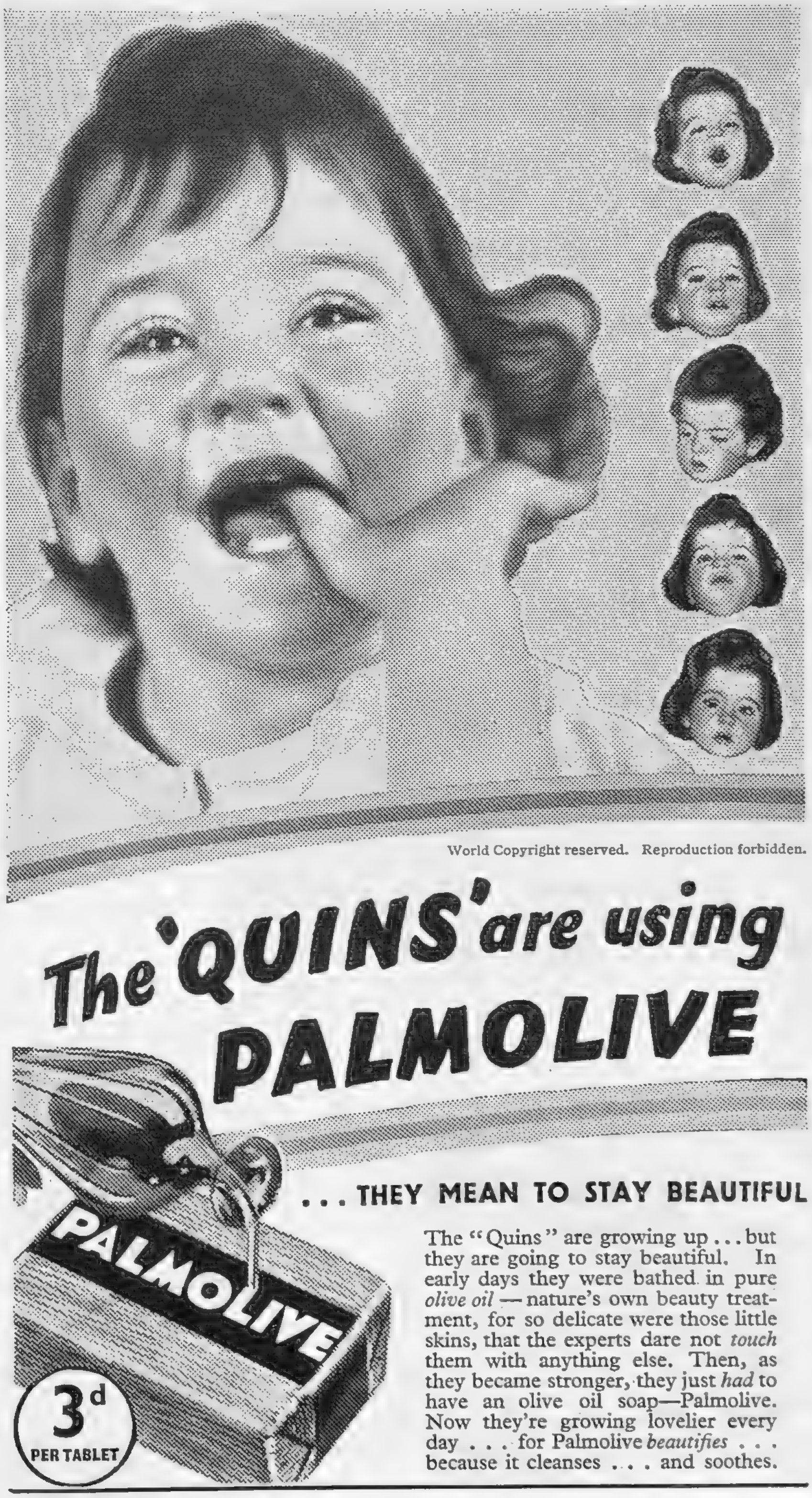
"Miss Ringrose has made up her mind," Parker said; "she refuses. You'll hear from us later."

His Excellency's face flushed.

"Just as you wish," he said, and retired bowing.

"Now back to the hotel; and to-morrow morning at the latest we clear out," said the girl after they had left the Government Building and

(*Continued on page 120*)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were walking along the main street towards the harbour.

They walked along beside the little harbour, looking at the little fishing boats and discussing the new turn in their affairs. When, an hour later, they returned to their hotel they found there the Minister of Finance waiting for them in his capacity as head of the Inland Revenue. He was pacing up and down the room in a state of suppressed fury.

"I have come to see you," he said, producing an impressive bundle of documents, "about your income tax."

"Income tax?" asked Parker.

"Yes, of course," His Excellency retorted, "bearing in mind that Miss Ringrose is of Slavistanian origin and, moreover, bearing in mind that there has been no income tax forthcoming since the year 1812——"

"But this is fantastic!" Parker exclaimed.

"How much does it come to?" said the girl quietly. "I mean the income tax you want me to pay, for I suppose you won't allow me to leave this country until I cough it up."

"Most certainly not," His Excellency replied with emphasis. "The sum you are due to pay amounts to one hundred and twenty million dollars exactly. You can't say that it is exorbitant. If you examine these accounts, based on the rather conservative estimate that the aggregate earnings of the Ringrose family for the last one hundred and twenty-four years are not more than eight hundred and fifty million dollars, you can see for yourself we are not grasping."

"Of course not!" Claire said gently.

"This is absolutely outrageous!" Parker almost shouted.

"According to Slavistanian law," His Excellency interposed, "there cannot be any doubt that Miss Ringrose is liable for this sum of one hundred and twenty million dollars, which must be paid before she leaves. I am very sorry." He paused and then continued: "There is another point in Slavistanian law which might interest you. If she were Queen of Slavistania, she would not have to pay any income tax at all."

He tried to hand the papers over to Parker, saying: "If you would kindly excuse me now." Claire stopped him:—

"Just a moment," she said gently, "but perhaps you had better sit down while you hear what I have to say. This may be a very cleverly laid trap. As a matter of fact, I find it quite cunningly done and very amusing. There is just one little point, however. It is true that I am Miss Ringrose and as far as I know I am the legitimate heir to that money, but I am by no means one of the rich Ringroses, merely a poor relation. As long as you don't pay me I'm as poor as a church mouse."

His Excellency laughed with strained politeness. He had too much experience of the wiles of the income tax business to find it worth his while even to reply.

"But every word she says is true," Parker exclaimed. "I can prove it. I can show you Miss Ringrose's documents and the whole correspondence. Wait a moment." He opened one of his suit-cases and produced a letter-file. His Excellency sat down and began to go through it carefully. As he read his face grew longer and longer.

"Very strange," he murmured at last, "I must consult with my colleagues on the matter. Meanwhile you will be so good as not to leave this place before further instructions are forthcoming," he added gravely before he retired.

Parker looked out of the window. He suddenly realised that two policemen were posted outside the hotel entrance.

"In the trap!" said Claire over his shoulder.

"I'm terribly sorry, Claire—Miss Ringrose, that I got you into this mess," said Parker with contrition.

"Don't let it worry you, Mr. Parker. It's been a nice holiday, and I wasn't much expecting to get that money in any case. We've had a good time at Mr. Cyrus W. Ringrose's expense. I'm afraid he won't get his money back as quickly as he expected," she added laughing.

The evening was spent by the young people in deep depression. They went upstairs to Parker's room in silence, a silence only once interrupted by the girl.

"What time does our boat leave tomorrow morning?"

Parker did not reply; a glance out of the window was sufficient.

"Do you really think we are under arrest? That they won't allow us to leave?"

Mr. Parker felt it his duty to reply: "I'm sure everything will turn out all right in the end."

Claire got up, said good night and then, hesitating in the doorway, remarked: "I think I'd better lock my door to-night."

Parker could hear her moving about in the adjoining room. Then she knocked on the connecting door between their rooms and said:

"Would you mind my opening this door for a moment. There is a key on my side."

She opened it and remarked with obvious embarrassment: "I just wanted to see if I could open it in case of emergency." Then, struggling to be brave, "I am a little nervous."

"Good night," she said again and, locking the door once more, disappeared.

PARKER stood at the window looking out on the quay. The life there was dying down as night approached. Only the two policemen continued their endless patrolling up and down.

Parker could never say how long he stood there or how he finally got to bed. He just threw himself down on it without undressing and without closer investigation, afraid of what he might discover.

When they awoke the sun was shining. It was a glorious morning. The landscape had the prospectus beaten at every turn. There was a knock at the door. The proprietor entered with the breakfast, his smile rivalling the sun and sky.

"I hope you slept well," he said in a kindly tone.

"Oh, yes, splendidly, thanks."

"Fine," Parker agreed. He went over and looked out of the window. The two policemen were still patrolling up and down.

When Parker at last succeeded in going to the Ministry of Finance, accompanied by one of the policemen and a couple of curious onlookers, the atmosphere in the government building had changed considerably.

"His Excellency is at a Government meeting," the receptionist of the day before told him without offering him a chair. "If you would care to wait——"

"I'll wait," said Parker grimly.

Half an hour later His Excellency crossed the room, apparently in a hurry.

"Oh, you are here," he said.

The smiling kindness had vanished and his little eyes twinkled with the spurious light of small faked glass diamonds.

"What do you want?"

"That you release Miss Ringrose."

His Excellency took his measure: "I would strongly advise you not to mix yourself up in internal Slavistanian affairs. According to Slavistanian law, since Miss Ringrose has returned to this country as a Slavistanian subject, what happens to her only concerns us—and not you, whatever private ties there may be in existence." For a moment he smiled unpleasantly. Parker had to exercise considerable control to prevent himself from knocking His Excellency down.

"What's the point of holding her in custody here?" he asked as gently as possible.

"I have already told you."

"Do you intend keeping her as a hostage? I tell you she is not one of the rich Ringroses. So why do you persist in all this?"

"I've told you, young man, that this does not concern you. But yes, you may as well know the truth. I've just come away from a meeting with my colleagues and I must tell you that we are very disgusted at the mean way in which you

(Continued on page 122)

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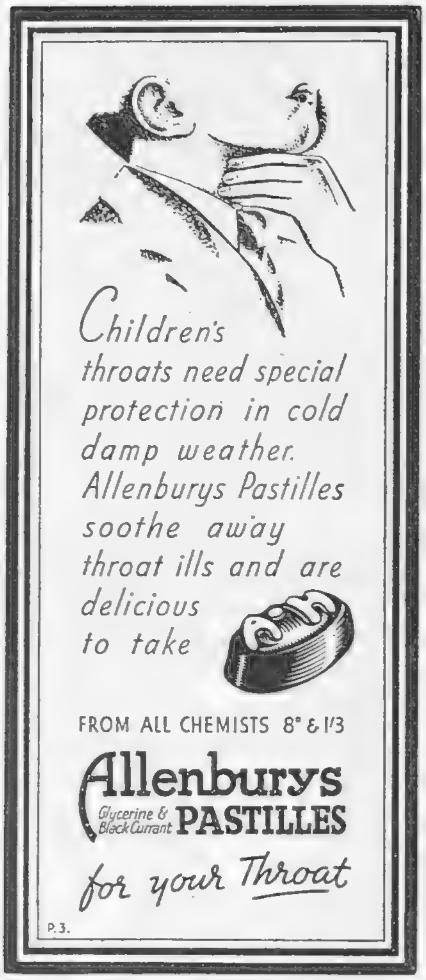
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P.3.

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have double-crossed us. Our honest peasant Balkan nation is not accustomed to these American methods. It was a dirty trick to foist her on us as the rich Ringrose heiress. On the other hand, you must understand that we cannot afford to be the victims of your machinations. Since she is here—well and good—and since she is a genuine member of the Ringrose family we have decided to wash our hands of your swindle and just pass it over the border."

"Over the border? What do you mean?" demanded Parker.

"Yes, as you may know, just across our border lies the Kingdom of Negrania, which has a population three times the size of our own. They have managed to buy out of the scrapped German arms in 1918 a great quantity of very useful armaments. We want to further our relations with this state. King Bratislaw XIV of that country is still a bachelor—though close on the sixties. We have decided to offer him Miss Ringrose as a bride. For at least she is a Ringrose and springs from the good old family of Yogobrankovitch."

"But you wouldn't dare?" Parker almost shouted.

"Indeed! As a matter of fact we have already communicated with our Chargé d'Affaires in his capital, and he may at this very moment be negotiating the betrothal. We have just sent the state photographer to your hotel to make a portrait of Miss Ringrose to be sent to His Majesty. I think things will be quite all right. Don't worry."

Parker still controlled himself with an effort, though he felt a strong desire to throw that rubber ball out of the window.

"You may succeed in cheating that man for a matter of three or four days, but after that he'll surely find out that it's not the Ringrose heiress who is being foisted on to him. Then he'll just cancel the deal and send his men over the frontier."

His Excellency smiled for a moment pityingly before he grew serious again: "Don't worry about that, young man. Those three days during which King Bratislaw is betrothed to a Slavistanian girl—more especially as she is a member of the Ringrose family—will be sufficient to strengthen our credit on the financial markets and enable us to put through the loan which our experts are working on just at the moment."

Parker swallowed his rage and reflected for a moment:

"All right," he said at last, "but this concerns Miss Ringrose, doesn't it? You can't pretend that I am a Slavistanian subject. What about me? I've got a good American passport, and I wouldn't advise you to try and detain me."

His Excellency had now definitely recovered his pleasant manner:

"What do you take us for, Mr. Parker?" he exclaimed. "We shouldn't dream of severing our good relations with the United States. You are free, of course, to go wherever you wish in this pleasant land of ours, but as it might occur to you to tell the outside world one or two things we would rather withhold until this loan of ours has gone through, we shall have the pleasure of entertaining you for the next three days as an official guest of the state. You are free to move about and go wherever you want, provided"— the smile suddenly left his face and his voice changed—"provided you don't attempt to cross the border. I wouldn't advise you to try it."

WITH regard to the conversation which Parker had a quarter of an hour later in her room at the hotel with Claire, who really had posed for the state photographer without knowing why—with regard to this dialogue only the end is of interest to the story. When Parker had ended his report there was a depressed silence, and he felt uneasy that Claire's depression concerning her projected marriage to the sixty-year-old king of a semi-savage state was not more acute than it was. Now that the situation had advanced so far she became very quiet.

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"Well, it looks as if we'd have to mobilise old Cyrus after all. It was he who financed this trip and sent me here, so he's responsible for it to a certain extent. I think he won't find it such a stiff job to drag us out of the mess."

"I'm afraid there's something I must tell you, Miss Ringrose," said Parker uneasily. "Mr. Ringrose doesn't know anything about this journey."

Claire started: "He doesn't know? Well, where did the money come from?"

Parker blushed uncomfortably: "Well, you see—I must confess that I was bold enough to provide it out of my own private means."

It took a couple of seconds before Claire realised the full content of this statement.

"It was terribly kind of you," she began. "I know you are not a rich man." Here she stopped as a new thought crossed her mind. "And what was all this about your accompanying me?" she asked inquisitively in an altered voice. "So you didn't do that on Mr. Ringrose's orders either?" She grew angry, "I say, it was just to—just to——"

"Claire!" Parker cried.

"Oh, now I can see right through you!" she cried.

It was this cry of Claire's which was heard by the sentinel, Peter Petrovitch, who was standing outside the window and which figures in his report to His Excellency. The report runs as follows:

". . . whereupon a terrible row appeared to start in the lady's room, and some seconds later the American gentleman, with a very red face, rushed out of the door and took what appeared to be a walk across the country-side at such a rate that it was very difficult for the reporter of these lines to follow him."

After this, the story starts to move more quickly towards its end. If you can trust this statement, Parker began his cross-country walk at 11.15 a.m.

At 2.40 p.m. he had a late luncheon with some herds in the mountains, the lunch consisting of some polenta eaten out of a large wooden bowl, the herds apparently being highwaymen, for the policeman appears to have been slightly afraid of them. Although they were unable to communicate with one another owing to the difference of language, Parker appears to have had long talks with himself, which might have been taken as an indication of his state of mind. The policeman's hope of a well-earned rest expired at five minutes past three in the afternoon, when Parker set out again on his trip. In spite of the policeman's warning, he insisted on crossing the swamps near Celeje, where one sinks deeply into the morass at each step. This exhausting work in the full heat of the sun may have been the reason of Parker's getting thirsty and asking for water. But there was only the hut of the swamp peasant Nicholas Mihaelovitch, near at hand, who at twenty minutes past five in the afternoon turned the wheel of his well to get some water for the queer stranger. Parker took the tin cup and drank hastily. A second later he spat it all out.

It was at this very minute, at twenty-two minutes past five in the afternoon of that day, that the historic development of Slavistania began, and the spot is to-day adorned with a memorial tablet. In their school-books the Slavistanian children learn that the famous American who was invited there by the wisdom of the government of the country, in spite of the unpleasant taste of the first drink, heroically asked for a second cup and after this for a third. Without uttering a word, he made his way in haste towards the frontier, but so large is the country of Slavistania in this direction that he only reached it at ten minutes past seven in the evening. Here the report of the policeman becomes vague, and a later enquiry on the part of the National Slavistanian Institute for Historical Research revealed that it was not mere escape on the part of Mr. Parker but bribery with the rest of the money he had in his pocket that made it possible for him to cross the frontier into the adjoining state. It is established that he entered a small hotel on the other side of the border and had a long-distance call put through. It was the longest long-distance call ever to be put through in that little Balkan town. It went via London and the short wave telephone across the Atlantic straight to the head office of the Ringrose Oil Co.

Later on Mr. Parker appears to have crossed the border again into Slavistania. At forty-five minutes after midnight he appeared once more on the quay of the capital. But ignoring in the most ungentlemanly manner the Grand Esplanade Hotel and a certain female inmate, he went straight to the government building and would not go away until he had dragged from his first slumbers the Minister of Finance. The interview between these two took place in the Minister's drawing-room, the latter in pyjamas. It was short and significant.

Without as much as a how-do-you-do, Parker asked in a hoarse voice, "How much did you suggest our concern might invest in this country in accordance with your proposal?"

There was a counter question: "So you are willing to invest? And Miss Ringrose, is she going to be our Queen?"

"How much was it?" Parker asked again.

"Seventy-five million," His Excellency said, adding another five million to the previous figure.

But Parker was not prepared to bargain at this late hour.

"O.K. Draw up the contract," he said dryly.

There was a triumphant smile on His Excellency's face and he grew very pleasant.

"I knew," he said, "that a gentleman like you would not leave a lady in distress. I hope we are all good friends again. Please don't think that we really meant to marry her off to that old wreck of a king. But you see, times are bad nowadays."

For the next few days there was a great hurry and

(*Continued on page 124*)

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bustle in the capital of Slavistania, the new state contract nominating Miss Claire Ringrose, member of that famous Yogobrankovitch family, as Queen of Slavistania went through the legislative bodies of the Slavistanian Parliament within forty-eight hours. Her Majesty obstinately refused to accept this honour or even to receive her travelling companion in her rooms, until one or two gentlemen arrived from Paris and London, apparently lawyers, called into the country by Mr. Parker. After having talked with them behind closed doors she accepted the throne, but she continued adamant in her refusal to meet the unfortunate Mr. Parker again. When at last he managed to force his way into her provisional sitting-room, Mr Peter Petrovitch, the ex-policeman who had been transformed from a guard to a guard of honour, witnessed the sound of a terrible argument only the last sentence of which became audible.

"'You have treated me like a piece of merchandise,' Her Majesty was pleased to cry out; 'now you will learn what I really am.'

"And some seconds later," the Peter Petrovitch report goes on, "the American gentleman, with a very red face, rushed out of the room and took what appeared to be a walk."

Her Majesty's official enthronement, though she refused her consent to a coronation festival, took place on the fourteenth of April. On the same day, Her Majesty dismissed her government.

On the fifteenth of April there was published another decree granting a monopoly to the Ringrose Oil Co. of New York, U.S.A., for the exploitation of the oil wealth of Slavistania.

On the eighteenth, there was the attempted rising of the Slavistanian population, led by the members of the previous government, against that decree. The movement had as its slogan: "Slavistania for the Slavistanians." But the strength of the rising died down on the nineteenth, when Her Majesty the Queen, who had adopted the name of Anna Gavrilovna, reappointed His Excellency N. M. Platonovitch as her Minister of Finance. What was left of the movement of these malcontents was wiped out when, on the twenty-third, three American torpedo boats, which happened to be on a visit to Venice, crossed the Adriatic and displayed their cannon and starred flags which floated on the mild sea-breeze of Slavistania.

ALL this happened on the twenty-third after many strenuous days. On the twenty-fourth, Parker at last found time to go to court just to present his compliments, but he had to wait. At last he was met by His Excellency N. M. Platonovitch in his capacity of Minister of the Royal Household.

"Oh, so it's you," he said genially. "If you desire an audience with Her Majesty you had better ask for it in writing."

Parker grew red.

"Ask for it in writing?" he exclaimed. "I must ask for it in writing if I want to speak to my—to Miss Ringrose?"

The Minister grew formal.

"As Her Majesty our Queen has undertaken to be our Queen—she is our Queen."

It was not so easy to controvert this statement.

"So you wish to ask for an audience?" His Excellency asked, about to rise.

"No," shouted Parker, very red in the face.

AN unknown number of months later, Mr. Charles D. Parker, managing director of the Parker-Ringrose Slavistanian Oil Co., was sitting in his office on the eighth storey of the new office building of this company situated on the modern quay of Szleb. He had just gone through the morning mail with his secretary and had given orders concerning the boring of number 22 oil-shaft, the completion of the second pipeline down from swamp four, and the speeding up of the work on the third pier which had to be erected because piers one and two were not sufficient for the tankers which steamed in and out, day and night. He leant back in his elastic steel chair and asked:

"Anything else, Smith?"

The secretary hesitated.

"Is it about that document," Mr. Parker went on, "relating to that old sale of pigs, which I wanted you to dig out in the State archives?"

"No, it's not that, Mr. Parker. I haven't found it yet, but I shall go on with the search again to-morrow. It is about the boring of the set of new oil-shafts in swamp six, up there in the hills. I wanted to survey that swamp on the opposite side of the little river, you know, but our men have been stopped by the authorities."

Mr. Parker looked up in astonishment.

"But we have our contract. Haven't you got on to the Minister?"

"Of course I have been on to His Excellency. All I could get out of him was that he had to forbid us tampering with that part of the country for legal reasons. He said the matter rested entirely with Her Majesty the Queen."

There was a silence.

"Might I suggest, Mr. Parker," the secretary went on, "that you personally take the matter up with the Queen."

"O.K." Mr. Parker said at last. "After all, it's business. I'm afraid I'll have to see Her Majesty. Will you please arrange—"

"The audience has already been arranged for this morning," he said.

Mr. Parker glanced at him.

"Good enough!" he said.

A minute later he drove out of the main entrance of the office building in his Rolls-Royce and turned round the corner of the magnificent Grand Esplanade Hotel with its marble columns and its broad gardens up the road to the Royal Palace.

There is not much known about that audience which the general manager of the Parker-Ringrose Oil Co. had with Her Majesty the Queen of Slavistania. Still, it transpired through court circles that on the day when Her Majesty received the industrialist in the presence of His Excellency the Minister of Finance, though she wore a national costume, and only the minor diadem, the larger one being, according to court gossip, still in pawn in Paris, she had apparently spent much time in dressing and making up. She remained standing in the middle of the reception-room and did not offer a seat to the gentleman whom she saw now for the first time after so many months. She nodded and came straight to the point.

On personal investigation, she had discovered that the oil treaty with the Ringrose concern mentioned that company on the one hand and the Kingdom of Slavistania on the other hand, but she had further discovered that the correct name of the kingdom on official documents was Slavistania and Upper Slavistania. "They have been united," Her Majesty went on, "only since 1483, at that date being— But we shan't bother you with the history of our country. At any rate, the frontier between Slavistania and Upper Slavistania is the Breac river, the river your men wanted to cross; but since the opposite side of the river is Upper Slavistanian soil, the Parker-Ringrose Co. holds no contract for that part of the country. As a matter of fact, we are just now negotiating an oil contract for Upper Slavistania with Sir Henry Vanderzee of the Royal Swiss in London. It may be signed this afternoon."

"May I ask Your Majesty," Mr. Parker said, "for the favour of one or two words without witness?"

There was no direct reply. The Queen turned to her minister and said:

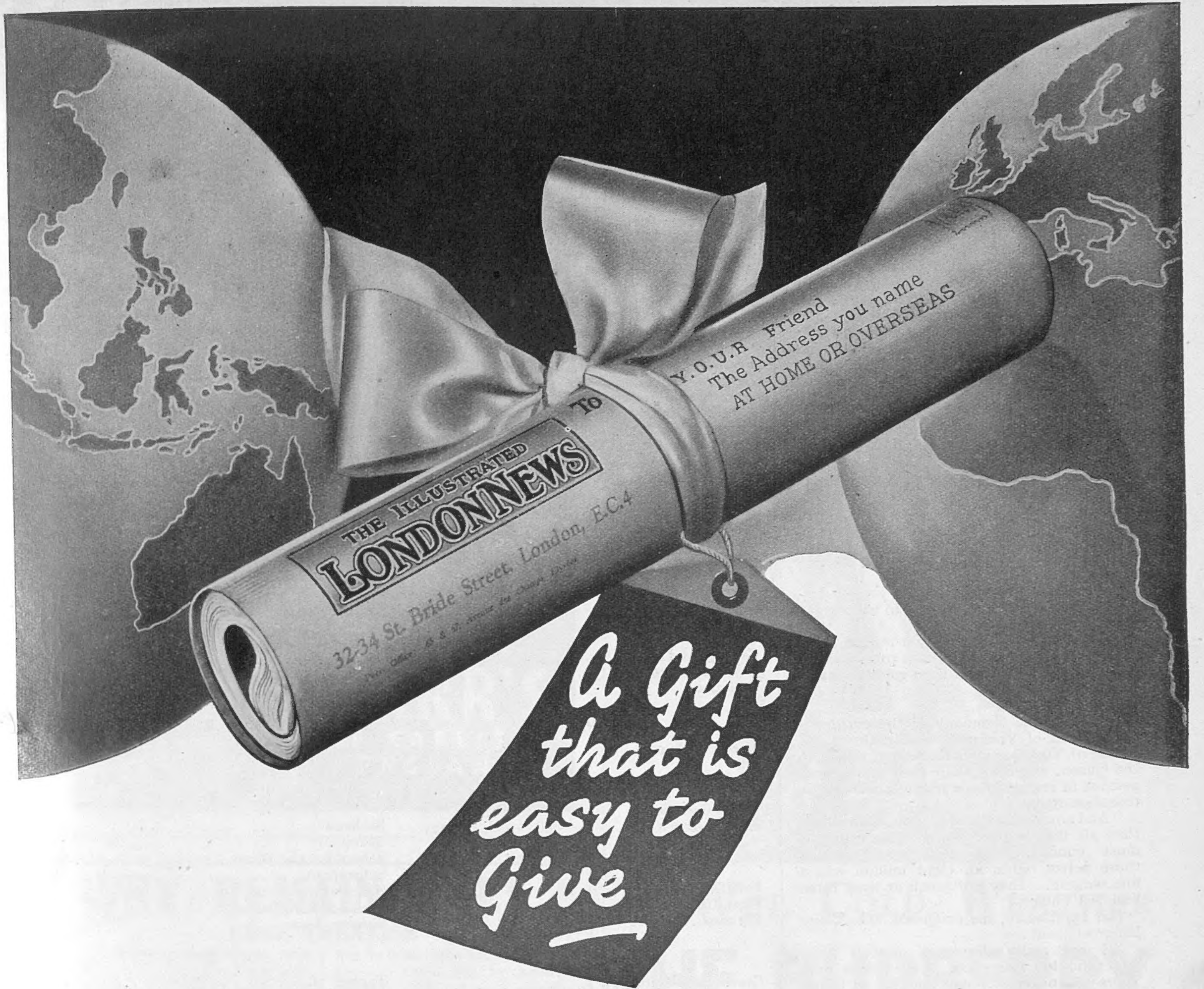
"The request of this gentleman appears to be strictly against the court ceremonial. But," she went on in an altered voice, "since the gentleman insists—"

His Excellency withdrew.

"Claire!" Parker cried.

"You scoundrel! What do you want?" said the Queen.

(Continued on page 126)



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Somewhere in the Balkans

" Business, of course," said Parker. " As there appears to be no other way out of these complications—do you want to marry me ? "

Her Majesty remained unmoved.

" Will you please put in your official proposal in writing to the Minister of the Household. It will be answered in due course. But——"

This is, of course, only court gossip, as there was no witness to the interview; but gossip maintains that Her Majesty was interrupted at this stage in a most scandalous manner. Mr. Parker simply crossed the distance prescribed by the court etiquette, took Her Majesty in his arms and kissed her.

Her Majesty was beside herself with fury.

" This is *lèse-majesté*," she said. " You should have done it long ago. But now, sir, I insist on our going back to business. What is your company prepared to pay for the Upper Slavistanian oil rights ? "

" This is just a piece of sheer cheating and blackmail," said Mr. Parker. " My company is prepared to pay five million dollars and not a cent more."

" The price is one hundred million dollars," she exclaimed.

" I shan't pay more than seven and a half," Parker said grimly.

" You'll pay eight million," Her Majesty interposed.

" Very well."

His Excellency was called in to witness the agreement.

" They are going to pay eight million," Her Majesty informed him in a firm tone of voice. " I shall resign and then I am going to marry him."

WHEN the ceremony of the enthronement of Vladimir the Eighth, of the House of Yogobrankovitch, second cousin to the Queen, was over, there were still several persons of importance standing about in the reception-rooms.

" And now," said Parker, " now, Claire dear, that all this is over there is something I must confess. I cheated you. Getting those petrol rights for eight million was a fine bargain. They are worth at least three hundred million."

Her ex-Majesty, the ex-Queen, Miss Claire Ringrose, said :—

" I am really disgusted. But I have something to confess too. I cheated as well. There was never any such country as Upper Slavistania in existence."

Mr. Parker would not have failed to express his disgust if the conversation had not been interrupted by His Excellency the Minister of Finance, who joined them, smiling brightly.

" Oh, it's you ! " said Mr. Parker. " There is something I want to ask you, by the way. I sent my secretary to the State archives to root out that old document relating to the sale of pigs which you mentioned to my previous boss—you know, the one that started the whole business. He can't find it. I should love to have a copy of it to frame for our drawing-room."

His Excellency's smile grew brighter.

" You won't find it," he whispered. " Now I can confess I cheated you. The document never existed."

Parker and Claire exclaimed indignantly :—

" So Gavril Yogobrankovitch never delivered those pigs ? "

His Excellency lifted his eyebrows.

" I cannot understand your indignation. Why are you so interested in the Yogobrankovitches ? The information concerning the relationship of the Ringroses to the Yogobrankovitch family originated in my office. I'm afraid that I have to confess that I cheated you. Those two worthy families have never been related to one another." Then he turned on his heel whispering " Hush ! "

Introduced by trumpets His Majesty King Vladimir the Eighth entered the room.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

FEBRUARY, 1937

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to : The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

A — Page
Allenbury's Diet .. 90
Allenbury's Food .. 6
Allenbury's Pastilles .. 122
Arden, Elizabeth .. 109
Atora Suet .. Cover iv
Austin Motors .. 86

B
Barnardo's Homes .. Cover iii
Batger's Figs .. 5
Bear Brand Hosiery .. 89
Benger's Food .. 115
Bentley Cars .. 76
Berlei Corsets .. Cover ii
Boulton and Paul .. 4
Brand's Essence .. 123
Bread .. 118
Burberrys .. Cover iii

C
Cadbury's .. 74
Camelia .. 120
Car Mart .. 78
Cardinal Polish .. 102
Carr's Biscuits .. Cover iii
Cash, J. and J. .. 110
Cow and Gate .. 117
Cuticura .. 104

D
Duroy, Helene .. 123

E
Eccles Caravans .. 78
Esse Cooker Co. .. 121

F
Facktative .. Cover iii
Ford Cars .. 97
Forhans .. 102

G
Green Label Chutney .. 4

H
Haig, John .. 99
Henlys, Ltd. .. 80
Horlick's Malted Milk .. 112
Hystogen .. 123

I
Illustrated London News .. 125
Imédia .. 106

K
Kellogg's All-Bran .. 92
Kirbigrips .. 108
Kolynos .. 100

L — Page
Lagonda Motors .. 78
Larola .. 120
Leichner .. 106
Lilla .. 122

M
Maclean's Stomach Powder .. 110
Main, R. and A. .. 101
Mansion Polish .. 107
Mercolized Wax .. 114
M.G. Cars .. 80
Michel Lipstick .. 110
Min Cream .. 108
Minty Bookcases .. 4
Minty Chairs .. 116
Morris Motors .. 84

N
Nestol .. 104

P
Palmolive .. 119
Park Ward .. 76
Parker, Harley J. .. 122
Phoenix Glass .. 111
Player's Cigarettes .. 95
Pond's Creams .. 103
Potter and Clarke .. 124

R
Radiation .. 93
Riley Cars .. 82

S
Sashena .. 122
Scholl, Dr. .. 108
School for the Blind .. 115
Schweppes .. 105
Shackleton, Mrs. .. 5
Smith and Wellstood .. 5
Square, Jean .. 117

T
Tangee .. 113

V
Vandré .. 4
Vani-Tred Shoes .. 1
Vapex .. 5
Vapo-Cresolene .. 110
Vareen .. 116
Vauxhall Motors .. 2

W
Wills's Gold Flake .. 121
Wolseley Motors .. 73
W-5 Tablets .. 124

Y
Yardley Lavender .. 91

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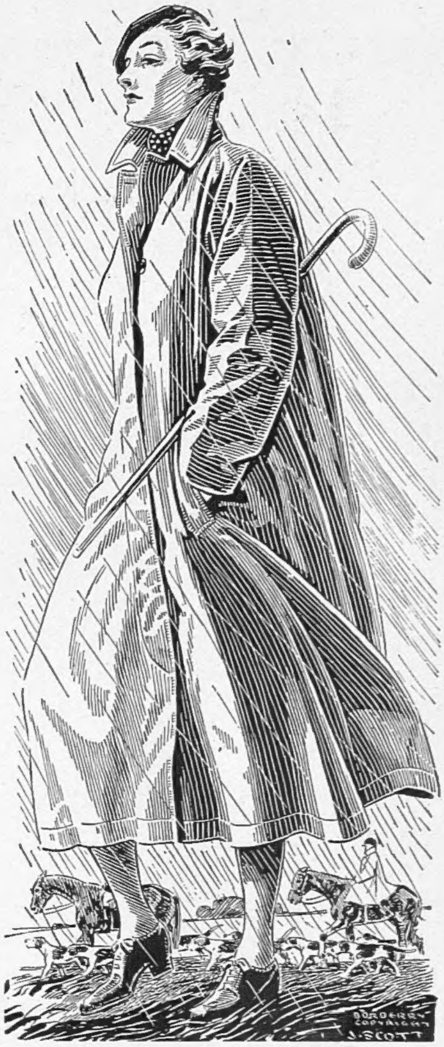

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